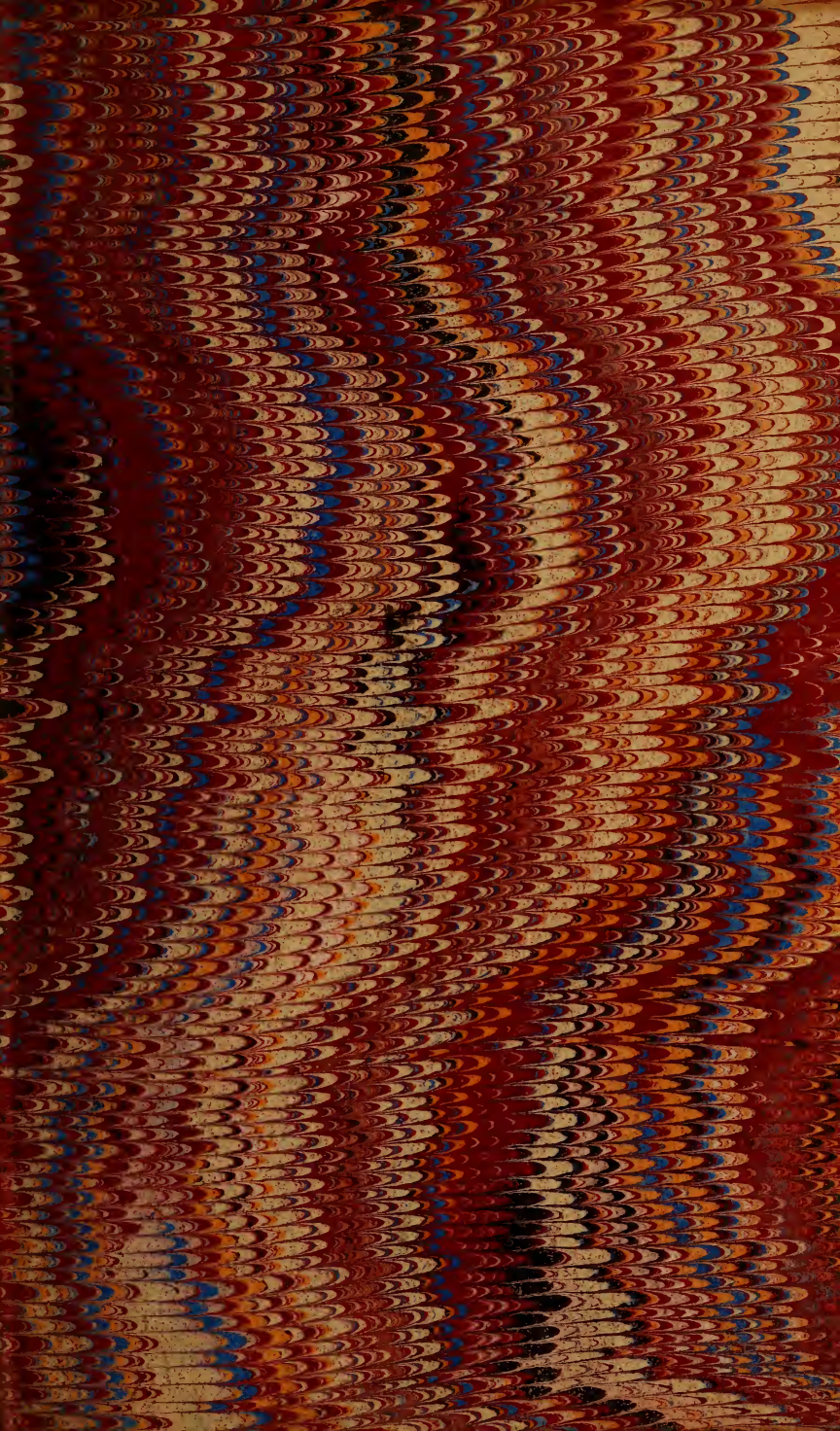


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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



AN AUTUMN

IN

SILESIA, AUSTRIA-PROPER,

AND THE

OBER ENNS,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

TRAVELS IN BOHEMIA.



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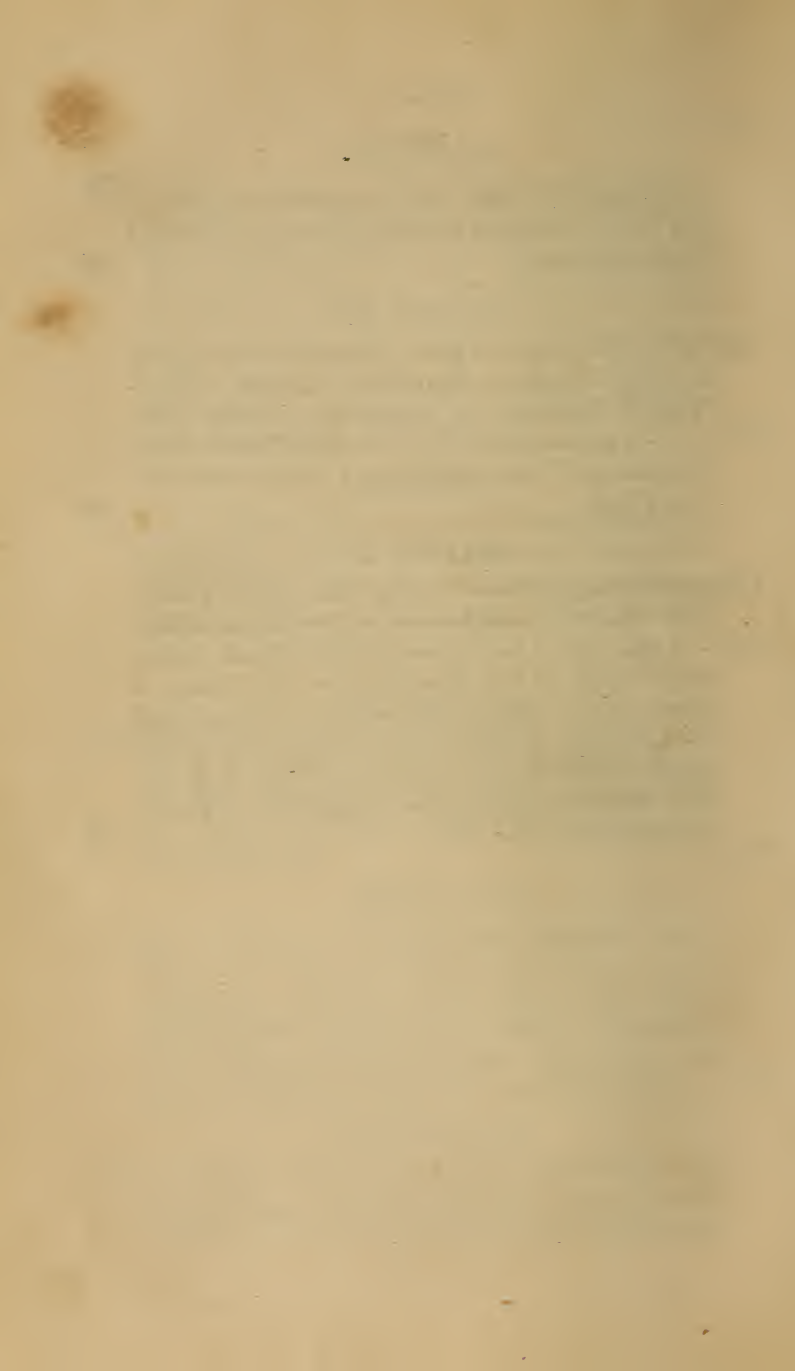
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SILESIA.

CHAPTER I.

Dresden, August 18th, 1858.

FROM our own country to this pleasant capital, the road is better known than is that from London to Edinburgh. Without doubt *better*, for whatever may be the route whereby the traveller (if proceeding at his leisure) shall approach the Saxon capital, he will but rarely fail to halt at every noteworthy spot,—numerous and most remunerating they are,—along the whole extensive line of way.

And who does this for our own beautiful land? Will not the conscience of every reader declare to him, in tones of more or less reproach, 'Thou art not the man! nor thou! nor thou! Do we not for the most part rush from the

Land's End to John O'Groats by whatever mode of transit we consider to be the swiftest? the very express train none too rapid for our impatience! There is no denying the fact, we can but resolve to do better for the future; and that there is a good time coming for our own neglected beauties; that the Welsh hills and the "lake country," with one or two other petted regions, will not always monopolize the hours that might so profitably be extended to days, weeks, and even months, among our Nottinghamshire forest-grounds, our Richmondshires, our Cravens, our glorious Wold country, our exquisite Islets, to say nothing of myriad gems of loveliness deep hidden from the general knowledge, in half the counties of our fairest home, there are many pleasant symptoms to be seen.

Meanwhile it is not of home, but of this foreign land, a goodly portion of earth it is, that we have now to speak, it is the Elbe, and not one of our own bright rivers, that we look down upon from this cheerful terrace of Brühl. Let us be thankful for the beauty it shows us nevertheless.

Of the road hither, for those who come direct from home, one word only ; do not continue on the railway between Liege and Aix-la-Chapelle. If you cross Belgium, as is so frequently and so wisely done, leave the iron way at that first-named town, and having done so, you can scarcely travel amiss : drive or ride, or walk, either is good, or all three will not be too much, so amply will the road repay you, however frequently you may travel it. But on the railway, *do not go* ; it is a perpetual diving into, with but very brief escapes from, tunnel, tunnel, tunnel, through the whole way, and the singular beauty of the country causes this portion of the journey to be turned into a ceaseless trial of temper, for the manner of your journey is on this wise.

A most lovely scene is before you, it is but imperfectly seen in the distance, and you are promising yourself the full enjoyment of its beauties when a few more revolutions of those rattling wheels shall have brought you to a point that even now you are approaching ; a moment more and how delightfully you will have it all before you ! you gaze with eager eyes, you are beginning already to devour your feast, but no !

for you it shall be nothing better than the feast of the Barmecide ; a scream of mocking triumph startles you from your loving contemplation, you are plunged ruthlessly into the torturing tunnel, and your gladdened eyes close sorrowfully in bewildered amazement, their all of life wrenched from them by that midnight darkness so rudely substituted for the late fair promise of a most legitimate enjoyment.

And so proceeds the journey from Liege to Aix-la-Chapelle, wherefore, let all avoid the railway between those two points, if he will not purchase his experience at much cost of temper and patience, as it was the writer's misfortune to do.

Yet not on the present occasion ; this time we did not take any one of the roads from England, and therefore it is that we describe none. Our route was different, we had passed the summer in various parts of south-eastern Germany, and came hither by that road along the Elbe, which, although also a railway, is a path of wonderful beauty. Passing along this, the traveller rarely loses sight of the river ; whose fair and varied banks are lost to him only for a moment,

and that at distant intervals, as he is borne through some short gallery, often presenting little more of an impediment than would be occasioned by a bridge. There are besides good steamboats, of which we likewise availed ourselves at times, as do all who journey through that delicious region of the Saxon Switzerland, which borders on the Elbe, and to whose most peculiar as well as beautiful intricacies we had given the later weeks of the summer.

But of these we have spoken elsewhere, and will but add that the close vicinity of Dresden to the strange wierd heights and deeply-hidden dales of those singular highlands, may well be counted among the advantages of that well-endowed city.

The general aspect of Dresden is very cheerful and agreeable. In this respect the Saxon capital may be advantageously compared with cities of much higher pretensions to architectural beauty. In Dresden you are not beset by that uneasy sense of imprisonment within illimitable reaches of brick and mortar, by which the wayfarer, loving the country, feels so heavily oppressed in most great cities, our own London

having the pre-eminence in this undesirable distinction.

Paris is not so bad as London, nor is Vienna, because of her glacis; neither is Berlin, because of that "Unter den Linden," which makes so prominent a feature in her else not attractive physiognomy. Among Italian towns, Florence and Genoa do, perhaps, sin least in this respect, for as to Venice, once you leave the Riva dei Schiavoni and St. Mark's, you find but little breathing space, and of green things absolutely none.

The bright Arno, the radiant gardens, the numerous bridges and long extending quays of Florence, make escape for you from street capture in that city to your heart's content, and were it only for the Acqua Sola Gardens, it would be unreasonable to complain of confinement in Genoa, to say nothing of her ever-lauded bay, which needs nothing more in the way of praise, seeing that all do praise it. But of Rome, how wearisome are the streets, the mere streets. In spite of the many cords by which Rome draws and binds our hearts to herself, it might become possible to feel impatient even of *her* streets, were it

not that the Pincian Hill, and other outlets, permit one to get free from them, after reasonable endurance.

In Naples none need suffer street tyranny long; good means of escape lie open in all her quarters, or nearly so; but she sits royally on her bay of bays, a very queen of cities. So far as the mere site is concerned there is perhaps no great capital that could aspire to compete with Naples in that respect.

This modest Dresden will certainly not pretend to do so, yet have her children much to be thankful for in the general character of their mother-town, where they find gardens, in, around and about their dwellings, for which our poor Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham, and many another of that dingy brotherhood, might well afford to give—some of their tall chimneys, at the very least, and make a good bargain too.

These towns, English and Foreign, are all perfectly known; the mention of them will, therefore, at once recal to most readers the distinctions they present in the important particular specified. Our own parks and squares, those last unknown to foreign cities, do indeed

redeem the great capital of England from utter condemnation on the score of outlet and breathing-place. But the long-drawn suburbs! the dreary succession of house after house, by and through which he must toil who would win his way forth! Let the reader think of these; let him then recal other cities of his acquaintance; let him take Bath for example, and comparing the total freedom of *her* inhabitants from all restraint within what Cowper calls so aptly “brickwall bounds,” he will at once perceive the advantage possessed by this pleasant Dresden in the fact that she too has been placed “among the most favoured nations”—in that essential particular.

The Brühl terrace, which is the chief promenade of Dresden, does not please us so much as do some others of the city and suburbs. The part most zealously frequented is a truly noble walk facing the river, above which it rises commodiously. From this you obtain extensive views to right and left, up stream and down. “Amont et Aval,” as the ferrymen say on the rivers of our French neighbours, and there is an agreeable addition to your resources made by the animated

throng constantly passing, but never crowding, the magnificent bridge that here spans the Elbe.

They do not crowd the bridge—our Dresdeners—although constantly passing over it in vast masses—because all who approach the point where we now stand on the terrace of Brühl, are compelled to keep to the one side, while those who depart from the same are required to walk on the other. Every passenger keeps to his right hand that is, a regulation of which you perceive the excellence, once you have crossed the bridge, and you wish you could establish a similar rule on our bridges at home.

Along the river front of the Brühl terrace extend buildings occupied variously as exhibition rooms, restaurants, cafés, &c.; those of the Brühl Palace are more particularly conspicuous, and must receive future mention.

This part of the promenade is gained by a broad and noble flight of steps, one of those ornaments to great capitals for which we have always felt a predilection that may well be called a faiblesse.

Those ascending to the Palace of Justice, in

Paris for example. The "Scalinata" by which you gain the heights of the Pincian in Rome. The grand approach to those fine galleries, erected of late years in Berlin, with others that might be mentioned, do all exceedingly delight the eyes of this beholder, although the Roman structure finds but little favour with the purist in architecture, who has, without doubt, just grounds of quarrel with not a few of its details.

Of the picturesque families—husband, wife, and dark-eyed children—rendered so familiar to the most determined stay-at-home by Carl Haag's life-like reproductions—whose home throughout the livelong day is on the broad steps of the Scalinata, there must be no question on the ascent to the Brühl; but neither are you driven from side to side by that inevitable "Buon giorno Signori," of the sturdy beggar, so well-known by those who would gain the gardens of the Academy or the Via Gregoriana, by means of the great Roman stair. Who can forget him, once seen, that bold asserter of a long established right, across whose territory none may hope to pass until the frontier dues have been paid? A large powerful trunk, but want-

ing the lower limbs, the rugged features of that grizzled head seem to spring from the earth itself, for your confusion, as the vigilant cripple darts from point to point with a speed that foils all attempts to escape him. The bright smile rarely leaves his lips, but that brow could certainly frown, and darkly, if you gave its owner reason good.

This man, who is brought to the steps and taken from them daily on an ass, is nevertheless said to be a good father, and above all to have endowed his daughters handsomely with the fruits of his mendicancy—unless, indeed, one should rather say from the proceeds of that toll which he has now levied during many years on the frequenters of the Scalinata.

There are long avenues by which the Brühl terrace connects itself with many distant parts of the city ; these recommend it strongly to our approval, as enabling the pedestrian to examine and to traverse Dresden almost from one end to the other and yet keep out of the streets, a privilege, of which, we who love streets as a mad dog loves water, should be ever ready to avail ourselves were we among the dwellers in that capital.

Altogether then, the Brühl terrace is good, but we think the smaller and more retired garden of the Zwinger better; it is at least more in harmony with our tastes, which receive little gratification from the crowded cafés and perpetually moving throngs of the Brühl.

CHAPTER II.

THE day which followed our arrival in Dresden was a Sunday, and we were present at the celebration of high mass in the Court Church. Speaking of the service simply as music, it was, without doubt, a very fine performance ; but as a religious service, this of the Court Church was more than commonly unsatisfactory, it was, in fact, the most unworthy and undignified and the least impressive of all the many that we have attended in temples of the Catholic faith.

The people—though not the court—of Saxony, are of the Lutheran faith, as you know, and the simple services of the Frauen and Kreutz churches, which belong to that communion, were something very different, but of this we will not speak further here.

Both the bridges over the Elbe are fine, and contribute much to the cheerfulness of aspect which, as we have said, appears to us to distinguish the city. Until of late there was only one bridge,

but another, principally, as it appears in the service of the railway, has been lately erected, and being very handsome, it forms a valuable addition to the beauties of the capital. The garden of the Japanese Palace is more especially embellished by this new erection, and from the high terraces of those pleasant grounds the bridge itself is seen to much advantage.

Of the picture gallery and rich collections of other kinds, which adorn this city, I do not propose to speak at any very great length; they have been, and are constantly in course of being described to admirable purpose, by writers fully competent to the task, but in any case I am not myself about to enter on the subject, although it is inevitably much in our thoughts. We have just returned from our second visit to the gallery, nor do we intend to leave any of the collections unseen, and what we have already visited would demand a good volume to do them justice; a volume of space that is, to say nothing of the knowledge and ability of various kinds required to render the book worth reading when written; conditions that are of some importance nevertheless.

We are far from being able to agree at all times, with the best authorities, as regards important pictures, and have frequently to bewail that defect of perception on our part which prevents us from appreciating what they praise, or on the other hand compels us to admire what they have not sanctioned by their approval; this I always regret, since it would be absurd to place the crude notions of what is little better than ignorance against the decisions of matured judgment, and I cannot have the satisfaction of doing so, if I would.

Thus there remains a sort of doubt which somewhat troubles the pleasure of the spectator in certain cases, but in face of the gem and glory of the gallery, the Sistine Madonna, that doubt has no existence, we agree cordially with the opinions emitted by the most highly accredited authorities, respecting this work, nor had all we had heard of it, in Italy and elsewhere, prepared for us the slightest approach to that sense of disappointment which has sometimes followed the realisation of a long-cherished desire, when standing before some other much-vaunted pictures.

Of the Zinsgroschen or Tribute-money, it is not possible to speak in terms of adequate respect.

Painted under the influence—always pure and good—of Albert Dürer, who had but recently departed from Venice when the work was commenced—the Tribute-money stands apart among the works of Titian; inferior to none in the qualities most admired by all as distinguishing him, and rich in many not always to be found in his paintings, the Tribute-money alone would uphold the fame of the master, even though no other work remained to justify the eulogies bestowed on him by every historian of art, from Vasari downwards. That able critics in art and fervid admirers of Titian's genius will not wholly concur with the writer in these opinions is certain, many will ask what had Titian to learn from Albert Dürer, or if the German spirit be admitted to seem present in the admirable work before us, they may affirm that this is only in seeming, and that the peculiarity distinguishing the noble picture may more truly be traced to other sources. Let it be so; this is not the place to discuss the question, sufficient for us the deeply felt pleasure of renewing in this Northern Gallery the reverential admiration for the master inspired by some of his great works in Venice, but which

you reluctantly feel to diminish in warmth as you stand before others, let the learned praise them as they may.

The Florentine schools are not extensively represented in this gallery, and we miss the names of many among those great masters who should be taking high place here, but to make some amends for this, the visitor who has been regretting the disappearance of the Spanish painters from the Louvre, will find a large number of them in Dresden. They were purchased for the gallery on the dispersion of the Orleans collection in 1848.

Nor do the masters of Bologna, Ferrara and Lombardy abound as do those of the Roman and Venetian Schools—there is a “Baptism of Christ,” by Francia, and there are five, perhaps six, pictures by Correggio. One of them being the much copied “Magdalen.” The “Adoration of the Shepherds,” so much renowned, as the “Notte” is also here, as is well known, but from this we did not receive all the pleasure we had expected, and have seen works of the master that to us appear of higher merit (perhaps because the “cruel mercies” of the restorer had been jealously kept

far from them) but, remembering how widely we may here appear to differ from the judgment of many whose authority all respect, we prefer to conclude our remark with the words of one among them rather than with our own.

Tieck, speaking of the "Notte," finds no combination of words sufficiently powerful to express his admiration, and bursts forth with the following passage from St. John.

"Und das Licht schien in die Finsterniss, aber die Finsterniss begriffen es nicht."*

It is indeed not without a consciousness of wrong done that we speak of the Dresden Gallery at all; as many weeks as we have given hours would but poorly suffice to the due examination of its treasures, and we must needs return for some two or three leisurely months, given principally to that purpose, before we shall have the right of saying that we have seen it. We are all the more impressed by the necessity of doing this, because we have already been agreeably surprised by more than one work of decided excellence respecting which we had not found mention "in the books," although far from

* See St. John, chap. i, v. 5.

idle readers, on the subject. Yet that these productions have indeed been "left without their praise," is a supposition requiring to be verified, and for the research needful to do this we have not now time.

Touching certain among the treasures of this collection, documents are found among its archives, and among those of the criminal courts, recording circumstances but little known until the year 1856, when the memory thereof was revived by Herr Hübner, in whose "*Verzeichniss der Königlichen Gemälde Gallerie*," the original of what follows will be found.

*The night of the 22nd of October, in the year 1788, was one of unusually violent storm, and when Johann Anton Riedel, curator of the gallery, made his rounds of inspection the following morning, he remarked a lesion in the iron wire covering one of the windows, and on closer examination discovered a fracture in the window itself, which did not seem to be wholly occasioned by the storm.

Looking further, the unhappy official soon perceived that a thief had been making inroads

* See *Einleitung*, pp. 51—55.

on his charge and he hastened to the presence of his chief, the Count Marcolini, with the dismal intelligence that the renowned Magdalen of Correggio was no longer in its place.

The dismay of all concerned may be well imagined, and this was increased by the further discovery that two other pictures, Van der Werff's Judgment of Paris, and a Portrait by Christian Seybold, had been carried off.*

Means were instantly adopted for the recovery of the spoil, and among them was the promise of a thousand ducats to whomsoever should be instrumental in the restoration of the pictures.

These were not without their effect: early on the morning of the 26th October, "Frühacht Uhr," as the accurate German takes pains to inform us, a poor lamplighter was employed about his office in the immediate neighbourhood of the gallery, when he found a box suspended to the ropes whereby he raised his lamps, and within this were enclosed the two pictures of Van der Werff and Seybold, with a letter "to be opened only by his Highness the Elector," all

* These are the pictures now numbered respectively 1541 and 1810.

which the wondering lamplighter bore carefully to the main guard, near at hand.

The Elector's correspondent did not add his respectable name to the document addressed to his Highness, but desired that the one thousand ducats might be deposited "in a hole beside a certain mile-stone, standing at that point where the crossway goes from the Weinberg to the Wood, on the road leading to the Black Gate of the Neustadt."

With directions so minute, his Highness could hardly fail to discover the place of deposit so discreetly chosen by his estimable acquaintance, who was pleased graciously to add that the remaining picture, the "Magdalen," no less!! should be restored to his electoral care by being placed in that same "hole in the milestone," so soon as his own righteous claim on the one thousand ducats had been duly satisfied.

But my friend had forgotten to take into account, that where "holes" are in the way, that path craves wary walking; he neglected to consider that he might himself be taken by means of that hole, no less than the other valuables entrusted thereto. Not so, the "Durchlancht" to

whom his missive was addressed. That potentate perceived all the importance of his correspondent's intimations, and acting on these, did become possessed of the desirable personage himself, whom he forthwith bestowed into safe keeping, as beseemed the occasion.

But even without that well-contrived directing-post to his whereabouts, so obligingly set up by the hands of the thief himself, the man, a certain Johann Georg Wogaz, had already fallen under the suspicion of the authorities. He had been heard to inquire the value of the stones by which the frame of the Magdalen was adorned, and in his dwelling the stolen picture was accordingly found: yet not until the place had been twice minutely examined, for our thief maintained his innocence stoutly, and after his first unlucky revelation, became discreetly silent. Rather of the latest, however, and when, after a thorough *bouleversement* of his ancestral abode, the Magdalen, with much property beside, evidently abstracted from churches and private houses of a high class, was discovered beneath the floor of a hayloft and forthwith placed before his eyes, he was fain to confess himself an evil-

doer and did not fail to receive the wages due to him as such.

With the painting, but torn from it, were found the outer frame of gold, with a narrower inner one of silver, with which it had, up to that time, been invested, together with the precious stones, which had without doubt decided the thief to choose that picture, rather than another, for his prey. These last had been removed from the setting and laid aside for immediate sale; they were not replaced, and the painting has from that time appeared in a frame of simpler character.

Characteristic of the period, as Herr Hübner justly observes, is a circumstance that took place on the robbery becoming known. To Riedel, the mourning Inspector of the gallery, was sent a letter wherein the writer enclosed the following formula, to be affixed to the door of the gallery and suspended over the window by which entrance had been effected.

Agmoet melach, Aglat, Aglat, Delay.

† † † † †

These words—but be sure you place the crosses duly beneath each one—form an infallible method,

so at least was Riedel assured, for the compulsion of the thief to restoration of any property stolen. Whether the inspector adopted it in his despair, or whether he had by that time obtained hope of success from means more direct, we do not find recorded, but conclude the latter, since it was not until the 29th of October that this notable epistle reached the official, and he had then already recovered some portion of the loss, as we have said.

Less than ten years since a very precious little Metzu was “abstracted, very cleverly, in open day, by a gentlewoman”—as the polite recorder of these events informs us delicately—but the lady did not maintain her reputation for ability in these difficult operations; having offered the picture for sale at Leipzig, even while the public prints were filled with notices of the loss. She did not, perhaps, reckon the art of reading among her accomplishments, and so “mit noch mehr Ungeschick,” in the disposal of her booty than she had previously shown “Geschick” in its acquirement; as her annalist affirms, she attracted the attention, of the Leipzig authorities, who thereupon handed her over—daintily—to those of

Dresden, they, no doubt, rewarding her as her merits deserved.

The Historical Museum, formerly known as the Armoury, is perhaps more correctly described by its new appellation, and contains much that may occupy the hours of many a visit. Specimens of higher antiquity, and even of a more profound historical interest, may be found elsewhere, but so lavish a display of gold and precious stones in caparison and accoutrement for horse and man, we have seen in no other collection. Nor is this magnificence to be stigmatised as mere glitter, calculated only to catch the eye of barbarians; the Damascene ornaments decorating many rich suits of armour here displayed, with the elaborate works in relief adorning others, are truly exquisite productions of art. Great skill as well as toil has been expended on the laborious carving and inlaid work to be found on various specimens, the workmanship is indeed a marvel of ingenuity no less than of patience. Objects to which the mere passing traveller can but give a careless glance, and which he perhaps turns from as nothing better than curious gewgaws, obtain, as they well repay, the attentive consideration of the more leisurely

observer, who finds matter in each for the history of progress, if for nothing more. To this collection also we therefore promise ourselves a more profitable return, once the bright later summer and glorious autumn now, and soon, to be compelling us to their enchanting world without, shall have given place to the beauties of also welcome winter, and left us to a thankful acceptance of his resources; the now impatiently trodden halls of palace and museum, no inconsiderable items of his wealth.

Even now, indeed, and disregarding all the glad-some invitations of delicious skies, the gentlemen of our party lingered long with certain amiable inventions, of high historical interest perhaps, but not of attractive aspect. Among these relics were some of those terrible flails armed with iron, wherewith the Bohemian peasants made such fearful havoc in the Hussite wars.

The first missile weapon whose contents were discharged by means of gunpowder, is also in this museum; a clumsy contrivance of the pistol kind, over which our companions hung fondly, examining all its uncomely details, with a loving care and industry worthy of a better object. Next,

they laboured to lift the iron crock (none who know the lovely Somersetshire will ask "what is a crock?") which Augustus the Strong wore on his iron head, by way of helm; we essayed that feat ourselves, but could only just contrive to hold the ponderous covering, suspended for a moment at the distance of an inch or so above its resting-place, from which we had with difficulty stirred it so far, using all the force of both hands. That the owner should have borne it through a long summer day, is conceivable only when you remember the homely tale which tells how the damsel carried about her calf, until it had fairly become a cow. The Elector Augustus had served his apprenticeship to lighter members of the same family, and had promoted himself from one heavy head-piece to another still heavier, until, in process of time, and by the exercise of perseverance more or less praiseworthy, he attained to this goodly specimen of the genus "head-gear." Of the man himself, and of his vast strength, many stories are related. He once made love to a lady by presenting a bag of gold with one hand, while he broke a horse-shoe to pieces with the other; but if he looked only half as ill, when so pleading,

as he does in the most authentic of his portraits, (others give him better looks) the lady surely must have bidden him take his love to some other market, even though the penalty of refusing it, had been to be broken in pieces like that horse-shoe.

An iron bar, crumpled and crushed by this hard-handed prince, was also much passed from man to man, as were many articles of his daily use, all giving evidence of the ponderous strength that must have been possessed by him who could wield or use such. Among other objects of interest in the Historical Museum was a two-handed sword, called, as a Servian officer in the Austrian cavalry informed us, "Don't be afraid brother." This gentleman related one or two anecdotes, describing the effect produced by other weapons of the character, and told us the Servian phrase used. We could not catch the unwonted sounds, and cannot repeat them, but so formidable is the sword so called that I scarcely think the exhortation could avail greatly to reassure the recipient of its blow, the application whereof, as the Servian officer affirmed, was ever wont to be accompanied by those words.

To the Grüne Gewölbe we proceeded with the coolest indifference, persuaded that we were to see jewels in good store, with toys enough to set up all the *virtu*-dealers in Europe, were their present stocks swept off at one raid; but we came back with a much more respectful impression than we had taken thither, and had not eyes enough, hurried as we were through the well arranged chambers, to admire the hundredth part of their beautiful contents.

Of the greater portion, the rich material is the least of their value, although that is gold, silver, precious stones, ivory, ebony, rock crystal, or other substances of rarity and high cost: the true interest of these exquisite productions, as many of them are, is their undeniable merit as works of art, or at the least as monuments of ingenuity and patience indescribable.

And here I do not allude to John of Bologna's Crucifix, whose place is in a collection of higher order, nor yet to Peter Fischer's dog—which last we do not much admire. I exclude the "Limoges work" also, to certain specimens of which, by Noel Landin, no amount of praise could do justice. These all belong to classes of

production which none affect to undervalue, but to specimens derived from branches of art to which so high a place in the estimation of the connoisseur is not usually accorded. Among these the gold and ivory works in this collection must always take a foremost rank, and the richly carved cabinet of Hans Schiefferstein (ivory and ebony) is one of those first demanding the attention of the visitor.

The Elector Augustus (who flourished in the second half of the 16th century) was the chief founder of the gallery: with a love for the mechanic arts, not common in his day, he was especially devoted to that of the turner, and gave much of his attention to the turning of ivory, as his elder brother and predecessor, the Elector Moritz, had likewise done. Of Augustus it is related that he was one morning so deeply occupied with his work as to forget the care demanded by a beard unusually long and comely, insomuch that the valued ornament became involved in the lathe, and it was not until it had been largely mulcted of its honours, that the electoral beard obtained its liberty.*

* See Von Landsberg "Das Grüne Gewölbe. See also Plumier *L'Art du Tourneur*.

The Elector, John George the 1st, bestowed large sums on the increase of this collection: although not given to lavish expenditure in respect to matters of the kind, and much tried by wars and pestilence through a large part of his reign, he provided carefully nevertheless for the extension and care of its treasures, both in life and by his will. Works in ivory were added to the museum by this prince in considerable numbers, and even Augustus the Strong found leisure among his many avocations to provide rarities for this favoured collection.

It is to him we owe that extraordinary work, the "Court of the Great Mogul" executed in gold and enamel by the Dinglingers. A true feeling for art makes itself perceived throughout this wonderful production. Force and truth of expression give value to every figure—of which there are said to be 132, all in full relief, and each exhibiting a life and animation that makes every one a pleasant study. They are all of enamelled gold, a circumstance of which you take no account at the moment, because your whole attention is absorbed by the beauty of the scene as a whole, and by the exquisite work-

manship of its innumerable parts. Every circumstance of the pageant and all the costumes have been copied with earnest care, from the descriptions of the accurate Tavernier, and if we are at last to call this but a "trinket" it is at least a very extraordinary one.

The whole scene is comprised within a circular space of about seven or eight feet in diameter, but so vivid is the action of the various groups, that you forget the narrowly restricted limits, within which they act, you fail to consider the minuteness of their proportions, and you look at their life-like movements as one does on those of beings whom one expects to see change and go elsewhere, which these spirited figures appear by no means unlikely to do.

Some of the attendants, holding horses at the proper distance from the principal groups surrounding the throne where the Grand Mogul sits in state, may be particularly specified, those mettlesome animals are not restrained without some difficulty, and you would not be greatly surprised if they were to break loose and rush across the space,—a very considerable one it is, the six foot circle notwith-

standing,—which separates them from the great personages who have just dismounted from their backs and are now prostrating themselves before the monarch.

With the enamels of Dingling all are familiar by hearsay, but the works themselves are rare, and the specimens here found are consequently valuable as well as beautiful. We must leave them nevertheless, with much beside to which we would fain direct attention among the varied productions contained in these richly stored apartments. The collection occupies no less than eight rooms, the last of which is devoted to jewellery of unimaginable splendour, exhibited on the insignia of various orders, in collars, arm-lets, swords-hilts, scabbards, and other large pieces, many covered wholly with diamonds, of which one large case is full.

Nor are the cases containing the sapphires, emeralds, and rubies of this unrivalled collection less beautiful, if less costly; the whole exhibition does, perhaps, end by somewhat fatiguing the attention, as well as the eyes; but that is not because you become weary of examining them, it is because they are passed through much

too hastily, although the civility, attention, and even long-suffering of the attendants, are greatly to be commended.

The apartments have been recently arranged anew, and re-decorated, being, as we were informed by those who had seen them before the changes, very greatly improved: it is certain, that each of the objects contained in them, notwithstanding their number, is now set out to the best advantage, and permitted to lose none of its value for want of such accessories as only much thought and care, with a very large expenditure, could have supplied. With the owners, then, these vast riches, material and art included, retain all their interest and value; this we rejoice to see, for it might well be regretted if future visitors were likely to be deprived of them, for lack of that interest, seeing that all richly merit the care they have received.

We have this morning paid our respects to the porcelain shown in the Japanese Palace, and do not regret the walk we have taken through the rooms, where all the curiosities of the vast assemblage have been duly pointed out to us; the cracked yellow platters, made solely for the

mouth of Chinese royalty, and only smuggled into the possession of that of Saxony, not excepted. A visit of much greater interest we made yesterday; to the library, namely, and though going to see only, and not to use, as the inscription on the door of the Ossegy library exhorts all to do, we were nevertheless not unprofitably employed. Among various objects of interest, we were shown letters by the hand of Luther, with others, written by Melancthon, which I looked at for my own part, with almost equal respect and feeling, the gentle Philip having ever been one of those whom English reformers most delight to honour.

The same may be said of the good man, and excellent painter, Albert Dürer, though in a somewhat different sense, and here is a work by him, with sketches by his own hand, which made us regret that the want of time, affecting all who do but "look and pass on," would scarcely suffer us to give a glance. Two books, which had belonged to Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, a zealous patron of learning and the arts, have interest chiefly from that circumstance; the one is a copy of Cicero, the other a Treatise on the Art of War.

There is also a volume richly illuminated, describing the rules to be observed in the conduct of tournaments, with a Treatise on the Chase, once the property of Charles the Bold. Mexican, Chinese, and Persian MSS., the last a copy of Zoroaster, are reserved for the learned, in this library, and we looked at them, as do those who know nothing of the matter, but did not greatly profit thereby.

A Koran, called the Octagon, was also exhibited as a great curiosity, but did not interest us so much as other copies of the same book considered less remarkable, have done; it was in the form of an octagon,—whence the name, which had puzzled us much when we first heard it,—and is kept in a case of the same form: the whole is about the size of a crown piece.

The book of the first Saxon laws is of much greater interest, and we were glad to be shewn one of the earliest printed books; since, remembering the vast benefits already obtained, and still to be derived by the whole human race from the printer's art, none can look unmoved on these first efforts. Those shown here are "Incunabulæ," but no trace of the first character remains.

Now all these things tend much to console us for the loss of those delicious valleys and majestic rocks of the Saxon Switzerland, which we left so reluctantly for their sakes; and they do so the more effectually, as we hope soon to be in the beloved wilds again. But there is one thing here for which we go mourning, we have not seen, and cannot see, the fine collection of engravings which Dresden counts among her glories, and we are all the more disappointed because we had promised ourselves that pleasure since the close of last year, when we gave some attention to the History of the Early Masters in that art.

There are certain ecclesiastical antiquities also in the palace of the Grossen Garten, which we have much wished to see, and a Tryptica, with figures in relief, coloured and gilt, of which we obtained a rapid glance when making some inquiries at the portal, has not diminished our desire to do so, but we have already overpassed the time which we had allotted to this city, and do not wish to derange our plans further. Some day, too, we shall be here again, and then we may be able to give days, perhaps, where we have now had only hours to bestow.

Remembering the pleasure we had received from the Exhibition of paintings in Prague, we took some pains to reserve a few hours for that of the Academy of Arts, now open here, and this afternoon we have been to see it, but return much disappointed. Copies of the principal works in the gallery of the palace, meet the eye at every step, and not in twos or threes only, but in sixes and sevens; we have counted no less than eight copies of one work, nor that one of the highest class. This copying and re-copying we had expected, in measure, but the superabundance found of it in the Dresden Academy, excluding as it does almost all original composition, has disappointed us greatly.

The churches of Dresden are not remarkable, if we except the Frauen Kirche, which is handsome and well placed. The arrangement of the interior is unusual, the numerous galleries, four at least, surrounding it entirely, and ascending high into the massive dome or cupola of stone, are divided in a manner which gives them not a little resemblance to the boxes of a theatre, and we observed something similar in the Kreuz Church.

A funeral, which we saw leave the dwelling of the departed, in one of the streets going out of the "Old Market Place," gave us the opportunity of ascertaining a point which had caused us some question. How for example do the flower-sellers, who occupy one entire side of that market, find means to dispose of those garlands, large and small, that they weave so beautifully, and in such vast numbers? Here then was that question solved; the large vehicle which takes the place of the hearse used at home, is entirely covered with these offerings, and the official mourners likewise carry them, each having one in his hand: they are formed of the brightest flowers, and for the garlands of greatest size,—not less than a foot in diameter, measured within the thick circle of flowers,—we observed that dahlias were used in great abundance.

We went yesterday to visit the spot on which Moreau stood when he received his death. I am but insufficiently read in the details of these frightful stories, and I could not but shudder as my better informed companion told me that the poor legs were both literally torn from the body, by a cannon ball! What can justify men, who

for so paltry a question as the mere more or less of territory, can give cause for such horrors? I can imagine nothing that could excuse them. To repulse an enemy from one's borders, to preserve the sanctity of the home and hearth, we may comprehend that all should be willing to fight. Men, as a matter of course, for they will fight with their shadows, rather than deprive themselves of that delectable exercise, but women, even women, I can well believe, may throw off all other considerations, to think only of repelling the fell invader that would desecrate their homes. But for lighter causes; no! these hideous things are not defensible: what men call glory and bravery is but lasting disgrace, and proof of brute ferocity; when battles are fought for any motive less powerful than that most legitimate one, the determination to repel aggression. Will not the time come when the truth of these opinions shall be admitted on all sides? Surely it will? that is our hope in any case, although we do not hear the lectures of the "Peace Society," and as the world now goes, do not well see how they are to carry out their theories: for they would hardly keep their hands in their pockets if there were an enemy at the door.

But I get perfectly out of my depth in these matters, and am right willing to leave them to such as understand them better. The monument, which consists principally of a great helmet laid on a sword, did not appear to me to be of much significance, but my companion examined it, as well as the site, which commands a view of the vast battle-field, with infinite attention and great interest ; I was therefore glad we had not omitted the visit, which is within a short half-hour's drive of Dresden, we might have walked to it with ease, indeed, had not the weather been uncertain and our time very precious.

There fell a smart shower before we had got many yards from the carriage, which we left at the edge of a field in the midst of which the monument stands, but this did not prevent my "better," or rather my fiercer and more cruel half, from pacing *con amore* about the wet and slippery scene of that most evil occurrence. For my own part I retreated to an oak, beneath which we had been compelled to take shelter for a few minutes in approaching the place, and there awaited his pleasure ; but was glad when, his walk being over, he returned from his exploration, and

could seek more effectual protection from the rain in the "drosky," by which name the street carriages are called here, it seems, as well as in Russia.

CHAPTER III.

CARLSBRUNN ! The woods and wilds ! the hills and the valleys ! the delicious streams ! and not the bridged rivers, nor the streets and throngs of those wearyful cities.

To get past a range of towns which must yet needs be visited, and to leave them far behind while you plunge into the wilderness again. *That* is a deliverance for which one can hardly be thankful enough, and is just our happy case at this moment. Thou Dresden ! and ye oh Berlin ! Breslau ! Olmütz ! let me say no word against any one of you, and “happy man be your dole,” to each and every city of you all ! but you, and such as you, do you not wring the very life out of the poor creature that ventures to look at your “ferlies ?” Ye do, and but for the blessed restoration that one finds beyond your borders, woe betide the hunter after what your walls enclose.

Yet they are fair and good, your treasures of

art, ye cities, and there is much beside that might be said in your praise, but they must be sung another day, these praises, seeing that for the present we have metal more attractive.

We cannot wonder if no one has ever heard of Carlsbrunn, for this was so completely the case, even at Neisse, only thirty miles distant, the place where all public conveyances came to a pause, and where we had to hire for ourselves, that the very mistress of the inn had never heard its name ! And I repeat, we cannot wonder, for so completely has it hidden its bright beauty amidst the deep and lovely woods, that no soul could possibly suspect its existence at the distance of a league, nor find it even though but a hundred yards off, without the microscope which we were at length so fortunate as to apply.

The eyes of a native that is to say, these presently magnified the place into very great importance, and what was more to the purpose, found the way to it for us, a result of which we had at one moment begun to despair.

Yet very well does Carlsbrunn deserve to be known, and we are charmed to have made its acquaintance ; I would fain introduce you to it also,

and without the loss of an instant, but if we have come through all those towns that I talked of just now, you have not, and you must e'en be content to go back and do so ; Carlsbrunn you shall have afterwards, by way of a *bonne bouche*.

Suppose yourselves then, in the railway station of Dresden, you are starting for Berlin, and if there be nothing between the two cities, but a dreary waste of level sand, at least you are going across it by railroad, and not by the slow coaches of the old times. Some Saxon "Heavy Exeter," for example, or something worse perhaps, if worse there ever were. To cross this country in the days of the eilwagen or diligence ! that must indeed have been what the people here call a "crucifixion," and happy are we who escape it. We consoled ourselves with that thought when disposed to complain that these dead levels are not like the undulating plains of Bavaria, which are such indeed, as to show you how beautiful, certain accidents of light and shadow being accorded to you, a large extent of plain can be.

Six hours passed in a most commodious carriage take you from Dresden to Berlin, where your first thought is to get "Under the Linden;" that is

your last thought also, since it may be truly affirmed that "Unter den Linden" is all Berlin, and that all Berlin is Unter den Linden. You know this, *au reste*, but if there were any one who did not know it from observation, and should therefore conclude that, this being so, the city is quickly seen, they would be far from correct; there is indeed so vast an amount of beauty and riches in almost of every manner, gathered within the space beneath those "Linden," that long would be the time required to do justice to all, and we are far from having done it.

Our visit was nevertheless pleasant and profitable, nor is it while luxuriating amidst such wealth as Berlin offers, that one feels disposed to quarrel with cities, it is when your strength has given way beneath the labours they demand, if visited too hastily, as in our case, that you begin to complain of their exactions.

When we left home in the month of April last, it was our purpose to visit Berlin and Dresden immediately after the cities of Holland, but finding, on a more minute examination of the proposed route, that it was likely to prove a very dull one, we turned our faces southward instead,

deferring the Saxon and Prussian capitals until we should be able to approach them by a path of greater interest. This we secured effectually, by gaining Dresden through the delectable Saxon Switzerland, as aforesaid.

But that advantage has not been obtained without the counterbalance of a disadvantage. The letters brought from England to certain persons whom we wished to see, at Berlin and at Dresden, with some other parts of Saxony, were rendered nearly useless thereby. We had the mortification of finding almost every one absent on their summer wanderings, as indeed we might have well known they would be, since all broad Germany sets herself afloat, —the wiser Germany she,—once the “fair season” has finally confirmed its seat within her borders.

This we neglected to take into account when impatiently turning ourselves from the duller route, north-about, by which we ought to have commenced our rambles—and now are we paying the penalty of our wilfulness.

For at Berlin, as had happened to us before at Dresden, every one is absent, and the first morn-

ing of our arrival in the Prussian capital, beheld one of those whom we had most desired to meet, departing for a journey of six weeks, while we still slept on the morning after our arrival: this fact we learned with no small regret, some hours later.

Men of true distinction in the highest walks of literature and art inhabit these cities, as is well known, and let him who hopes to sun himself amidst their beams, choose some other season for his pilgrimage than the pride of the summer, lest he share our fate. This was our first visit to these parts too, which causes the disappointment to be the more severely felt. On all other occasions of our visiting the Continent; the Rhenish hills, with the mountains of Switzerland, the Tyrol, or the domain of the Salt-Chamber (Salzkammergut), had drawn us south, to say nothing of the bright Italian skies, beloved of all hearts, which exercise their magnetic influence from beyond those regions, and bring every one gradually within her bounds.

This was the first of our visits then, and we had besides but one fortnight to divide between the two cities, whereas a long month should be

given to each, even by the mere visitor, if he desires to see the best of their treasures well.

Deprived of the advantage and instruction we had hoped for, the next thing to be done was to make what use we could of such as remained, and with that intent, we lost no time in repairing to the palaces and galleries. The most important of these last, is that called until lately, the New Museum, but which is now known as the Royal Museum, though often called the Old, to distinguish it from a structure now approaching completion, and which is to make part of the present building; all will then bear the name of the Royal Museums, and truly regal is the magnificent provision of all kinds, buildings and contents, that they present for your enjoyment.

But as in Dresden, so in Berlin, the highest authorities have given, and do give, their luminous ideas to the reader, in rich abundance, respecting these collections, nor do we presume to enter on their domain.

No day of those we spent in Berlin was suffered to pass without long hours employed to our own great satisfaction, in these noble galleries, where instead of days, we could willingly expend

as many weeks. It is true that some wistful glances might be cast occasionally towards the outside of the city-walls, as evening took us, exhausted, if not weary, to our home; yet in the galleries themselves, no other world but their own can obtain a thought, and most invaluable to us are the recollections we have stored from those of Dresden and Berlin.

There is nevertheless a certain part of the last which we could never pass through, without a sense of regret and mortification, constantly increasing, this is the circular Hall of Entrance, around which are hung those very tapestries, after the cartoons of Raphael, executed at Arras at the same time with the original pieces now in the Vatican. These treasures, for a certain period in the possession of our Henry VIII. and other English Sovereigns, were next carefully preserved in Spain for two centuries more, after which they were once more returned to England, whence they have nevertheless been suffered to find their way to this place!

Are we then so rich in objects of art that we can afford to let them thus be cast from our shores? Nay, were it only because they had for

ages been considered as a chief ornament of our monarch's dwelling, we might have found a motive for expending upon them the poor trifle they would have cost us. But there is more than that, much more.

Singularly beautiful, and in no wise inferior to those made for the Sistine Chapel—save only that one of the cartoons, and that a smaller and less important one—Paul and Silas in prison—has been omitted,* these works are of inestimable value. One is even ashamed to speak of a money-price in their presence, yet, the sum for which they were alienated, shall be mentioned, as told to us, by one of whose authority there can be no question. They were sold in 1844 to the Prussian Sovereign for so many dollars as make up the paltry sum of four thousand five hundred pounds!—that and no more!

And since we had not the sense to keep these treasures, their now irreparable loss is but a just punishment; nay we might make the Prussians heartily welcome to their possession, as the due reward of their taste and judgment, if we could

* These tapestries were originally ten,—there are but nine here.

find it in our hearts to do so, but we cannot, and we passed through their noble abiding place at every entrance to and exit from the Sculpture Gallery, with a vexatious sense of needless deprivation, which could not be repressed.

With one consideration we finally succeeded in consoling ourselves to some little extent, or, at least, in fancying we had done so, for our regrets would still recur. This is the admirable judgment with which they are here displayed, and the reverential care taken of them. Placed around the gallery of the beautiful and regally decorated hall, they are defended from the too great wealth of light by rich curtains of massive thickness and so well arranged that but one wish could be formed respecting them (that of regaining their possession being laid aside as hopeless), a more ample width in the gallery around which you walk, to examine them the better. As it is, you cannot draw quite sufficiently far back to examine each piece to your wish, when standing immediately before it, while you find yourself rather too far off, if you go to the opposite part of the circle. Let us be thankful, nevertheless, to see them so worthily treated as they are; who

knows if they would have received equal honour in our own capital ?

That question did not fail to present itself as we made our grumbling way through their present home, and if it did not diminish our ill-humour, it helped at least to reconcile us to the loss of them, which is besides irremediable : those who now possess these works, will retain them, as they well merit to do.

I have spoken of these tapestries at more length than I should otherwise have permitted myself to do, because they have not been here long enough to give opportunity for our people generally to have seen them. Torn from the Royal Chambers of Whitehall at the death of Charles I. the tapestries fell into the hands of Don Alonso de Cardenas, then Ambassador from Spain to the Court of England. They were next found in possession of the Dukes of Alva, in whose Palace at Madrid they remained until the year 1823, when they were purchased by the English Consul and taken back to England. The most essential circumstance of their subsequent history has been already mentioned.

The hall they now so richly embellish is fur-

thermore magnificently adorned by no less than eighteen marble statues of undoubted antiquity, all rather larger than the life, and some of them beautiful to a marvel. One by which I was myself more particularly struck, is the *Diana Venatrix*, found it is said, in the villa of *Lucius Verus*, and in this figure, as in many others of the rich collection to which this noble hall is but the entrance, we received confirmation of an opinion respecting female statues when draped, which we have long entertained, it is that whatever may be lost to the spectator in those veils which conceal the delicate beauty of the limbs, is more than made up by the spirit, ease, and firmness of the attitude which such figures, when executed to perfection, always exhibit, while the shrinking position and restrained carriage of the undraped statue, however true and natural, are not, as appears to us, advantageous circumstances, but much the contrary, and we lose in grace and beauty what we gain in the more liberal display of the form. I know how much the authorities delight in the sentiment and feeling that they find expressed in that shrinking and restraint, and perceive a certain amount of truth in their remarks, but that does not alter our

opinion. If we are not to be content with the partially draped figures of which so many exquisite examples might be cited, here and elsewhere--the next best thing would be, that total unconsciousness of nudity in the statue which we find in young children, and which gives that finish of perfect grace, to the flower-like beauty of their delicate forms, wherewith we all delight our eyes.

And if you cry out "Heresy!" while you point to the Venus de' Medici and others, long in possession of the world's suffrages, we reply that there is here no question of the artist or the learned in art; we do but give our own impression of matters. This is our feeling when passing precious hours among those treasures which are the glory of great cities, and which, even in our estimation, who do not love those cities, are sufficient to secure their redemption. At a word, if the statue be conscious of nudity, let it cease to be nude.

We find that our catalogues of these admirable collections, the excellent one of the pictures by Dr. Waagen, director of the gallery more especially, are nearly covered with the pencilled notes which

we made at the time, but I spare you every one. There are three rooms in the Royal Gallery, not included in the long range always liberally open to the public, but to which any person may obtain admission who seeks it; these most particularly delighted us. Two of them are filled with specimens of early masters, whose works have long had a special interest in our eyes, and, until of late years, were rarely found, with certain exceptions in favour of Venice, Florence, and a few other places. The third room comprises specimens of all the three periods into which the learned divide the works of Raphael, and here may be seen that Adoration of the Magi, so lamentably injured, but, of which, instead of an attempt at restoration, whereby all trace of the original must have been nearly obliterated, it was judiciously proposed to make a copy; some idea of the composition at least will thus remain to after ages.

The distinguished Director of the gallery, Doctor Waagen, with whose eminence as a writer on art, all are acquainted, returned to Berlin the day previous to our departure, and we had the advantage of a short conversation with him, a

few hours before we left. The opportunity one has for meeting with these earnest lovers and promoters of the great and good in their respective walks, goes far to make towns endurable, but their avocations are too important to be often excusably interrupted by the mere idler, and their converse is a privilege more frequently desired than enjoyed.

In the vestibule which precedes the hall of the lamented tapestries, are frescoes designed by the renowned architect of the building, Schinkel, and executed under the superintendence of Professor Cornelius, names which suffice largely to assure the character of the works. The subjects of them are finely imagined allegories, into the minute description of which we have not space to enter, but will try to impart a general idea of their subjects. On the left of the majestic portal, which gives entrance to the hall, is a series of pictures representing the creation, or, perhaps, we should rather say, the origin of the world. Uranus, a figure of remarkable force, occupies the principal place in the first of the series which fills one half of the vestibule. To the right of the entrance is the second part, and here we have our divi-

sions ; on the chief or longer wall, representing, “Spring, or Morning, Summer, or Midday, Autumn, or Evening, and Winter, or Night,” while a fifth picture, occupying the end wall, and corresponding with the Creation, or Origin of Things, represents death, or rather the departure from earth of the beings created. A beautiful thought is expressed in the upper part of the work, where the Angels of Light and Morning are seen rejoicing, in total disregard of the mournful scene below, while they point to the new day breaking for the departed, and to the Sun of Immortality appearing above the clouds.

On the large public square, or open space,—for the form is irregular,—extending before the Museum and immediately in front of the vestibule, stands an immense tazza, or basin, of granite, finely polished. It is twenty-two feet in diameter, and forms a handsome addition to the beauty of the place. Opposite to the gallery is the Royal Palace, which is a very large but not beautiful edifice. Within it is what they here call the Kunst-Kammer, or Chamber of Art, a ticket for which we have procured with some

difficulty, seeing that the small number issued is always quickly exhausted, and the tickets are engaged for several days beforehand—ours, for example, was not to be used until the third day from that on which we obtained it. Before visiting the Kunst-Kammer, therefore, we betook ourselves to Potsdam, the drive to which—it lies as you know at the distance of nineteen English miles from Berlin—was a welcome refreshment after our exhausting though delightful morning in the galleries.

There is no beauty of landscape to be seen from the railroad by which Potsdam is attained; yet the situation of the town itself is tolerably cheerful, a circumstance which it owes to the neighbourhood of the Hamel, on whose shores it is for the most part built. The new church of Saint Nicholas, designed and executed by the late Professor Schinkel, is a conspicuous as well as beautiful object, and attracts attention before you have well left the station, nor does it fail to satisfy the expectation thus raised, when you make a nearer approach to the building.

The portico is decorated with figures in relief, representing the resurrection of Christ, and the

Sermon on the Mount, we had hoped to see the paintings also which adorn the interior, but had not time to do so, our principal motive for visiting Potsdam being the Palace of Sans-Souci, to which we hastened immediately on our arrival.

The grounds of Sans-Souci extend nearly to the gates of Potsdam, but the gardens, properly so called, commence at that entrance which is marked by colossal figures of sphinxes; around these are sporting those joyous loves, called by the Germans, "Amoretten." The gardens are in the French manner, and are profusely adorned with fountains and statues, all highly effective, and many of great beauty.

The palace itself is erected on the uppermost of six terraces, magnificently rising one above the other; in their centre are flights of steps, by which the visitor ascends to that whereon the palace stands. Antique busts of the Cæsars, with marble fountains, and vases of Saxon porcelain, adorn this upper terrace, at one end of which there is also a copy of the beautiful "Praying Boy," one of the gems of the Berlin gallery. A recumbent figure of Cleopatra, with one of

the goddess Flora, and six terminal busts of antique workmanship, contribute to enrich the place, which has lately received the additional ornament of a balustrade in Carrara marble, terminated at either end by lions of the same material.

The building is a long, low structure, of very simple form, more especially on the side called the garden front. That on the opposite side has a semi-circular colonnade of eighty-eight columns of the corinthian order, and immediately behind it is the renowned "Mill of Sans-Souci," now preserved with much care, on account of the well-known story connected with it.

The descendants of him whose reply to the sovereign has become part and parcel of the history of Sans-Souci, still inhabit the place, which has been rebuilt during the present reign.

The interior of the palace we did not see, being much pressed for time, and having only just sufficient for the Pompeian villa, the mausoleum, and other places in the vicinity of Sans-Souci, which we also desired to visit.

Yet we did not turn from it without regret,

and recommend all to give much more than one day to the collection of palaces, &c., here demanding the attention of the traveller, and which they doubtless, richly reward. Two fountains erected immediately beneath the terraces above-mentioned, cast their waters to a height surpassing that attained by any we had seen before, those on the Piazza di San Pietro, in Rome, not excepted; their effect, as seen from the broad avenue which conducts from the Palace of Sans Souci to the New Palace, is most singular and beautiful, being heightened for us, by groups of visitors accidentally moving about between them and the place where we stood, while a radiant, but not constant sunlight, threw bright yet fitful gleams upon the broad, clear, gauze-like veil, formed by the falling waters: all this held us charmed by the beauty of the spectacle it presented, till the recollection of all that remained to be done, compelled us to depart.

Arrived before the long front of the New Palace, which is much larger than that properly called "Sans-Souci," we first turned to the right, for the purpose of visiting the "antique temple," now called the mausoleum, in which is

the replica of Ranch's master-piece, the recumbent figure of Queen Louisa of Prussia.

The original we had seen and greatly admired, the day previously at Charlottenburg, together with the statue, also recumbent, of the late king, her husband, who now reposes beside her. The statue at Sans-Souci was in our opinion not improved by the curtain of red damask, through which the light passes, and we were glad to have those draperies removed, that we might see the work in its purity.

It is, in fact, not a replica of the statue first executed, but rather another work, though retaining the same attitude and general character. The statue at Charlottenburg is a colossal figure, and represents the queen as departed, although still retaining the extraordinary beauty of features by which she was distinguished, while this of the antique temple is not larger than the life, and shows the royal lady not as dead, but asleep, it has consequently a more delicate aspect, and a more touching sweetness than the first work.

Returning from this interesting visit, we looked at a certain number out of the "more than 200 lordly rooms," to say nothing of those of inferior

pretensions, which the New Palace is said to contain ; these apartments are, without doubt, most richly decorated, and the parquettèd floors pleased us, here as elsewhere, not a little, but the thought of the miserable motive for which King Frederic is said to have raised the vast and costly edifice, pursued us throughout, and did not contribute to enhance the pleasure of the display.

Yet, considering the matter as we walked away, we could not but hope that the paltry wish attributed to Frederic, and declared to be the origin of this palace, that namely of proving to his late enemies, that his purse had not been exhausted by the ruinous wars he had sustained, was but a malicious conjecture of some one among those hollow-hearted and empty-headed "wits" by whom he permitted himself to be surrounded, or may even have been reported as the consequence of some bitter outcry from the monarch's "friend," Voltaire, who is known to have frequently uttered such.

Much more probable is it that the palace was erected to commemorate the peace just before concluded, although the Prussian sovereign, steeped to the lips in the false notions of his day,

might have then thought his glory diminished by avowing so just and upright a motive for undertaking the work.

The theatre of this palace was arranged after the antique manner, in 1841, for the performance of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, and is as fine we are told, as gilding and stucco could make it—but we remembered its prototype, the Greek theatre of Vicenza, which we hope also to see again before the winter sets in; we therefore excused ourselves from going to visit that here exhibited.

With Charlottenburg, or the “Pompeian Villa,” we were somewhat disappointed; there are, it is true, some few bronzes and other ornaments brought hither from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the rooms are extremely small, but in no other respect is the building like a villa of Pompeii, the resemblance attempted by the architect being completely destroyed by the profusion of inappropriate ornaments (so-called) with which the miniature chambers are filled. They look out meanwhile on a garden as lovely as it was possible to make it, the nature of the ground considered.

From this, after having seen the baths, &c., we returned to the gardens of Sans-Souci, which we gained by many a fine avenue and *rond-point*, richly adorned with fountains of varied form, and most abundantly peopled with statues, standing well amidst the dark foliage. These pleasant ways brought us in course of time to the lofty jets of the terraces, where the columns of crystal and diamonds were still springing into the air, * the sun then giving its utmost aid to the beauty of the spectacle, and making a lovely rainbow, which did indeed impart the last finish to its perfection.

Near these fountains, which we left with much reluctance, are the tombs of Frederic's favourite dogs, and not far from them is the spot wherein the monarch is said to have intended that his own remains should repose; having pointed it out to the Marquis D'Argens, as the local writers affirm, with the following words. "There will be my grave, and when I lay myself within it, but not till then, shall I be 'Sans-Souci.'" Hence, according to these authorities, the name Sans-Souci, but we have no means of verifying the truth

* Their height, the attendant told us, is 117 feet.

of the derivation, and do not vouch for its accuracy.

In our return from the New Palace we passed the Japanese House, a circular fabric having decorations, both within and without, in perfect harmony with the name; Frederic is said to have called it his Hall of the Ape, from a figure of that animal which forms one of its glories; but this creature, which is ever gazing around the Hall, as we are assured, in all directions, escaped our notice, as did the Temple called that of Friendship, in which the German guide to Potsdam informs us is a seated statue of Frederic's sister, the Margravine of Bayreuth.

From the colonnade of Sans-Souci, you obtain a sight, rare beyond all others in that neighbourhood, a hill, namely, which though of no great elevation, is of infinite value to the landscape; on its summit is the reservoir of the fountains which decorate the gardens, but this is surrounded and concealed from view by artificial ruins, from which the hill itself is called the Ruinenberg.

Leaving the gardens of Sans-Souci, we went to see a church now in course of erection, and

which when completed will be a new object of attraction to the visitor of these congregated palaces. It is surrounded by cloisters, and is altogether in a manner by no means common to Protestant churches, and this is a Protestant church. But it is unfinished, and what it may hereafter prove remains to be seen.

The model for this building is said to have been the Basilica of San Clemente, in Rome, whether copies of the Ambones remaining in that edifice are to be added to the Prussian church, we have not been told, but there can be no doubt that the building, when completed, will make a very important addition to the architectural beauties of Potsdam.

We next proceeded to the Russian colony of Alexandrovski, a village, of which the widely detached dwellings are built in the Russian manner, on a site presented by Frederic William, third King of Prussia, to its first inhabitants, who were colonists sent to him by the Emperor Alexander. The houses, built of wood, have little to distinguish them in the present day, when Swiss cottages, which they much resemble, with the myriad imitations of those cottages, found in all countries,

have rendered every one familiar with that manner of building, but the church, constructed for the Greek ritual, has a somewhat peculiar aspect externally, being surmounted by small domes or cupolas, of a brilliant green colour, and said to be copied, as to their form,—(which is that so frequently found in Bohemian domes,)—from the cupolas of the Kremlin. The interior is exceedingly beautiful, being adorned with a delicacy and good taste, the first in due harmony with the minuteness of its proportions, and the second having careful regard to the same circumstance; curtains of rich silk, gorgeously figured, conceal and separate the sanctuary, which is entered by the popes alone, from the gaze of the worshippers, as is usual in churches of the Greek communion. The plate used for the services is very finely chased, but more beautiful than these are the miniature-like heads of the Virgin Mother, the Saviour, and St. John, with those of the doctors of the Greek church, SS. Ambrosius, Cyril, Basil, Athanasius, Chrysostom, and some few others more particularly venerated in that church. Paintings of St. George and one or two more likewise enrich the edifice, all presents to the church from the Emperor of

Russia, and other great personages, chiefly Russian nobles. Some of these benefactors were ladies, their names, which the attendant repeated to us, sufficiently vouching for their country.

A well of the most delicious water, offering its treasures to the thirsty wayfarer immediately behind the church, was a truly welcome sight to ourselves at that moment, and a glass of its contents, presented by the obliging sacristan of the place, restored our somewhat weary frames to life and strength. We then returned towards Potsdam, but made a short detour to visit the Marble Palace. Yet was this done more to please our coachman than ourselves, for since Murray says it merits but little regard, and as we then knew nothing whatever respecting it, beyond what we found in his pages, we did not much covet that further addition to the rather over-heaped plenitude of our day's employment.

But as the Spaniard tells you that he has seen nothing who has not seen Seville, so did our good Potsdamer affirm that we should not do our duty towards his dwelling-place, unless we visited this Marble Palace; nay, the very horses were of the same persuasion, and turned their heads in that

direction as a matter of course. There was no resisting those arguments, so, with that sigh of weariness, never acknowledged, always carefully repressed, but well known to all old travellers, we resigned ourselves to the necessity of this one Palace more, and prepared for another marvel, when we had already had enough.

After a short drive, our man pulled up before an iron gateway of no great pretension, and as it stood wide open, we did not see why the sagacious animals which had brought us thither did not pass through it, but again taking the matter into their own hands, as they seemed to do without opposition from their so-called driver, they unhesitatingly arrested their steps.

The mystery was soon unveiled: with a somewhat crestfallen aspect, the good man descended from his seat, and opening the carriage door softly, gave us to know that we might not drive down the long avenue stretching itself before us, but must e'en take to our feet. The cause of this must needs have been a prohibition to such humble vehicles as the hired drosky we occupied, to enter those precincts, but that explanation we spared our charioteer, seeing that the wherefore

did not concern us, it was the fact alone for which we cared.

Then the avenue was not handsome, and it was long, as we have said; for a moment, therefore, we looked at each other, as in doubt, but the man stood waiting with open door and cap in hand, evidently hoping we would attempt that great emprise; my companion sprang out therefore, nor could I do less than hobble after, and we then made the best of our way down the long walk.

The Marble Palace is so called, not because it is indeed a marble structure, as we had fondly supposed, but because marble, and not stucco, as is here but too common, had been consumed, to some small extent, in its decoration. Thus we found that the door and window frames are of this material, and what was more to the purpose, there were some few columns and pilasters of the same beautiful substance, with bases decorated by reliefs, of which the subjects seemed to be the Judgment of Brutus.

We had luckily a German guide-book, of the immediate neighbourhood, in the carriage, and referring to this, when we found that the horses

had determined on bringing us here, we learned that the works of art, once adorning this abode, had been transferred to the New Museum in Berlin, the truly "New" one, still in course of erection, and not that recently so called but now more commonly denominated the "Old." In this museum we proposed to pass some hours of the following day; the rooms of the Palace we did not examine; we were not indeed well informed as to whether we should obtain admission, if we applied for it, although not feeling much doubt of the matter.

Returning to the entrance, we perceived that the grounds, which in part surrounds this palace, are likely to present agreeable walks, since they occupy the banks of the Havel. There are also various temples, a gothic tower, a statue of Frederick William II. and an obelisk, as cited in my guide aforesaid, which that work describes as embellishing their paths, wherefore, I would have you take our proceedings as a failure to be warned by, rather than as an example to be followed, and advise you to give more time to Potsdam and its really abundant attractions than we, could at that moment find it in our

hearts to bestow, our heads being full of Carlsbrunn and its woods, which had been most temptingly painted for us.

That we did not visit the interior of Sans-Souci was also a great mistake. Frederick and Voltaire are not of our great men, and we had therefore not that most powerful of attractions, the respectful recollection of the high and noble departed, to make the place one of those ever approached with reverential affection.

Still we were wrong, even as regards these, for they did their kind some service, and but for the vanity that marred and rendered him little, the Prussian monarch might have claim to approbation for some of the views he entertained, if not for the actions he performed. The admired Frenchman too, must have had something redeeming in him, and has even done good as well as evil, even admitting that it was by mistake, as is sometimes affirmed.

Then the works of art still remaining ; in our haste we were willing to believe that they were but few and of no great value. Yet, rarely have we gone through places of the kind without finding something that well repaid us, and

again I repeat our omission was a blunder and a fault.

It is true that there is some little excuse for us in the fact that, if Palaces do not contain works of art, the very extent and number of the apartments to be traversed, though so fine a thing in itself, becomes an oppression and a weariness, which one escapes all the more eagerly when time is more than commonly precious. After you have slipped and slidden over the shining floors of chambers called the "green and gold," and the "white and gold," and the "blue and gold," and the "pink and gold" respectively, you find your patience failing, when the changes have to be rung on the "green and silver," and the "white and silver," and the "blue and silver," and the "pink and silver," more especially if you cannot relieve your eyes the while by a comforting gaze on something outside the windows.

These are, however, happily, almost always a most valuable resource, and the delicious prospects they often present, afford abundant consolation. When that is not the case, one goes but drearily through the vast magazines of upholstery, represented by great palaces, if without beauty.

of site and destitute of artistic treasures, and one is then apt to promise oneself a long fast from all such delights. Some recollection of that kind was possibly affecting us and may be accepted as an excuse, but the omission committed by us in this case, was a very stupid one and lay heavy on our (traveller's) conscience through all our railway drive back to Berlin, not to mention the many times that we have since flogged ourselves for the same. We exhort you therefore to do nothing of the kind. However familiar, by hearsay, with all that Sans-Souci presents, if you have not seen it with your eyes, beware of the careless neglect whereof we have been guilty; fail not to examine every chamber, and look well into the pattern of all the damasks, whether on chair or sofa; having done these things you may rest in peace.

There is a palace in the town of Potsdam itself which was also a residence of Frederick the Great. This even the German guide-books declare to have but little interest, and we took them at their word, but passing it, on our return to the railway station, with a beginning of repentance as regarded that of Sans-Souci, I looked wist-

fully at its long porch, secretly hoping that we might some day return to Potsdam, possessed of more leisure or more inclination for making its acquaintance.

Before this town-residence extends a vast parade-ground, and beyond it, is a level space planted with trees, and called the Pleasure Garden, (Lustgarten). An eminence named the Bräuhäusberg, rises on the opposite shore of the Havel, on the summit of that hill is a tower, commanding a view over the entire town with its large store of showy buildings, and completing the prospect on that side.

A long bridge here crosses the Havel and from this also there is an effective view of Potsdam, in which the church erected by Schinkel before alluded to, forms a beautiful and conspicuous object.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR visit to the Chamber of Art has not repaid us very largely for the pains taken to procure us tickets, almost every thing truly valuable having been removed to the New Museum.

Unlike the handsome apartments usually assigned to works of art in these countries, and which you approach by spacious and commodious entrances, this collection is housed in low-browed chambers, forming the uppermost floor of the Royal Palace, and to be attained, consequently by long flights of stairs which finally become very steep and narrow. These surmounted, you find yourself not in a "Chamber of Art," as the name had bidden you expect, but in what should rather be called a Cabinet of Curiosities, many of which are of interest, but few of great value in the artistic point of view.

Certain specimens of Limoges work, carving, and rock crystal, remind one of the "Grüne

"Gewölbe," at Dresden, but not to the advantage of this Berlin "Art-Chamber." Two crucifixes in ivory, one attributed to Michael Angelo, and the other, not inferior, to a German artist whose name we could not ascertain, were among the most beautiful objects now to be found here. Earlier visitors were doubtless more highly rewarded, since the contents were formerly of much higher value, but with the exception of some few relics once belonging to persons of more or less interest, whose names the attendants and the guide-books tell you, we found little to detain us.

For this short waste of time, however, we found rich consolation in the "New Museum." This building, designed by the architect Stüler, is destined to receive certain of the numerous works of art, formerly, or in many cases, still, scattered among the palaces and other public buildings of the capital and kingdom. Works in sculpture, more especially. The New Museum is in fact connected with the present sculpture gallery by a colonnade, the beautiful entrance to which, is a conspicuous object in the first hall of the older edifice.

The principal front of the gallery called the "New Museum" is 340 feet long, and the entrance, formed by a broad and stately flight of steps, which proceeds through the entire depth of the building and is continued in a form,—the beauties whereof are even now made manifest by the portion already completed,—to the summit of the Museum. The site is at present encumbered by old houses, baths, and other fabrics, which do but wait the leisure of the superintendents to disappear, when a handsome space to be adorned, as we are told, with colonnades, will be formed in their stead. For the present, visitors make their way across heaps of mortar, planks, and ruins, a somewhat inconvenient mode of approach; but let those who are to come after have no fear; for them there are portals providing that shall be more worthy of the glorious temple of arts to which they will give admittance.

The columns, architrave, &c. of the first floor, are said to be formed each of one piece of marble, the pillars supporting the floor, are of sandstone faced with marble. The ceilings of the second floor repose on marble columns; those of the third on columns of iron; every portion

of the work being executed, as is affirmed, with the utmost care and from the very best materials in every kind.

Each floor of the museum is destined to the reception of a particular class of objects. The basement and first floor are prepared, or in course of preparation, for Egyptian Antiquities ; for those of Scandinavia and the north, for the Historical Antiquities of Prussia itself, and for collections in Ethnography, the decorations of each compartment being admirably appropriate. Over these are to come the Greek and Roman Sculptures and Casts, with specimens of Art from the middle ages and from modern times.

The uppermost floor will receive the collection now called the "Kunst-Kammer," with the Cabinet of Copperplates.

On the splendid staircase are also to be placed magnificent objects of art, which are already selected, and the walls of the stately ascent itself are now receiving their ornaments—paintings by Professor Kaulbach. The general subject chosen for these works is the History of the Human Race from the earliest ages, set forth in allegorical pictures, of which a slight allusion to

the particular import of each will suffice to show the character. The Fall of Babel is the subject of the first ; that of the second is Greece in its most flourishing condition ; of the third, the Destruction of Jerusalem. The irruption of the Huns, the Crusades, and the Reformation are to give the general "motive" for the rest. Accessories, legendary and historical, will, without doubt, render all these allegorical representations clearly intelligible ; a failure in that great essential, clearness, is one of the most valid objections to allegory, else so wide and fruitful a field, but need not be apprehended here.

Such is the thought to be realised and rendered manifest by these grandly imagined decorations, and if an opinion may be hazarded from what is already completed, we have no failure of any kind to fear, nor can we doubt but that the execution will be worthy of the great and noble idea.

The zealous care with which the present sovereign of Prussia has ever guarded the interests of science and art, and the persistence with which he continues to do so are well known. In this service an expedition was despatched to Egypt by Frederick Wilhelm IV. in the first year of his

reign, and the inscription, conceived in the manner of the Eastern people, and placed on the eminence of the Atrium, which makes a portion of the compartment destined to the Egyptian Antiquities, is therefore not inappropriate. Hieroglyphics form this inscription, of which the sense, as a learned German informs us, is much as follows, the probable errors of a double translation excepted. "The Royal Eagle of the Sun, the Avenger of Prussia, the King, Son of the Sun, Fredrick Wilhelm IV. Philopater, Euergetes, Eucharistos. Beloved of Tot and Saf. the Victorious Lord of the Rhine and the Vistula, has in this edifice caused to be erected the colossal forms, statues, figures and sculptures, stones, columns, sarcophagi and many other treasures brought hither from Egypt and the lands of the East."

A similar inscription occupies the opposite side, and over the entrance is a third implying that, in the year of salvation, 1848, and in the ninth of his reign, his Majesty caused this structure to be raised, "to the end that his name may live for ever." A conclusion that we found somewhat jarring on our ears, and which ap-

peared somewhat "lame and impotent," the great thought, which, as it had appeared to us, was presiding over the whole, considered. For after all, what is one man and his name, however great and mighty, that its endurance should be held out as the *motive* to a great work? What in his own estimation that is? for that it will endure in the memory of others and be lovingly cherished by the grateful myriads to come, is most certain—who shall doubt it? but may not that be left well and safely to them? We thought it might, and that inscription proved for a short moment a little disturbing to the harmony of our laudations, which, before the explanation of those last words had been most musical—as we flattered ourselves, to the ears of the German listener. Let it pass nevertheless, and let us hasten to get through the few words that we must still venture to add to this rather diffuse account.

Of the contents, we must not begin to speak, and will but say a few words more respecting the yet incomplete building. The walls of the division most nearly completed are adorned appropriately with landscapes and interiors of great beauty, admirably painted by the artists Graeb,

Schinner, Pape, Biermann, Max Schmidt, and I think another, but cannot remember his name. They represent, first, the Pyramids of Memphis, with the sphinx. 2. One of the passages through the Pyramid of Cheops. 3. The Temple of Hathos and Typhonium of Dendera. 4. The Ramasseum of Thebes (in this the grand and solemn aspect of the seated statues is most imposing). 5. The Statue of Memnon, at Thebes. 6. The Hypostyl of the Temple of Carnak, and 7, the Temple of Carnak itself; the relief of the capitals here struck us as admirably given. 8. The Temple of Hassen, with statues of vast size. 9. The rock tomb of Beni Hassen. 10. The tombs or family sepulchres of the same. 11. The quarries of Silsitis. 12. Obelisks at Carnac. 13. Forecourt and vestibule to the Temple of Edfu. 14. The island of Philæ. 15. The rock temple of Abu Simbel. 16. Beg Barkal; and the 17th and last, exhibits the Pyramid of Meroe.

To these, which are the chief decorations, are added others, adorning particular parts, and all conducing finely to the general effect.

Thus it is then that these men of other lands think it well to prepare abodes for the advent of art and

her treasures ; ye artists of our own fair country, do not you sometimes heave the sigh, as you think of what you might do for us at home, were the opportunity accorded you ? We have more than once done so in your behalf, as we have marked the joyful activity prevailing among those, who are perhaps not better men, in these and some few other regions ; but let that too pass, for what shall our sighs avail, yours or ours, and to what purpose dwell on that which may not be amended.

Of the rooms prepared for the northern antiquities, and which are near their completion, I will but say that they also are decorated most appropriately. Hertha, Wodin, Baldur, and Loke,—the Ceres, Jupiter, Apollo, &c., of the northern mythology,—have their place here, as of right ; with Fro, or Freyer, and his sister Freya, the war-god Tyr, Hela, the Valkyria, and the Nornas, with all belonging to the due manifestation of the Scandinavian Olympus ; the Fenris wolf, who is biting the hand of Tyr, not forgotten.

Over the door which conducts to the vestibule of the great staircase, is the northern Uranus, (Allfader) and on one side of the wall beneath, we have the Valhalla, while on the other is the Nifle-

heim, or Helheim; on one of these the artists were employed at the time of our visit. We are told that the mode in which these paintings are executed is an invention of the day, and distinguished from fresco painting inasmuch as that by the new method each picture is first completed, and then incorporated with the wall. So at least have we understood our informant, but you will obtain details of the processes from a more certain hand than ours.

The part of the museum to be devoted to the Greek and Roman antiquities is not yet complete, but will be in no way less worthy of the contents than those already prepared, of that we may rest assured; the vestibule of the staircase on the side of the compartment destined to Greek and Roman art, exhibits four magnificent columns of Carrara marble, similar in form, and equal in size, as we are told, to those of the Erechtheion of Athens. Paintings by Kaulbach are to contribute to the decoration of this gorgeous vestibule, and the beauty of the staircase will be furthermore enhanced by a copy of the Pandroseion of the Acropolis, the façade of four caryatides representing exactly that of the entrance to the original.

A frieze in the arabesque manner, the subject, human history exhibited by the forms of children, is also contemplated, if we are rightly informed ; but I speak with some uncertainty respecting these things, for a further acquaintance with which I refer you to the future traveller, who will see them in their finished state, or better still, to your own observation.

After a long morning, delightfully spent here and in the picture gallery, we went to Charlottenburg for the evening, and having again paid the tribute of admiration so justly due to the monumental figures there, that of the Prussian monarch having now taken its place as before remarked, and as you know, by the long-renowned statue of the beautiful Louisa, his queen ; we then proceeded through the pleasant gardens, and finally drew up to rest beside the ponds where the large carp are fed.

And here we were once more pursued by the consequence of a negligent omission. We had forgotten to bring pieces of bread with us namely, and for our punishment scarcely a fish would appear. There was indeed but one among the majestic patriarchs of the race, of which many are

known to be abiding in those depths, that we could prevail on fully to show himself. It is true that he was a veritable son of Anak, and himself a giant of the first water ; an old soldier who made himself our chum for the nonce, and who bent his threadbare uniform zealously over the brink, in the vain hope of luring out more, assured us that there were many quite as large ; but even the one whose society we had obtained, would not long favour us with his presence, he discovered that we were very dull companions, and where he asked, where was the accustomed tribute of that dainty morsel which might have enlivened our meeting ? Alas, we could say nothing satisfactory in reply, and the disappointed fish forsook the place !

Other visitors, bent on the same praiseworthy diversion, came in twos and threes to the bridge, over which we then all leaned together with anxious faces, desiring much, but at length hoping little, to behold the objects of our search. Several parties came and went, yet not one of all had been more provident than ourselves, not a morsel of bread could be found among the whole number at length assembled around the pond.

Now the one great fish which had deigned to

appear, had done so for ourselves alone, and we had enjoyed his rather heavy gambols all to ourselves, which we were at first rather glad of; but at length our desire for bread, made us willing to see company arrive, since each one gave us a new chance for obtaining some.

As we mourned and bewailed, came a woman with a basket, and now our hopes revived: from her we might surely hope to beg or borrow, or ultimately, and if better might not be, even to buy with our coin, the wished for attraction; but no, she had none! The wicked woman! What then did she carry that great basket for? No one chanced to propose that we should throw herself in person, to the fishes, or I know not what would have become of our humanity. Had we demurred to such a proposal, it would have been a great and virtuous thing. But the temptation was not presented; all resigned themselves to their disappointment, and we were fain to do the same. Thus we returned to Berlin disconsolate, saying ill-natured things as we went, touching those innumerable crowns wherewith the Prussians have decorated the Palace of Charlottenburg, and not sparing the many figures standing poised on

gilt globes, whereof so many of their public buildings afford specimens.

We recovered our good humour, to a certain extent, in the Thiergarten, where, if we had not done so, it would certainly not have been for want of that much-to-be-commended entertainment, the watching fish eat bread. For here we had them by myriads, bright gold and silver things they were. We had besides, what should have been, at least, equally efficacious—the pleasant flowers and frolicksome children that grow in fair abundance around the pretty Flora-Platz.

Thus restored to our better-selves, we found it in our hearts to give all the approval due to the much lauded Brandenburgh Gate; yet were compelled to end, as we had begun, on the first visit we paid to it, by deciding that it had been overpraised, a thing not good for gates anymore than for more sentient beings.

Returning down the “Unter den Linden,” which is certainly a noble way, we examined the fine buildings by which it is so handsomely bordered, and which are, without doubt, well worthy, for the most part, of the many commendations they have received. The Library, the

Academy of Arts, the University, the Arsenal, the Main Guard, and the Opera House, with many fine palaces, make up a whole, such as you will scarcely find again in any city : then the noble space, afforded to all, for the display of their several beauties ! that highly important element in such cases, ever goes far towards the production of the admirable effects here secured.

In the centre of this fine assemblage, and lending a new lustre to the previously rich promenade of the “ Unter den Linden,” is the lately completed monument, in bronze, to Frederick the Great. A colossal statue of himself, namely, with not less than thirty figures seated, standing, or on horseback, around the pedestal, all larger than life, to say nothing of the numerous reliefs which also add their wealth of decoration to this truly magnificent work.

We say lately erected, as indeed one may, by comparison, but to be more precise, the group was given to public view on the 31st of May, in the year 1851. More than fifty years have elapsed since the first idea of a monument to Frederick, to be erected where it now stands, was conceived ; but it was not until 1830, that active steps were

taken in the matter. In that year designs were prepared by the Court architect, Schinkel, and by Professor Rauch, the latter then occupied in Munich, with that monument to Maximilian Joseph, which all visitors to the Bavarian capital will remember.

But nine years more were still suffered to elapse before the royal command for the execution of the work went forth, and it was not until 1842, that the statue of Frederick, who is on horseback, was completed. The first stone of the foundation for the pedestal had, however, been laid in 1840 by the then Crown Prince, now King of Prussia. Of grand proportions and costly materials, this production is also one of great merit as a work of art. The conception and execution are alike of a very high order, and the utmost attention has been paid to every detail of the workmanship.

A very large number of artists, in various departments of art, lent their aid to the production of this important work. The height of the monument is forty-three German feet; on a socle of red granite is placed the pedestal of bronze, its weight, as we are told, nearly twenty tons. Equestrian statues adorn the bold and effective ressaults which

form the angles of the pedestal, each of these represents one of Frederick's principal generals. They are Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick ; Prince Henry of Prussia ; and the Generals Zieten and Seydlitz. Between the Duke and Prince, and occupying the space in front of the pedestal, is Augustus William, Prince of Prussia, having two Generals on either hand, and above these figures appear those of the Scotsman General Keith and of the Margrave Charles of Brandenburg, both on horseback. This group is in high but not full relief.

On the southern side, and between the Prince of Prussia and General Zieten, is also a group of five figures, behind and above whom, are two military leaders on horseback, as on the front. Opposite to these figures, and occupying the northern side, stand an equal number of generals, with figures on horseback, above and behind them as before. The group between the generals Zieten and Seydlitz, that occupying the back of the pedestal, namely, is not composed of warriors, but of men distinguished in law, politics, and literature, they are Count Sinkenstein, Count Von Carmer, Lessing, and Kant, with Frederick's Minister of Finance and his Chapel-meister.

All these figures are in bronze and larger than life; the effect is therefore exceedingly imposing, as may well be imagined. Over the last mentioned group, and in place of the mounted generals, of the other three sides, are two beautiful figures in mezzo-relievo—these are Victory and Peace, the latter led by the former.

We now come to the uppermost division of the pedestal, and at the four angles, immediately over the equestrian statues of the generals, we find allegorical figures representing “Force, Justice, Wisdom, and Moderation;” between them are reliefs, all having reference to the life of Frederick the Great, whose figure crowns the whole work as we have said, and who is represented as he appeared when daily riding through his capital, but of colossal dimensions and wearing the kingly mantle. On the front of the pedestal is the following inscription:—

FRIEDRICH DEM GROSSEN.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM DER DRITTE,
1840.

Vollendet unter Friedrich Wilhelm dem Vierten
1851.

Long lists of names, occupy those spaces on

the other sides of the pedestal, corresponding with that where stands the above, which fills the front or eastern end thereof. They are those of men whose various merits give them just claim to be there, and the feeling which has accorded them that place was a good and right one; but the formal aspect of these rows of letters do not add to the beauty of the monument, and it were to be wished that some other method for doing honour to the owners of those names had been adopted; we think too that such method might have been found and with much advantage to the general effect, instead of detracting from it as these letters "ranged a-row," most certainly do. The immense cost has, most probably, been the hindrance, since it is certain that the German artists must have suggested something better than this. A seated Genius of History might have been placed at each angle of the granite side for example, and on books borne by these figures, —varied in accordance with the speciality attributed to each,—those names might have appeared most appropriately, while the form of the monument, as seen from a certain distance, would have gained much by this addition. Nay, something

of the kind is indeed almost necessitated by the large assemblage of figures crowding the upper division of the base, for although these are in truth, when considered by themselves only, a most effective and beautiful portion of the work, nor would one, on any account, desire their absence; yet there would certainly be an added grace imparted to them by some extension of the basement, whether as here suggested or in some other manner.

Many very spacious squares and open places adorn Berlin, which in this respect has surpassed our expectation. The Wilhelm Platz may be more particularly mentioned, and will recur to the memory of all who know the city, which these squares contribute to render a very cheerful one, but if we were compelled to choose between Dresden and Berlin as our abode, the first would be our choice, because the neighbourhood of that very pleasant town is also agreeable, which is not the case with the country around Berlin. Of this we have now had ample opportunity for judging: nor man nor town must be traduced, but it is no calumny to affirm that a vast dead level surrounds Berlin; a circumstance nothing less

than afflicting to him who must make his home in the centre of that level.

We gave an evening to the Opera-House of Berlin, as we had done to that of Dresden. The opera season being over, in both places, we did not expect to find them at their best, but music is, at least, never wronged in Germany by a careless or slovenly performance, nor was it so on this occasion: the houses are handsome in both cities, as all would expect them to be.

CHAPTER V.

FROM the well-endowed capital of Prussia we next took our way to that of Silesia, namely, Breslau, and this too is a large, important, and handsome town; but the 204 miles which separate the two cities, give you no beauty whatever. The immediate vicinity of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, is more agreeable than any other part of the road, because there is some little character in the partially wooded banks of the river at that place; but to call it beautiful would be to give it rather more than its due. Entering Breslau, the traveller crosses a bridge over the Oder, and then finds on either hand, the late fortifications which having been partially destroyed by the French—my compliments to them for that same—are now laid out as public walks. They form valuable breathing-places for the townspeople, but are not otherwise remarkable.

The principal objects of interest in Breslau

are its churches, and among these the Cathedral and the Church of the Cross may be more particularly distinguished. They are both rich in old reliefs and finely preserved monuments of ancient date, not remarkable for beauty, but interesting to a certain extent from associations ; all have, besides, that rarely denied claim to attention, which a venerable antiquity is, in all lands, allowed to possess. Much injury has been inflicted on the eastern end of the Cathedral, by the barbarous outshots and additions, made by various ages, and of most inharmonious form ; these have been imposed on the original structure by careless ignorance at one period, and bad taste at another, but all towns now feel the value of their ancient buildings, and the time will come when they of Breslau must needs open their eyes to the wrongs sustained by this one ; then, throwing down all these excrescences, they will hasten to give the now concealed proportions and desecrated beauties of their cathedral to the admiration which they certainly merit.

In the Church of the Cross, besides the monuments already mentioned, and which I do not further particularize, are the relics of St. Inno-

centius and those of St. Benedict—their entire persons that is to say. They are laid at full length, in coffins or cases of glass, which permit the whole to be distinctly seen, but every part of each figure is covered with jewellery and other ornaments. A portion of the faces appearing beneath large garlands and faded ribbons, with minute spaces, visible between the rings which cover every finger, are all that you see of the dry bones themselves.

Over the relics of St. Innocentius, is an altar-piece representing the Catholic Priest Sarcander, suffering tortures indescribable at the hands of Hussite executioners, to whom the painter has given an aspect truly diabolical.

Yet it is not to be supposed that his imagination had much gone much beyond the reality—for diabolical indeed were the passions then walking the earth unchained and ravaging those afflicted regions with a demoniac fury for the delineation of which no pencil could find colours too dark.

Still less may we conceive the hope that this relation is a mere fable, an invention of the enemy; that such things were, is unhappily but

too true. On many a priest of the Catholic Church was then inflicted the fate of this hapless Sarcander, and if we add that equally fearful torments were suffered by the maddened Hussites at the hands of their perfidious persecutors, what is that but to deepen the horrors of the case, and to make one ask if it were indeed men and not fiends, who were then turning the land of their abode into a place worthily described as “a true Pandemonium.”

The subterranean church or crypt beneath the Church of the Cross, is by no means so fine a one as many that we have seen ; it has indeed been so much altered by ill-conducted restorations, that few traces of its primitive character now remain. The repairs which have given occasion for these mistakes, were in part necessitated by the injuries inflicted on the structure by the Swedes, who, for three years, were in the habit of stabling their horses in the crypt.

Acts of a barbarism, still more unpardonable, were committed by the French in the crypt of St. Magdalen, another church in this city. The sexton, now in office, a person of unusual intelligence, bewailed bitterly, as well he might, the wanton

destruction they had caused throughout the building ; that of exquisite marble reliefs adorning a rich and much celebrated pulpit, we particularly deplored ; many portions of these were indeed irremediably damaged by the soldiery. And this mischief must have cost them great labour to accomplish, whereas the stabling of horses in the crypt may have been a matter of necessity.

At the Church of St. Elizabeth is a curious old relief, representing a tower broken in the centre and falling, with a man at the summit who is on the point of tumbling over the edge of the falling mass ; the history of this rude work we could not learn. The tower of the church is much renowned for its great height, it is, indeed, a very lofty one—370 feet it is said : the old paintings reported to be within it, we neglected to see.

On the principal square, called, as is usual, in the cities of these regions, the Great Ring, is a town-house, which is one of the most singular edifices we have ever seen. Quaint and primitive of form at its origin (it is but little less than 500 years old) the building has now become an odd patchwork of every manner in architecture—that

of to day excepted—yet the peculiarity of its character is still very remarkable, that of the high pointed front, its little old windows rising tier above tier, more particularly so. We inquired, as directed by that most indispensable of one's possession, "Murray," for the "Hall of Princes," wherein the Silesian States "tendered their allegiance to their sovereigns in by-gone times." This we found without difficulty, but in a quest that we set forth upon, with much more zeal, we were not so fortunate. The attendant exhibiting the building, of whom we made pressing and minute inquiries, affirmed that he had never heard of the object in question, and even assured us that it could not be in the Breslauer Rathhaus.

Nay, I think he was half disposed to look somewhat doubtfully at ourselves, for the pertinacity of our entreaties that he would seek intelligence of the much-wished for rarity from some of his co-mates, and if the brow of our conductor cleared up, that was principally to be attributed to the silvery persuasions, wherewith we reinforced our eloquence. But even these did not avail to promote our wishes ; he dropped the small coins quietly into his pocket, and looked

less disposed for war, "whenever," as older scribes than even your old servant, have it—he had "touched that dross"—but for the matter of our petitions! No! all the tears we could shed would not move the stony heart of the man, and we had to depart without our errand, much disconsolate.

Another official then appeared, to whom we made our bows, propounding the great question to him also, but with like result. A man in the street to whom we likewise made appeal, seemed but little edified by the query, and hurried off as one does from the neighbourhood of people of decidedly questionable character. This was not encouraging, but we are rarely baffled by shadows, more especially in a matter of moment; one resource still remained to us, and while there was one, we should have been unworthy to call ourselves Englishmen, had we failed to make the most of it.

In this Breslau, you are to know then, are extensive subterranean passages, proceeding far beneath the Town Hall, or Rath Haus, where we had so vainly been seeking the "Sight" we longed for, and going thence even to the Oder,

on whose banks the town is built. But our affair was with that part of these subterranean abodes that passes beneath the Rath Haus, where, for reasons of our own, we thought it not impossible that our honest labours might find their reward. The place is now turned to account by a Breslau Boniface, who calls it a Gast-haus, but it is not one whereunto you are recommended to order your coachman, when you visit Breslau. We went thither nevertheless, for where would we not have gone to find the “ferlies” we were bent on?—but lo you now! what befel? We asked innocently for our marvel, Murray in hand, certain that it must needs be somewhere, if the people would only look for it, because our “Book” had said so, and addressing our question all the more confidently to this innkeeper, because he did not look like the most scrupulous of Breslauers, nor did his dwelling appear to be a place where mischief—if mischief there were—was unlikely to be found. But! *Pour le coup!* it was here that our hopes were brought to an evil end, and our courage fell considerably, when we found that even this doubtful personage refused to give us his countenance—bad enough it was—nor would he

acknowledge the most distant acquaintance with the object of our quest. Nay! he even began to look about him with a singular aspect, as who should say, "Methinks there be sulphur in the breeze." Seeing all that, your scribe, prudent in the midst of daring, did not forget that discretion is the better part of valour, but taking refuge under the wing of that "natural protector," who stood laughing wickedly, some half-dozen paces apart, decamped forthwith.

And now, if you ask, what was the object of our search; we make answer on our conscience, and in the innocence of our hearts, it was "the Devil driving his grandmother in a wheelbarrow."

If you faint at that, as I think the Breslauer Boniface did, but I had not courage to look back and see—do not hurl your reproaches at us, but fall on Murray, his are the words, and if we startled the Breslauer folks from their propriety, as there is reason to fear that we did, he is the cause of all.

We were now at the end of our hopes, and compelled to admit that we were utterly foiled; but it was not without many a struggle that we did so. Much ivy and other creeping plants

grow around and about the old reliefs of the Rath Haus, among which, the one representing Herr Sathanas, voyaging after the fashion above-described, was reported to make its appearance. There was still a possibility then, that under these climbing plants he might be lying perdue, but they were far above the reach of walking-stick or parasol, and how then lift those verdant hangings to look for what might lurk beneath them? It was not to be done. Then there came another question; was Murray laughing at us? We looked in his red face, but there was no consciousness of evil intent written there, and after one or two gloomier glances than we have ever before thrown at that faithful friend, we remembered at length, that *a tout peché miséricorde*, and if he had taken it upon him to make a little merry at our expense for once, why it was the first and only time, so we forgave and took him to our hearts again.

Finally, too, we decided that the work of art you wot of, was doubtless there, but that the people, for reasons they best know, would not let us see it. And that unkindness I did myself take all the more weepingly to heart, because I

have for many a year held favourable opinions respecting the mode of travel described, and have long aspired to be promoted thereto in mine own proper person. One must needs see about one to admiration, when seated in a vehicle so agreeably unincumbered with all that impedes the view in more common-place carriages, and if mine eloquence had sufficed to prevail on mine obdurate liege, he would long since have accepted the office of driver, more than once proposed to him, when your servant would not now be compelled to speak from conjecture only, as regards the mode of transit here in discussion.

Somewhat consoled for this check by a walk round the ancient fortifications, now replaced, as remarked, by the trees, grass, and gravel walks of the "Anlagen." We then left Breslau, where the hotel of the Golden Goose—recommended by Murray as the principal one, and long holding that rank—at which we passed the night, though no longer the first, is still a very good one.

Our next resting-place on the way to Carlsbrunn, was to be Neisse, and there, after pursuing the great line of railway conducting into Poland, for some two hours, we arrived, by the aid of a

branch line, and again made halt to pass the night.

We rarely have travelling companions on foreign railways; not because we can seldom contrive to discover such among those who may chance to sit in the same carriage with ourselves, but chiefly because we have for the most part found the vehicle we have used, entirely without other occupants. On this occasion, however, there entered an elderly gentleman, who afterwards told us that he was a Wallachian, and with whom we instantly felt disposed to make that short acquaintanceship which usually terminates, as it commenced, at the carriage door. In this instance, we soon found that it would have been highly agreeable to us had it been likely to continue longer. Pleasant converse ensued, we did not possess his language, and our friend had no German, in which our salutations had been made, since that was the tongue we had lately been using; but he spoke French to perfection, and the medium of communication being soon found, was used to such good purpose, that we felt much regret at leaving our companion still seated in the carriage, when we quitted it ourselves to take the branch line to Neisse.

Fortunately, we had not well descended the steps, and, after taking leave of the Wallachian, were making our slighter adieus to a family also remaining in the carriage, when we remembered that the train by which we were to proceed, must needs be that by which he also ought to travel, and having ascertained that we were right, from a passing official, we at once made the fact known to the party principally concerned. Hastening to descend from the carriage, which would presently have borne him into Poland, and looking much chafed, our fellow-traveller then informed us that his servants were in another part of the train, and went in search of them; he returned after a time, with three helpless-looking men, whom he had found, as he assured us, quietly seated, and preparing to proceed, and who were now all aghast at the blunder they were on the point of committing.

Again we resumed our conversation with the stranger, walking on the platform, until one of his people approached, to say that the train was starting. Hurrying away with the haste commanded by the railway bell, which speaketh the same tongue in all lands; our Wallachian com-

panion and ourselves then followed his man to the carriage door, where stood the other two servants awaiting him, and reverentially bending, one on each side thereof, all three not content with the hat simply touched, as with us, but standing bare-headed until their master should disappear.

And what were they doing for him with all that? They were putting him into a box, wherein he was to be cleverly packed up for returning to Breslau, having done the which, they also would have assumed their seats in their own part of the train where they had already deposited the small articles of which they had charge. Happily my sharp-eyed companion had meanwhile detected a reason to the contrary, and prevented my stepping in as I was about to do. Rarely doth he travel without knowing whither he is bound; he had, therefore, kept due watch—we not having “eleven of our servants, with an obedient start” to lead us astray—on the train that was to convey us. This he now declared to be still peaceably puffing away the superabundance of its steam on another line of rails, and arresting our companion, as the latter drew back to hand myself into the carriage, he made known the true state of the case.

Then the master fairly turned upon his men, and uttered a sharp reproof for their carelessness. It was but a word or so, the presence of the two strangers, ourselves to wit, restraining him, but they well merited what they had received, one in particular, who was a German and totally inexcusable, since the language spoken around him was his own, while his fellow servants did not understand a word they heard. He had the appearance of a groom, the other two were Wallachians, and evidently the personal attendants of their master, who afterwards told us that the three of them, though all well-intentioned and respectable servants,—as indeed they appeared to be,—had half crazed him in the course of the journeys he had taken with them, by mistakes of a similar character.

We set off happily at last nevertheless, having equally escaped the Scylla of going to Poland and the Charybdis of returning to Breslau. The end of our companion's journey was for the moment to be Gräfenberg, where certain members of his family were then awaiting him; but he, like us, was to pass the night at Neisse; and being equally with ourselves un-

acquainted with the town, he determined to take up his abode at the hotel which our Breslauer host, who had been his also, had assured us was the best, although his German servant had been recommended, as he informed us, to another.

The house was not quite so good a one as we had hoped to find, but the hour was late, all declared that there was no better, and we betook ourselves to our respective rooms, which were in fact extremely good ones, the weak points of the hotel being rather its cuisine and the entrance (a matter wherein the hotels of foreign towns in remote districts, rarely shine) than its apartments. Our rooms were in fact as good as we could desire, once we were in them, but the staircase, et cetera, were not inviting.

Inquiring for our companion at breakfast time in the morning, we found that he had received a letter from Gräfenberg, hastening his movements and had already departed, after leaving a polite message for us, which we duly received. We therefore saw him no more ; it is to be hoped that he got over the short remainder of his journey without further mishap, but one may

very well apprehend the contrary after what we had seen, nor is this the first time by many that we have perceived our fellow travellers to be impeded rather than assisted by their servants.

The following day broke bright and clear; we rose as our never-sufficiently-to-be-lauded German cousins had taught us to do, rather before than with the sun, and were greeted from our windows by a pleasant spectacle, which if nothing more than a painted resemblance, was only the more novel and remarkable.

The object I allude to was no other than a fresco, occupying the whole side of a large building (which formed a kind of wing to the house of our temporary abode), and presenting a most agreeable mountain country, with one of those terraced roads that always tempt one to pursue them, winding its inviting way amidst the forests and around the capes thereof; lost ever and anon in some wooded hollow, it would again gleam brightly forth on the mountain side with the most enticing cheerfulness of aspect. An imposing castle occupied the foreground, and a desire to do honour to the possessor of this it was that had given birth to the whole fair pageant.

But of that circumstance we were not informed until afterwards and had only to enjoy it and be thankful, which we did all the time we were making ready for appearing before the public of Neisse.

For you are not to suppose that the picture was a mere house-painter's daub. By no means, it must needs have been accomplished by the hand of a tolerably good artist. There was, it is true, a range of poplars that might have had more relief, but even this is a sort of hypercriticism: the trees stood, for the most part, in well disposed groups that cast a depth of shadow around them which must be highly welcome to him who travel that way, seeing that the road lies much in a glowing sunshine.

As to the distances, all nonsense apart, they were admirably managed; far and wide stretched the goodly prospect, the figures appearing at certain points had a fair amount of life and motion, the cattle did not require to have their titles set forth beneath them, and the skies were decidedly well painted.

It was a charming surprise in the midst of a town, and where one had hoped for nothing but

streets : the hotel whose bedrooms are beautified thereby is called the Three Moors, which I tell you that you may go and see our picture when you come hither. This Gast-haus is reputed to be the best in Neisse, and is, as I have said certainly not bad, yet we have been lodged in better, and hope to be so again.

The duties of the toilet completed, we marched forth to see the town and try if we could find any sights, but in the most perfect ignorance, and happily with but few expectations.

Neisse is nevertheless a very cheerful, pleasant, and prosperous looking market town : its open squares or places are spacious, the streets broad and clean, the houses handsome in many cases and in almost all highly respectable and orderly looking. A truly agreeable place, that is to say for all to whom towns are endurable, and if we found few or none of those marvels which attract the idle traveller, who like ourselves, are ever agape for something new, that was doubtless because of the midnight ignorance whereof we have just made proclamation.

We had indeed in one case to bewail the want of information we laboured under, and that

seriously, seeing that a very fine old tower which partially blocks the way as you pass out of the principal street, must needs have a history worth knowing, but all we could ascertain respecting the structure amounted to this, that it was the tower; a piece of information imparted together with looks of amazement at our stupidity, which required to be enlightened as to a fact so obvious.

Even the bookseller and one or two other persons, who did not go so far, were unable to furnish anything worth repeating. It was the tower, they were all agreed about that, but the best informed could add nothing of moment respecting it.

On the outside of the principal church are a few reliefs, the interior has but little to distinguish it, so far as the very imperfect examination we could permit ourselves allowed us to see, but early mass was performing and you cannot go about a church inspecting its chapels and monuments, while your brethren of a different creed are engaged in solemn worship; all we know of it therefore is what we could ascertain while standing amidst the columns beneath the organ-loft, and though that position gave us a general

view of the building with its high altar and a portion of the side aisles, it did not suffice to warrant the assertion that there is nothing remarkable to be seen there.

The day of our visit to Neisse was a market-day, which is a great advantage for the passing traveller, to whom it gives an excellent opportunity for making acquainted with the costume of the peasantry. In this case a slight peculiarity in the headdress of the women was the principal characteristic, but the groups that never fail to be formed in a crowded market-place are always more or less picturesque as well as amusing. We looked at them therefore, and they looked at us, but as neither looked offensively, the good humour of the moment, brought almost to hilarity by the pure inspiriting breath of the sweet morning tide, was in no sort disturbed by that reciprocal examination. One good soul of a woman proposed her merchandize to our acceptance with a desire to part company therewith, so obvious, that the slight nod of negation which usually suffices, was manifestly not enough, and we were compelled to make answer, excusing ourselves from complying with her request that we would buy.

But she still persisted, wherefore we asked her what she thought we could do with her commodity—a huge mountain of cheeses—seeing that we were nothing in the world but travellers, and had no place wherein to store such riches, To this reason then she rendered herself, saying, “Aye! what indeed, you poor creatures!”

A comfortable pair of fruit sellers whom we next encountered, sat awaiting at their leisure till the customer should appear, and seeing this, we paused to ask the name of a strange-looking root quite unknown to us. They told us readily of course, repeating the name with friendly smiles, but try as we would, we could not catch the word. we tried to do it more than once, they labouring to help us with equal zeal, but no, we could make nothing of it, either they or we. A world of laughing ensued, heartily partaken of by not a few by-standers, who had on all sides gathered around, but the lesson was not rendered any the more efficacious by that.

We bethought ourselves very cleverly of asking the good people to spell the name for us, a process by which we should presently have made it our own, but remembering the result of a

like attempt once made in France, we did not carry our thought to execution.

We were at Toulon, namely, some few years since, and there asking our hostess—a lady of no small pretension she was, and made profession of all sorts of gentilities—to spell for us some word that we could not readily get hold of, she replied, “Ah ! L’Orthographie ! No, certainly, Madame ! I could not give you that, my studies were not carried to that extent.” These were her words precisely, nor did she seem in the slightest degree to suspect that she was admitting an unwarrantable degree of ignorance ; on the contrary, her tone and expression were those of a person slightly admonishing one who has put forward unreasonable expectations, and said, as clearly as looks and tones could say, “Now what right can you have to expect so much as that ;” and this despite her airs of fine-ladyism, which indeed were not airs, but perfectly natural ; despite also of her good-nature, which last, to do the good woman justice, would have prevented her from refusing our request, had it been within the limits of reason or possibility.

This, then, has been a useful hint to us ever

since ; it has caused us often to pause before making similar requests, and did so this morning : we had, consequently, to depart uninformed. Yet our meeting with those fruitsellers, if not a very profitable, had at least been a merry one ; “ nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,” thereafter accompanied us along the lines of the well-amused merchants, from whom we parted on terms of the most cordial friendliness.

After walking around and about the bright cheery-looking town in all directions, we returned to our inn for breakfast, and together with that meal we received the history of the fresco before-mentioned, the sight of which we enjoyed from our breakfast table as well as at our toilette.

The castle was the family residence of Prince Adalbert Von ——— who being with his regiment at Neisse, had for some time made his abode in that hotel. While there he had become so much beloved, that the master prepared for him the agreeable surprise of finding that “ counterfeit presentment” of his home, on his return from a leave of absence (during which he had repaired thither), while the host had profited by the time to have the painting executed. We did not look

at it with the less interest for knowing its existence to be the result of mutual good feeling on the part of host and guest; but were now to bid the fair scene adieu, since it was time to proceed on our way.

CHAPTER VI.

No public conveyance travels between Neisse and Carlsbrunn; we hired a carriage, therefore, and got over the distance, which they call seven hours, in the time specified. The road, though hilly, cannot justly be called beautiful, but it has character sufficient to redeem it from the charge of dulness, and, after the first few miles, became pleasant. A branch to Gräfenberg turns off to the right at the distance of about six miles, I think, or thereabout, from Neisse, and in that direction the mountains begin to assume a somewhat tempting aspect, but we held on, and in due time reached the town of Zuckmantel, near which we quitted the dominions of the Prussian monarch, and crossed the frontier of Austria.

There have been times when the almost perpetual recurrence of the stripes, black and yellow, which distinguish the Austrian possessions from those of the bordering countries, and which

obtrude themselves *ad nauseum* in all the towns of the empire, have been regarded by us with no little impatience, but it was not so now. As to the doings of that power with her alien provinces, it is a subject with which we do not willingly trust ourselves, but to those who make the land their home for a season, Austria is a friendly hostess, and we re-entered her borders with a comfortable anticipation of the cordial reception awaiting us there.

It is true that there was first to be encountered the Custom House, which we found at Zuckmantel, but we have nothing contraband in our luggage: The care of this we had long abandoned to "forwarding agents," *et id genus omne*, but we resumed it at Dresden, and now (heavy trunks left at Prague excepted, and which are to be sent to meet us on the Danube, as we descend southwards), we have boxes, bags, and all in our company. There is, however, no contraband article in the whole collection, as I said; thus we meet the grave official and his green coat with the calm of innocence; all impartial travellers can bear testimony to the care and civility with which the examination is usually made, and our passport

being set in order as easily, we were soon again rattling over the most rugged and villainous pavement that even these lands have ever before exhibited, to the place of our mid-day rest; we reached it with bones not quite all dislocated, although not without sundry apprehensions lest they should be so.

The afternoon saw us creeping up the zigzag road by which you attain a bold wooded hill whereon the pilgrimage church of Maria-Hilf is erected: even from the commencement of the ascent, we were reminded of its neighbourhood, by the votive paintings affixed to the trees or other conspicuous points on the edge of the road. We were long in gaining the summit, and could not spare the two hours required for visiting the church, since that would have given us at least as much of night for the close of our journey; this our driver seemed particularly anxious to avoid, and "when we saw the darksome wood," through which lay the latter part of our road, we fully admitted the necessity and prudence of his caution, if we did not "sit us down and cry."

The descent from Maria-Hilf took us past, and finally through the little hill-town of Her-

mannstadt, situate in a district which many would call dreary, but we think it enough to say that it lies in a wild and lonely glen of the mountains. Solitude and dreariness do not of necessity, nor even usually, go together in our estimation, ever premising that I must needs have the one to whom as agreed on all hands, one requires to say, that solitude is not dreariness, even if one be not disposed to exclaim with that but little-beloved Frenchman, "How delightful is solitude."

We have seldom been able to congratulate ourselves on the sight of handsome figures and beautiful faces since we left Prague; there they were very numerous, more especially among the women and children. Nor would they be much less frequently remarked among the men perhaps, were it not for those insufferable yellow beards by which so large a part of the population render themselves hideous. In these parts we have seldom seen a face or form of remarkable comeliness, and were perhaps all the more alert in the use of our eyes, as a vision of that character appeared to us on the way from Zuckmantel to Würbenthal, where we next made halt.

A peasant girl was standing on the brow of a

gentle slope, and being joined by a man somewhat older than herself, she came rapidly towards the road on which we travelled; the firmness of her carriage, as she stood, had first attracted us, and the well-assured, elastic step with which she now descended the declivity, was a fair fulfilment of the promise thus given. I think I have rarely seen a form more entirely perfect, and the same thought occurred at once to my companion and myself. She reminded us both of the figures so much delighted in, and so admirably rendered by one of the best and purest of our English painters, that true artist ——— more than one such we remembered, as well-nigh stepping from the canvas, in works of his that shall live when paintings now perhaps making a greater noise, have been long dismissed to the lumber-room, and are standing with their faces to the wall.

Upright of form and frank of aspect, there came the fair girl, with brightly coloured cheek, well-opened clear grey eyes and shining hair; the expression of good sense and kind feeling in her face, so thoroughly unmistakeable, that we could not but look at her with a sense of enjoyment and approval, which must have been more

obvious than we had intended, since her pleasant countenance, after an open friendly glance at ourselves, turned suddenly towards her companion, perhaps in reply to some remark which we could not hear, and exchanged with him a smile so sweet and charming that I have rarely seen its equal.

We agreed, without a dissentient voice, in our Council of Two, that ——— would most certainly have seized on that exquisite “model,” had he seen her as we did, and we heartily wished he could have done so, since in that case many others might also have enjoyed the sight of her charming countenance.

A hasty salutation, given and returned cordially, a few steps more and the couple disappeared, while we also continued our now fast-closing journey.

Evening fell as we made our slow way up the long ascent of Ludwigthal, and between its thick woods, but did at length land us safely in Carlsbrunn, where our friends received us as good and dear friends are wont to do, and now are we employed to our hearts content, in exploring the lovely region in their company.

The manner of this place is unlike that of any other yet known to us ; Carlsbrunn being what an American would call a mere "clearing in the woods," but so beautiful a one, that we cannot sufficiently rejoice in the chance which has procured us so delightful an acquaintance. The earlier name of what is now called "Carlsbrunn," has, in fact, explained to us the fact of its being so little known by that under which alone it was known to us. The place was formerly called "There-and-back-again," (Hin-und-Wieder) our friends tell us, and many of those who thought we must be meaning Carlsbad, when we spoke to them of Carlsbrunn, might perhaps have been able to give us intelligence respecting it, had we asked them for "Hin-und-Wieder."

Here then is one of the inconveniences of that frequent change of name, which the Germans make, as we think, a little too lightly. But they are a warm-hearted people ; whom they love, they love fondly, and, delighting to honour them also, they give the names of their beloved, a poet, a painter, their sovereign, or some popular magnate of the district, to the place affected by his influence, domestic, literary, political or artistic,

as the case may be. We do it ourselves, to a certain extent, but if with more discretion, so also with less affection : let each choose between these, as the cooler head or the warmer heart shall predominate. We return to our pretty new acquaintance, Carlsbrunn, otherwise, Hin-und-Wieder.

That last name, “there and back again,” has the valuable property of describing the place—or had it rather—for he who came hither but a very short time since, had no choice but to return by the way he came, beyond it was nothing, or at least nothing that could be attained and enjoyed, which amounts to much the same thing. This the highest authority in our land hath declared, and it may not be gainsaid,

“If they be not fair for me,

What care I how fair they be?”

might equally have been sung of the regions beyond Hin-und-Wieder. “There and back-again,” was the sum and substance, the be-all and the end-all of the matter.

Things are altered now somewhat, since a road has lately been driven through the mountains, and a passage to the world without is thus

effected ; the name *Hin-und-Wieder* is therefore no longer so entirely appropriate as in the olden time, and herein have the good Germans another excuse for their change of the same.

I have said that Carlsbrunn differs from most of the other baths and spas of our acquaintance, and so it does, for whereas some lake, mountain, river, or other prominent feature of the kind is more or less the glory and the pride of each; unless, as in some few favoured instances, it makes its boast of a loveliness framed of all these ; here, the beautiful nook presents you only with itself, seeming to think that therein it has done enough, nor will you consider such an estimate a presumptuous one, when you come to make the acquaintance of the fairy wood-nymph, named Carlsbrunn.

We have called the place a clearing, but there is something work-a-day and rough, something less than elegant, however picturesque, in the idea presented by a "clearing," roots of trees remaining, and perhaps a bog not far off.

There is none of that at Carlsbrunn, and if it must still be called a clearing, let us suppose it to have been one made by fairies long since, and in the days when their Oberon and Titania held lawful

reign. The fays proposed to make it the site of a palace for their queen, perhaps, and if that were their purpose, they gave proof of much taste in the selection, since nothing more appropriate could well be conceived.

It is true that of the buildings now erected on the spot, one has not the right to believe that they have issued from fairy hands—not at all—if you know the baths of Leuk in the pass of the Gemmi you will need no further description than to be told that the houses of Carlsbrunn are of a similar character. Their colour, varying tints of brown, is nearly the same, but, on the whole, they have rather more of architectural pretension than will be found at Leuk; one or two, indeed, have colonnades and vestibules, while there is a bath-room, as we say at home, or promenade-hall, as it may be called here, which is a handsome as well as very spacious edifice.

The material used in the construction of the houses, generally, has a rich mellowness of tone which renders them very agreeable to the eye; they are of unpainted wood, raised on a basement of masonry, and the hue they obtain from time and the weather—a clear, rich brown of

deep tint and very warm tone—harmonizes beautifully, soft and equable as it is, with the deep green of the woods, amidst which our fairy predecessors, aforesaid, have scooped us this delicious abiding place.

The dwellings group themselves with excellent effect around a broad and very cheerful space, whereon a sufficient number of trees remain to give an agreeable shade to all, and so add by the perfection of their form and colouring to the elegance of the general aspect of things. In the centre is a building of good size, in which the visitors also assemble as well as in the bath-house, and attached to this is a dwelling-house for the superintendant of the baths. These are, or, have been, ecclesiastical property, but are now in the hands of the Teutonic Order, and belong to their grand master, Prince Maximilian of Austria, by whom the superintendant is appointed.

We are at a loss for a general designation to give this pretty Carlsbrunn. The village will not do exactly, for even that prettiest of appellations, although betokening something of a high order of refinement, as we think, has not the leisurely

calm of this fair seat ; it wants the *nonchalant* air, the undisturbed quietude of its repose, and is not of sufficient pretensions as to style for my place, although amply important for its needs, if extent or municipal glories, were the matter in question, since of these this lovely Carlsbrunn hath none.

To call our gem of the woods, "the baths," would bring it down to a kind of resort now become very common-place, and almost vulgar, while my Carlsbrunn is the very antipodes of the common-place, and as to vulgarity ! Nay, fie ! the delicious simplicity of her unspoiled loveliness makes it sacrilege to pronounce the word in her presence.

Carlsbrunn is in short Carlsbrunn, a beauty *sui generis*, and like no other. I would almost wish that it were still "a There-and-back-again," lest the world should get in through that new way, for then, indeed, one might soon find a designation for it, town even, after a time, might suit it, and then city, until it had got to be like every other place, and had lost its distinctive loveliness altogether.

To become a mere watering-place ! that indeed were a misfortune ! far be it from you

Carlsbrunn. Unspoiled and fresh you are as the wilds that hide you, and long may their dark woods be your veil.

Before the dwellings there dances a most clear and crystal brook, and the rocks over which that streamlet takes its way, are surpassed by none, that we know, in the soft velvet of their colouring, those of "The Waters meet," at Lynton in North Devon, alone excepted; the purples and greens, and browns, of that jewel of our mother-land we hold to be unsurpassed, if not unsurpassable.

It makes many a graceful curve and capricious twine too, this streamlet of Carlsbrunn, as do some few others that we know, but for the loveliness of the woods that fringe it, and the varied charm of the paths that follow the winding of its banks, we could scarcely find a parallel.

From what may be called the lower part of that fair "Pleasaunce," around which the houses are placed, is seen a prospect of extraordinary beauty. This is obtained by means of a broad and noble glade of the woods, somewhat regularized, perhaps by art, but rising with a most natural grace, up a bold ascent and penetrating

far into the primeval forest. The sun, now falling through the foliage on that delicious glade, with the soft green, lent by the sligher branches, tempering its radiance and now pouring in a golden glow of light, which is presently varied by deep shadows; this imparts a sort of movement that gives a new character to the ever-varying yet always beautiful scene.

Some three or four fountains throw up their clear streams around and about the hamlet, but they are all so unpretending in form as in no way to disturb the purity and simplicity of that "manner of being" peculiar to this gem of the woods. Through the waters of one gleam the berries of the mountain ash, which go twining about the stem of the fountain in a fashion very pleasing to behold; a little air of quaintness that there is in this particular instance, does but make a new variety, and contrasts admirably with the bold spring of its prouder neighbours.

We stood watching the most important of the latter last night, as the beams of a radiant moon fell on its waters, and the strange spectral effect of that pale eager thing, springing with a perpetual determination as if "of malice aforethought"

at something ever beyond its reach, was a singular and fascinating sight. To day the aspect is changed, and the fountain, in the broad sunshine, leaps joyous and innocent, as if meaning only to sport with some laughing playmate, high above : there is a faint rainbow too, just now bending brightly beside it, and that fair thing seems also to be taking part in the game.

Our friends are telling us that we have come too late, since the "season" is at its close, and the people, as they assure us, have all gone, but there remain enough to make the walks look cheerful, and a crowd would seem out of place in this most dainty abode of the Hamadryads.

"But how, meanwhile, do the human visitants lodge themselves?" some one may be asking, and it is a question that many would think but poorly answered, since the dwellings that so appropriately occupy the fair green nook are not luxuriously appointed within. The people who come here, live entirely out of doors, and the houses are used as mere sleeping places ; the life of the visitors is passed much in common—not as in watering-places, where people do but look at each other on the walks used by all—but

almost as in a family. So at least it is now, when the guests remaining are few, and all of one class; if they were more numerous, it might, perhaps, be slightly different, but not greatly so, I think, from what we see and hear.

Some of those who have just gone, we regret to have missed, and should have had much pleasure in meeting persons such as they are described to us, but the few remaining, and to whom our friends have presented us, suffice to make a most agreeable society. They are all of high cultivation, and, passing the long pleasant mornings in walking about among the trees, or resting on the well-placed seats;—one in particular, which is the favourite resort,—we hear our own language spoken, and our own literature discussed, with such command of the one and knowledge of the other, as you rarely find to be possessed by so large a number of persons in one assemblage, unless it be amidst the circles of a capital.

The morning after our arrival here, we accompanied our friends to various points of beauty in the immediate neighbourhood; at all of these are found the means of rest, for such as need them, and the seats are so contrived, both as to shape

and colour, that they do not mar the wild and woodland character of the scene. They are formed from the roots of trees, so large, that ample space is presented for commodious seats, while the carpentry is kept so well out of sight, that you might almost fancy the good resting-place had grown for you, there and thus, without aid of man.

The numerous temples—so called, but let us rather say, tasteful garden-houses, and fanciful kiosks, with their tables and other accommodations, present themselves as at a wish, wherever they can be useful. They are all in the same manner; the disturbing influence of glaring green paint, or garish white, is never suffered to discompose the harmony that you are delighting in, at this carefully cherished Carlsbrunn; the authorities do certainly handle their beautiful place *con amore*.

The authority one should rather say, and indeed things could not be complete as they are, were not one thought presiding over and one command arranging all.

The waters of Carlsbrunn are chalybeate; there are three sources, each differing in the degree of its strength, and the most powerful

appearing to us to be singularly strong. When taken with sugar and wine, this last effervesces briskly, we are told, as does the water of Bilin, near Teplitz; of that mixture we have not yet made experiment here, but when drunk pure from the source, the Carlsbrunn water has a much more pungent taste than that of Bilin, and we thought it much more agreeable.

Conjoined with the effect of the water, which is said to be very powerful, as we can readily believe it to be, is what all visitors to Germany are familiar with as the “Molken Kur,” or Whey-cure. To-morrow we are to be taken to the place where this drink is prepared. It is a farm in the mountains, at the distance of an hour and a half from the village.

The weather is of a brilliancy and radiance indescribable—such skies as we have here are but rarely seen in Europe, out of Italy, unless it be in certain parts of the south of France, and not often there for so long a continuance.

Among the places to which we have been conducted since we came hither, by the dear kind friends whose presence here has lured us to this delightful place, is a rock, declared to emit

the scent of violets, and called accordingly the Veilchen Stein, but we have not been able to detect the perfume; with all the desire we have had to find it, the subtlety thereof has hitherto escaped us, yet the dullness of our perceptions is without doubt to blame: perhaps too, a certain want of faith with which we are afflicted, may form an additional hindrance.

One of the objects most frequently visited by the sojourners at Carlsbrunn, is a singular assemblage of rocks, high in the surrounding woods, and called the Leierstein; to these we proceeded yesterday, and on the way were told a curious circumstance, relating to the winter palace of Count ——— in Prague. Some two years since, extensive alterations were about to be made in the building, and in the course of the preliminary demolitions required by these changes, a long corridor was brought to light, at the end of which was a small chamber, and before the entrance to that apartment, stood a figure of gigantic height, with formidable horns, red, menacing eyes, and mouth breathing flames.

For a moment, the workmen, coming suddenly as they did on this most unexpected apparition,

drew back in some affright, but ours are not the times when a visible presentment of the evil principle can long scare the grown-up man, even in these parts ; the harmless character of the great black giant, with horns and tail, was soon made manifest, and when touched, after a short exposure to the air, it fell to dust.

Expectations were at once awakened of treasures which had been placed, as all concluded, under the guardianship of that terrific form, but if such had ever existed, the measures taken for their security had proved unavailing, or it may be that all had subsequently been removed by those who possessed the right to do so. Be that as it may, no treasures were discovered.

A very pleasant, and not very toilsome walk through the woods, brought us to the curiously-heaped and tortured rocks that were the end of our labours, which they would have well rewarded even had those labours not been in themselves a pleasure.

The soft grey colour of the stone harmonises well with the varied tints of the deep mosses and dark pine trees which partially clothe them, and amidst which they are thrown ; the prospect ob-

tained from their summit, as you sit to rest on the small space where alone there is room to do so, is very extensive, and also peculiar, being principally over an immense extent of woodland, stretching far and wide beneath the feet of the spectator. Yet is the view presented by no means monotonous in its character, partly because the surface undulates so finely as to present the most effective depth of shadow, relieved by luminous lights of brilliancy equally striking, and partly because these woodlands are interchanged by patches of cultivated country, which supply ample variety to the scene.

Numerous villages and churches impart an additional life to the whole, and many visible at vast distances were named to us. But I spare you the enumeration of these, because no association of interest attaches to any of them, and when that is so, better occupation for the eyes and thoughts is mostly to be found nearer home. Peering through the beautiful blue of the already sufficing distance, to see what after all can't be seen, forms but a small part of our pleasure in the wilds.

Well pleased with our expedition, we returned

while all around was still glowing beneath a glorious sunset, to our pleasant home in the forest. Then ensued discussion as to what was next to be done, and having decided that the Moosleven, a bold hill rising out of the forest, and also much visited, was to be the occupation of the morrow, we separated for the night.

To-day, then, we have taken that walk, a somewhat longer one than is the charming clamber to the Leierstein, and equally satisfactory in all its details, whether as to the thing sought, or the paths by which you seek it. But the characteristics of the scene are sufficiently like those of yesterday, to render further description unnecessary; the principal difference being in the altered direction from which objects are viewed.

There is now much talk in our pleasant and friendly circle, as to whither each is to bend his steps, when the time for bidding adieu to Carlsbrunn, now fast approaching for all, shall arrive. The present writer seems likely to be bound for Vienna, and might easily be taken to a less agreeable place, without doubt, but would fain have gone at once to the lakes of the Salz-

kammer, which are to come after. The question of going or not going to revisit Vienna, was slightly mooted before we left home, as some of you will remember, dear friends, but it is now decided that we do it; thitherward it is then that we shall next bend our steps; my aversion to the brick wall bounds of cities, nothing hindering.

Meanwhile we have still to visit the Holzberg and the Franzenthal, with the Ludwigthal, and some other delectable valleys, within a greater or less distance of the "good green wood," amidst whose shades we now abide: these offer enough for present enjoyment, and the menacing towns are still but in the distance.

We have made a slight acquaintance here with two members of a Bohemian family, now in its decadence, respecting whose ancestor of the twelfth century, I find the following story in the half-fabulous chronicles, and more than three-parts fabulous legends of that day. Premising that this tale of mine is not fabulous in the slightest degree, but strictly true, although more than once sung by the minnesingers, as well as said by the chronicler, I proceed to repeat the sub-

stance, as I find it in the old German writer, without further delay.

Sir Dietrich, called the Strong Heart, of Schweynburg, the "Ahnherr" in question, had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the Emperor, then Rudolph the First, and instead of rendering himself at once to the will of his sovereign, as a more prudent "ancestor" might have done, he betook himself to his stronghold, where he long bade the Emperor defiance.

The time came, nevertheless, when he was compelled to succumb: his castle, that is to say, was battered about his ears, and himself, terribly wounded, carried prisoner to the presence of his offended lord.

The doom of the knight was not to be doubted, nor had he the slightest hope of pardon for himself; nay, when condemned to lose his head, he admitted it to be justly forfeited, and entreated only that the lives of four most faithful followers, all of whom had voluntarily accompanied the wounded man to his prison, might be spared. His prayer was, however, rejected, and all were condemned to die.

Sir Dietrich then requested time to recover

from his wounds, and this request, though unusual and giving much cause for surprise, the resolution of his character and his contempt of death being known, was granted, in consideration of the long years during which he had been the loyal servant of his sovereign.

At length the time arrived for Sir Dietrich's death, his wounds were healed, his great strength was restored, and the one boon, rarely refused to a dying man, which he then demanded at the hands of Rudolph, at length made known his motive for the previously desired delay. The lives of his faithful servants was again refused to his prayers. Yet these men had but obeyed the commands of their lord, as he repeatedly affirmed ; whatever faults they had committed were his alone, and he was there ready to endure the consequence of all in his own person. But the Emperor was inexorable, the one boon of the dying man was all that Sir Dietrich could obtain, and the following was what he chose.

His four servants he required to have placed near him, as he should himself dispose them, at the moment when the headsman was to deal the blow ; and if, after the head had been struck

from his body, the latter was seen to bound forward in such sort as to clear the men so standing, they were all to have their lives secured, on the faith of Rudolph's imperial word, and were at once to go free.

A smile of derision, at the utter vanity of such a hope, was the reply to that extraordinary demand, but the knight was not to be moved to any other, and the promise he required was given. He then strode coolly to his seat on the bench of death, and the headsman assumed the proper position behind him. Sir Dietrich next took leave of his followers with commendations of their fidelity, and then, having first placed them, two on either hand, he gave the signal for the blow.

It followed on the instant, but as the head of the good knight left his body, the sound heart still beating in the latter, lifted it manfully up and cast it fairly beyond the persons of the faithful servants who had loved him so well; the head, meanwhile, keeping an anxious eye on the spring of the trunk, and closing the lids with a satisfied smile, when it was seen to be so bravely effected.

And now, *Se non è vero è ben trovato*, this

pathetic old history of true love and devoted service from master to man, and from servant to master. Let him who can relate such of his ancestry, not fail to remember that they command him to do no dishonour to the memory of progenitors so worthy, and that, with equal authority, whether he come from Sir Dietrich the knight or from Hubert his man.

Of a modern member of the same family, which now calls itself by the grievously inharmonious name of "Schweinchen," a circumstance of a totally different character has been related to us.

In certain parts of Germany, a gentleman, being at a public ball, and desiring to dance with a lady, to whom he has not the advantage of being known, does not present himself for introduction to the stewards, in default of any other, as is done now and then with us, but approaches the lady of his own proper will, being held, however, to the necessity of "declining," as the French say, his style and titles at full length, for her edification, and to the end that she may know she is not dancing with a person ineligible.

But the name "Schweinchen" means un-

happily, "Little Pig." It chanced then that this Schweinchen of ours, had unluckily fixed his mind, at a certain ball, on a lady of unusually diminutive height, but of more than common rotundity, to whom the custom (Bohemian or Hungarian, for authorities differ) of commencing a speech by declaring the name of the speaker, was not familiar, and when, with the most deferential of bows, the partner expectant, pronounced the formula, "Little-Pig," "may I venture to hope for the honour, &c.," the lady stood amazed at the familiarity of such an address,—not divining the seeming affront to be but the mere harmless name of her suitor,—and with the coldest of cold curtseys, she forthwith deprived the supposed offender of her presence.

Floating as majestically away as her peculiar formation would permit, the astonished lady most fortunately encountered her chaperon, who had for a moment left her side, and to whom she at once made known the occurrence ; while at a few yards from them stood the rejected cavalier, he too not a little taken aback by the refusal he had received. Again, most happily, the Countess L. L. (the chaperon in question) was a family friend of the discom-

fited Schweinchen, and she had scarcely well heard the story, before she beckoned that wondering gentleman to her side, and at once explained to her protégé the misapprehension under which she laboured. The refusal to dance was of course recalled, and the story ought doubtless to conclude with an assurance that the supposed affront eventually became the appellation of the lady's future life, but its unmusical character may perchance have proved an obstacle, since I am not warranted in asserting that such was the denouement.

CHAPTER VI.

KLEIN MORAN — FRONTIER OF MORAVIA.—

The Holzberg, the Ludwigsthal; the sunny glades of the wide-extending forest, the musical stream, the wooded hills, and their delicious wild raspberries—of which, I think, we devoured the last likely to be produced by this year—these, and much besides, have all been left behind, with—even more to our regret—the valued friends and pleasant acquaintance who have contributed to enhance the enjoyment of all. We are now on the way to Vienna, or rather to Gmunden, and the Saltzburg Lakes, since that is happily to make the end of our journey; but we begin by taking a very different direction, of which Vienna is to be the goal.

Very fain would I have gone to Gräfenberg, whither some of our friends are about to repair, and they also leave Carlsbrunn to-morrow for that purpose; but short days are coming, we have made détours enough for this one year, as

the master affirms, that to the Austrian capital excepted, which I could well have spared as before mentioned. The Argumentum ad Pock-etam, likewise rears its front against me, and that is an argument wholly unanswerable ; a kind of stone wall against which if you knock your head, you do but get the blow for your pains. I know of old, and but too well, that all contention is vain with that opponent ; he then has prevailed, as he hath often done before, and there is no Gräfenberg for me.

Now this is all the more to be regretted, because we should there have met our agreeable fellow-traveller from Breslau, and heard whether his people had finally permitted him to get thither without further blundering. He is the “ Grand Logotheta ” of ——, as we are told by our German friends, an excellent man, beloved by all who know him, as we had well divined. His party proposing to stay in Gräfenberg for some time, we could not have failed to see more of him had we gone thither, but we are taking the opposite direction.

Of public conveyances, which are those that,

financially speaking, suit us best, there must be no question at Carlsbrunn. I even hope that it may be long before their names are even so much as heard of there; this morning therefore our belongings and ourselves were packed into a sufficiently capacious caleche, wherein we are now seated commodiously before the blacksmiths shop in Klein Moran.

Klein Moran is the first place you find in Moravia, after crossing the Silesian border, as we have just done, and the cause of our now sitting within sound of that pleasing clink, which denotes the vicinity of the smith in all countries, is that the bettermost of our horses has lost a shoe. But the loss is soon made good, and we proceed.

STERNBERG.—For some miles after passing Klein Moran, the beauty which surrounds Carlsbrunn still continues, but after leaving Römerstadt, where we halted for breakfast, bare hills take place of the rich wooded mountains; and these are followed by monotonous plains of little attraction, across which the traveller proceeds to Sternberg, where we make our first resting place; beyond this town the same unvarying level appears to extend itself.

No circumstance of interest has come to our knowledge as connected with Sternberg; it has an appearance of much respectability, but the orderly and clean looking houses which border its very spacious streets, are so dazzlingly white as to blind the eyes that would examine them. The roof and towers of the principal churches also glitter brightly in the sun, every salient angle being edged and bound with a shining metal which we conclude to be block tin; the building is now under repair, and large altar-pieces, removed on that account, were standing reared against the walls of the broad cloister-like corridor surrounding the church, but they did not appear to be works of the slightest value. I say cloister-like corridor and not cloisters, because that latter word conveys to our English apprehension the idea of a structure in every way superior to the covered way provided here, and which is but a mere corridor; the church is a modern one, and though large, does not appear to have any particular claim to attention.

Figures of St. Anna, mother of the Virgin, are very numerous in this district, where the inhabitants would seem to have, what is called in

catholic countries, a particular devotion to that saint, who here divides the suffrages of the people with St. John of Nepomuk.

The appearance of the crops since we left the beautifully situated village of Klein Moran are very backward, and in other respects presents a melancholy contrast to those of Klein Moran and that neighbourhood. A field of oats, which a poor *woman* is mowing beneath our eyes, is scarcely worth the gathering, my companion says, and I could guess as much from the miserable thinness of their looks, but as we are now leaving the bare hills, better things may come. A magnificent show of packed and piled up clouds, give life to the else monotonous plain. They are more like the snowy Alps than what one commonly sees in the form of clouds, and remind us, with their glittering white masses of light and pearly shadows, of many a fair sight enjoyed previously, and principally at home, where we have seen clouds of a perfection rarely equalled.

OLMÜTZ.—The cathedral of Olmütz, which city is the military capital of Moravia, while Brünn is the seat of the civil power—presents a conspicuous object to the traveller approaching

the city from Silesia, and is imposing at a distance from its great size, or rather from the vast assemblage of buildings attached to it. These, and not the church itself, are in fact the cause of its highly important appearance, as seen from afar; when approached more nearly, the expectations thus raised, remain consequently unfulfilled.

The *Dom-Kirche* is described as a gothic building of the twelfth or fourteenth centuries, but contains very few traces of so respectable an antiquity, nor has the crypt so much to interest the visitor as one mostly finds in subterranean churches well preserved. A few monuments to members of the Lichtenstein, Dietrichstein, and other families of importance in past centuries, some of which still hold high place in the persons of their descendants, are to be seen in the church, but there is not one of very great interest to the stranger. The chapel of St. Stanislas was exhibited to us with expressions of much reverence for its contents, by the sacristan in attendance, who related the Legend of the Saint, which is as follows:—

Preaching the gospel at Cracow, St. Stanislas, received the gift of a piece of land for the uses of

the diocese whereof he was bishop, and which was very poor; but the donor, a lady of the royal house, chanced to die before the bishop had received the written declaration of her purpose required by law, and on taking possession of the land he was opposed by the king, who had remained a heathen, and refused to believe that it had been given to him. The Bishop defended the rights of his poor, but the King was too mighty for him, and scornfully bade St. Stanislas bring the woman to bear witness to her act, if he would enter into possession of the land. Then the man of God withdrew, deeply troubled, and when night came, he knelt in prayer beside the grave of the departed lady, imploring assistance from above, since on earth there was none, and his people had not bread for their lips. As he thus bent his head, a cold soft breathing, such as might come from the grave, if its inhabitants could breathe, passed over the Bishop's neck, and on rising he beheld the donor of the land, standing in her grave clothes behind him. He felt no terror, but perceiving at once for what purpose she had come, he followed without delay to the presence of the King, whither his ghostly

visitant led him. They entered the royal bed-chamber without let or hindrance from the terrified warders, when the lady bore full testimony to the truth of the Bishop's assertion, and commanded the King to oppose the good man's claims no longer. The heathen resigned the land accordingly and even made a show of being converted, but the effect of the apparition, which had for a time estranged him from his false gods, wore off, he relapsed to the worship of idols, and causing Stanislas to be put to death, commanded further that his remains should be thrown to the wild beasts, since he knew that the Christians would else preserve them to bear their testimony to posterity.

This was done as he had ordered, but when the beasts of the desert had torn and scattered the body, ravens gathered all the bones thereof from the dens whither they had been carried, and put the whole reverentially together, in the form they had borne in life. The ravens had nearly finished their work, when a body of christians, flying from the rage of the relapsed heathen, surprised them before the right hand had been added to the rest, and the birds left their work incom-

plete; but the christians recognised their martyred bishop, and some of them proposed to await the completion of the miracle, of which they affirmed that there could be no cause to doubt; the majority, however, urged by their fears, decided that the remains should be taken as they were; that being done, they were ultimately deposited in this cathedral, but the body is consequently without its right hand.

The chapel is adorned with six or eight large pictures, each of which represents one of the events related above; they are by no means bad paintings of their kind, and the spectral appearance of the dead donor, in particular, is very effective. After the discovery of the relics, as above related, the inhabitants of Cracow were forbidden to shoot a raven. Our conductor, when he had finished the legend, added that a gentleman from that city having lately visited the chapel, he (the sacristan) inquired if those birds still enjoyed immunity there, when the traveller assured him that they did, and that no one was yet permitted to shoot a raven in or about Cracow.

More remarkable in its external appearance than the cathedral, is the old church of Saint

Maurice, at the eastern end of which is a deep recess—in the exterior wall—filled with figures in relief, somewhat larger than life, and representing the Passion of the Saviour. Rude paintings form the background, and the whole exhibition has a life-like reality which is almost startling. No man passes before that recess without removing his hat, and every woman crosses herself devoutly, as she passes, or stands for a moment in prayer; this not one out of the many we saw pass before it failed to do, before proceeding on their way.

We remark that the scourging of the Redeemer, with other circumstances of our Saviour's suffering, physical and mental, are represented here, as in Bavaria and Bohemia, with a fearful vividness, which often compels us soon to turn from the painful sight, nor can we doubt that those who effected the forced restoration of Catholicism to this broad extent of country, have found and do find their account in these horrible representations. The judgment retains but little of its coolness while the feelings are brought into such inordinate action, as must needs be induced by these cruel spectacles: as for the misgivings

or doubts that may have intruded on the new convert, when the effect of their heart-rending appeal was no longer felt, and thought resumed its power ; the unhappy creature had to stifle all such, if he regarded either the peace of his reflections, or the safety of his material interests. Or, when this was found to be impossible, bitterly was he taught in the "old times" to beware how he broke the silence imposed by every prudent consideration in such a case. Let him at least conform externally, for that was the great object to be gained ; nor even now do those who yet pursue the same methods of fettering thought and blinding reason, presume to hope for more in the case of such as have power to think. The masses they hold by their ignorance, so far, that is to say, as the very lowest are concerned ; the dominant priesthood finds beside, thousands and tens of thousands, to whom what they consider the labour of thought is intolerable, and who readily refer that labour to others ; many again are altogether regardless of the matter, however inconceivable it may appear, that men should be so, in respect of a subject before which all others shrink into utter insignificance, yet so it is. And all these,

who finally amount to millions, the teachers of a false creed make their own; but there is still a remnant holding to the truth, even in the darkest lands, and in this remnant lives the hope of the future.

Olmütz is a place where one had need to believe in the existence of such a remnant, since many are the painful remembrances awakened by her ancient churches and broad open squares.

“More easily managed are these Moravians, than the people of Bohemia,” writes a zealous and able Jesuit Father, whose ability, and above all, whose undoubted sincerity of purpose, might have adorned a better cause. “More easily are they managed, he says, because Cardinal Dietrichstein, being Governor of the province, as well as Bishop of Olmütz, can bring all the powers, spiritual and temporal, to bear at once on any point that we desire to gain.”

“All powers, spiritual and temporal,” but what have these to do with the propagation of truth? is a man to be convinced by powers spiritual and temporal? Perhaps not—but he may be subjugated by them, and this was the object in view. To these people then, thus easily “man-

aged," which means thumb-screwed, by the powers aforesaid, the writer I am quoting, recommends that Catholic priests of great ability should be sent, to be followed by "Missions of the Jesuit Fathers," and in a subsequent letter he alludes incidentally to these councils having been followed; yet, earnest in his work, and a man made for better things, he does not take time to congratulate himself on the result thereof: to be ever pressing onward, to think nothing done, while anything remained to be accomplished, was the noble determination wherewith he laboured for what it is sad to think was so evil a work, and acknowledging that much is effected, he still urges all within his influence, to the undertaking of more.

In Moravia, as we gather from the writers of the period, there was a difficulty to be overcome, peculiar to that country. The nobles, that is to say, were unwilling to lose their Moravian servants. Being considered men of industry and integrity, they were employed in the care of estates, houses, wine-cellars, and mills; their services, whether domestic, commercial, or agricultural, were beyond price to their masters, they were besides excellent

workmen in various handicrafts, and their own settlements were among the most prosperous districts of the country. They sometimes became rich, and in that case these Moravians contributed large sums from their gains to the nobles of the places where they had established themselves.*

“It is true,” the Nuncio adds, “that they have begun of late to get corrupted, and some degree of luxury has begun to creep into the lives of many, while others are becoming avaricious, and showing ambition. The numbers of these Moravians are always increasing, seeing that poor creatures from all parts of Germany, when they despair of a living, flock to this brotherhood, allured by that name of a ‘fraternity,’ as well as by the certainty of always having bread. Thus at times these people have counted no less than 100,000.”

Such is the testimony borne to the merits of this Protestant people, by him who had been the main cause of their expulsion from their homes; yet do we find the melancholy truth recorded

* These words are taken from the Report (Ragguaglio) of the Nuncio, Carlo Caraffa.

that, "Although, for their utility, they found advocates even in the Emperor's council, yet the Nuncio, or rather the principle he represented, prevailed, and all who could not be persuaded to abandon their faith, were expatriated."

Very saddening is it to think of the amount of misery involved in that one word "expatriated," for the 50,000 sufferers on whom its calamities were inflicted. In how many varied modes of pain and trial had all the families, and each individual of that mass, to atone for—what? Their firm adherence to the faith of their fathers.

We have said that this Olmütz is a city of painful memories, and not a few of its neighbour towns could tell as mournful a tale; yet our hope is firm that things will some day be much better than they have been, nay, than they *are* in these lands, and that, were it only because their history will some day be more fully known. Most important would be the lesson taught by that relation, if truly made, but calm and conscientious, upright and truth-loving should be the mind and heart of him who shall undertake the office. We say nothing of ability; a simple narration of facts will be all that we need demand

from the historian of these deplorable passages in man's pilgrimage on the fair earth, which his own passions mar. We would have the two great epochs described minutely, and he who shall relate most simply—trusting only to the truth, and leaning neither to Catholic nor Protestant—will succeed best, and what is more, may eventually prove to be a benefactor of his kind.

Pursued by thoughts of wrong inflicted and sufferings endured, we betook ourselves to the ramparts, hoping there to enjoy a sight of the setting sun, and also thinking that the air, of which we greatly felt the want in the city, where the day had been a very warm one, would be cooler and more free; and we were not wholly disappointed. The sunset was visible namely but not particularly fine, and the air was less oppressive than in the city. The public walks carried around the town and around a part of the fortifications, are not so open as we had expected to find them, and did not give us so fresh a breeze as we had hoped for, but they are securely sheltered, and must be a valuable resort for the inhabitants in bad or doubtful weather. Large numbers of the soldiery occupied the paths, as was to be expected,

in this military capital, but these men are always orderly and never render their presence offensive by outcries or tumult of any kind. Officers of subordinate grade, in considerable numbers, were also there, with a few of higher rank, accompanied in most cases by their wives, daughters, or sisters, and evidently constituting a prominent part of the society of Olmütz, as indeed might be anticipated. These last-mentioned persons were, in fact, the *personages* of this promenade, which we did not think a very cheerful one.

Being the seat of an Archbishopric, the clergy also forms an important element in the Olmütz "world," and were we dwellers therein it is among them that we should be most disposed to seek associates, because we have heard much of the worth and learning distinguishing certain of their number. The more distinguished ranks of the hierarchy, remained unrepresented on this occasion ; such few of the priesthood as were present, appeared to be but subalterns of that other vast army which in these countries divides the rule with that of the sword. And none the less is the influence of the latter to be dreaded, for that its weapons of force are in the hands of its colleague,

seeing that those of craft and guile are most ably wielded by itself.

This afternoon we propose to depart for Vienna, and we have passed the early hours of the morning in visiting the principal churches and walking about the crowded market places. These last are three most ample spaces, called, as is usual here "rings," the chief, or, Ober-Ring, being one of the largest we have yet seen. The "Trinity Column," a frequent ornament of these places, and here a singularly fine one, exhibits less of bad taste than these monuments usually display, although decorated most profusely, as they always are: but the various statues, busts, &c., by which it is adorned are of higher pretension than common. The latter, which is in bronze, are even good, as are many of the first, but they are in stone and not metal, as we had been led to expect.

The Rathhaus, an extensive building, has an old astronomical clock, of infinitely complicated arrangements and figures innumerable, all standing, well prepared, as it would seem, for a great variety of movements, but we found on inquiry

that the works had been long out of order. This was only as we had expected, however, since it is often found to be the case with these elaborate toys, but is not much to be regretted for the mere traveller, who has had enough of them when he has seen that of Strasburg and a few others.

Being here on the market day we have an opportunity of seeing the dress of the peasantry, which is very peculiar. The men wear black hats, the broad binding of their edges turned up at the sides and rising slightly above the low crowns; their jackets are of brown cloth, ornamented with buttons and embroidery, the latter a bright green; they are very short behind, allowing a large hands-breadth of the wearer's linen to appear between them and his velvet small-clothes. These last are of a deeper brown; the colour, before it has been injured by the weather, is as warm, clear, and fine as the painter could desire, and even when somewhat marred by various influences, is still a tint of admirable effect for the purposes of picture. Boots reaching to the knee, complete this costume, and in addition to the flaunting tassel decorating each, which it is the wearer's pride and glory to behold springing

forth at every step, he has the further satisfaction of bearing long tags, the colour of the small-clothes, and depending from them, which, after fastening at the knees of the same, fall jauntly on the outside of the boot.

The women have large black kerchiefs, with borders of glowing colours, arranged about their heads in such fashion as to give nearly all those borders, as well as the variegated fringes which complete them, to the view of the gratified spectator; the effect of this strangely disposed head-dress is singularly picturesque; there is a mixture of Sybilline grandeur and gypsy wildness in it that we have not before seen, and which goes well with the ebony locks, flashing black eyes and rich brown faces of the Slovak race, by whose women they are displayed. A closely fitting boddice with short petticoats, permitting the blue, red, or brown stocking to be well seen, complete their dress.

There is besides, another head-dress, here sunning itself in the broad "ring" with looks of much satisfaction, which is also new to us; though not so picturesque as the above, it is the perfection of quaint formality, and so far is in fair harmony with

all surrounding it. This is a white cotton coif of a close form, and most rigid cut, beneath which is an enormous ruff—quite as large as any worn by our own Elizabeth and her ladies—bordered with a deep embroidery, the beauty whereof is furthermore enhanced by edgings of a thick cotton lace. All indeed is of cotton, finer or coarser, and all white, but that which gives its characteristic quaintness to this ornament, is the fact that it is put on in such sort as to form a circle, and not brought to a point in the more graceful manner adopted by “the good Queen Bess.” The result is that at a short distance these ladies all seem to be offering you their heads on great round dishes, of more or less irreproachable whiteness; but as some of the heads thus offered are even fearfully hideous, one turns with more satisfaction to the radiant halo formed by the Sybil-like turbans before alluded to.

I have said more than usual on this subject of costume, because the finding anything strikingly peculiar in dress is now become a rare circumstance, all the Swiss heads and even the more graceful *madresa* or veil of the *Romagnola*, have

become so familiar as to attract no attention ; nay, I think that scarcely one of all would now obtain a second glance, if exhibited in the most retired of our country towns. But these women, and these men likewise, would certainly be looked at in London itself ; a young and beautiful face might even hope to make a sensation in the head dress first described. That Sybil-like garniture seems indeed to have been invented for the young and beautiful only : as to the platter-like ruff, with its accompanying coif, to be seen in perfection, it should be exhibited by one of those *hebetèes* faces of which there is no lack ; a pretty face would but mar the effect of such a deforming contrivance, and to place a noble or beautiful one on the awkward looking white dish, would be an affront to such a countenance.

The tradesmen of Olmütz have a mode of advertising their wares, less pretentious than that of their brethren in our own country, but we found it infinitely more amusing. On their doors, that is to say, they exhibit portraits of the particular temptation offered within. Adown the panels of one pair of these—folding doors thrown widely open, they often are—flow the folds of a rich green

silk, and over the glossy undulations of this, fall spirals of a delicious cherry-coloured ribbon; irresistible these are to every woman's heart, that is not badly made of a worthless stone. Oh ribbon! what a beauty you are.

Hats and bonnets rivet the eyes on the doors of the neighbour chapman to that clever mercer, and not far from him are invitations of another kind. Two monkeys are proposing the utilities and luxuries of a grocer's shop to your approval. He who seems the younger, seeks to captivate your attention by a sparkling loaf of sugar and a basket of dried figs; he presents them with a graceful politeness and a look of entreaty hard to withstand. His elder brother bears a goodly cheese upon his head; this last the prudence of his age, and is caring for the needful; he offers a huge bar of soap with one hand, and dangles a large tassel of candles in the other.

In the opposite house dwells a baker who has placed his panier of twisted cakes in charge of a great bear, but the creature has a massive chain about his painted waist, so we need not fear the red open mouth of him, formidable as it looks.

Of those crescent-formed and curiously twisted cakes, called "Kipfeln," "Semmeln," and the rest, with which all travellers in Austria are familiar, we fancy the origin must needs be sought in those times when the statues of Diana and Venus, now called "the Virgin," in more than one Roman Catholic Church, stood confessed in the fane of the goddess to whom each was first devoted. The Collyris, of which we have somewhere read, for example, may very possibly be the great *Ur-mutter* of all those capriciously twisted cakes which the holiday-making peasants are disentangling before our eyes with so much pleasure. The little delicate half-moons, too, constantly brought with your coffee in the hotels of Vienna and other cities, were they not first made for the festivals of Diana? 'Tis a question to which the learned may reply; for our part we content ourselves with eating the said cakes; an occupation more congenial than would be that of seeking how they came there.

The pavements of Olmütz are for the most part extremely good, a remark that may be made respecting other Austrian towns of the higher class, and wherein they contrast advantageously

with those of Berlin, Breslau, and others of the Prussian dominions. These last are a misfortune to all who pass over them, whether on foot or in a carriage. It is a matter respecting which we are not dainty beyond measure, but as there is no kind of labourer whose toils are more exhausting than are those of your sight-seer "emeritus" so, when the latter, returning from his hard day's work, has a whole city to cross before he can reach his hotel, the pavements are by no means matter of indifference to him, but much the contrary, whether he walk, ride, or drive.

Leaving Olmütz to take the railway for Vienna, you pass through a certain portion of the fortifications, but these last are far from presenting that appearance of strength, which we had expected to find from the importance we had heard attributed to them, and which has often awakened our astonishment in many other places.

The carriages on this line are particularly commodious, and as the journey before us was to be for the whole day, that was not a consideration to be neglected.

All travellers in Austria see the letters K. K. so frequently, not only over the public offices,

but before all kinds of shops where salt, powder, tobacco, and other produce of the kind is sold, that none need explanation of their meaning, nor did we, but at this station we remarked the small characters A. P. preceding those big, bold, burley capitals K. K., and after trying to guess for a time what these might import, we lost patience with the fruitlessness of our labours, and begged one of the most intelligent looking among the always obliging officials to explain their meaning.

He turned to look at them accordingly, as though then first perceiving that there were such letters, and next, bringing back his good sensible face with a pleasant smile on it, he said, "Ah, yes, that A. P.!!"

"The K. K. means Kaiserlich-Königlich."

"Thank you," said the seeker for knowledge, somewhat disappointed; we know what they mean, it is the "A. P." that we want.—"Hm, the A. P., yes to be sure, well, they mean,—" we were all ear, but alas, for our hopes of instruction, "What *do* they mean," was all the helpmate we had selected could say, and having done that he sprang from the steps, made his lowest bow, and disappeared. "There we have had our labour

for our pains," said we, one to the other, but no, as the train was about to depart, came again the kind-looking official, and holding on by the door, he told us that the letters we inquired about were the initials of two German words, implying "exclusively privileged." He had evidently taken pains to make himself acquainted with that fact, and we thanked him accordingly.

Within the carriage, which we had to ourselves for the greater portion of the way, was hung a tablet which we read, expecting to find some of those many minute regulations by which people are here kept within the desired limits as to various matters usually left with us at home, to the discretion of each. Nor were we mistaken, but this was of a kind which we had not seen before. The "P. T. Publicum," meaning each "Herr traveller fully titled," was respectfully reminded that "he must on no account lean upon the door of the carriage, seeing that the frequent shocks endured by the same, not unfrequently loosened the fastenings, which were then liable to be shaken open by a slight touch, when misfortunes had ensued." The respected voyager, namely, had tumbled out—with all his titles.

It was a consummation devoutly to be eschewed, without doubt, and we took care to profit by the hint; if, therefore, we laughed at the solemnity of the warning, there hanging *in terrorem* before our eyes, that was simply impertinence on our part, or, perhaps, we may advance in excuse, that the stilted, and starched, and formal fashion in which that dear German tongue says the most simple things, left us no choice but to laugh.

The odd contrast between our own well-remembered "Ware Hawk," and that long homily, all about tumbling out o'window, with the dot upon every i, and the cross over every t, and not a syllable less than half a page to be waded through, before you could get to what it was you were to do, or leave undone! we could not choose but laugh at the contrast; yet, after having laughed, one was compelled to acknowledge the utility of the counsel, and so it is in many a case; further examples whereof we excuse the reader from hearing.

The country still continues devoid of attraction, and the best trees to be seen are poplars and willows. Around the station of Napagedi,

as I think is the name, it improves a little, but soon falls off again. The drive is, nevertheless, not a dull one. The high road, well covered with loaded wains, droves of cattle, peasants in their little carioles or afoot, and other incidents common to a much frequented way between great cities, which is in sight almost everywhere—tends to enliven the view.

We remarked a singular peculiarity of the showers in these parts. Our road, for example, was at one time covered with dust, while the highway, not more than a few hundred yards from us, lay in thick mud from a recent shower; a few miles further, we it was who received the watering, while the cattle on the road beside us were proceeding through clouds of dust.

We find women working, quite as do men, along the whole line of this road. They are wheeling barrows, shovelling earth, breaking stones—doing everthing in short that they ought not to do. We pointed these things out to an Austrian officer, who joined us for a short distance; and he confessed that “women did work hard in these parts.” And that was true indeed; while there stood long lines of great, idle men,

belonging to the same class in society with those toiling women, yet gaping with wide-stretched jaws, for the mere want of something to do—all *sous pretexte* that they were soldiers. As regarded these soldiers, we did not fail to follow the praiseworthy and delicate custom which we have, of finding fault with the doings of other countries in the ears and before the eyes of the natives; and our neighbour, goodhumouredly smiling as we all glanced together at his own coat, was fain to admit that things might be better. But he did not tell us how he thought they were to be amended; and perceiving, at length, that the subject of our converse was not felicitously chosen, we turned it to other matters.

The men labouring in the fields of this district have that town-bred, mechanic-like look, by which all who love the country in our fairest mother-land, must needs be offended, remembering how different is the appearance of our husbandmen. There are some labourers now before us who have white canvass trowsers of a width far exceeding that of those in which our dear Jack tar expatiates, and these look better, inasmuch as a sailor is a more picturesque object

than your dweller in town-alleys : but one does not look for him in the harvest-field, and the costume is still imperfect. One thing they have here that has well replaced the wearisome cap of the Bohemian peasant—a great shady hat, namely—and beneath this, their pale, melancholy faces, and long, rusty locks, are at least pictures of a certain kind, however deplorable a contrast to the bright, healthy, bronzed face, and clear, brown, waving, or slightly curling hair, which so often meet the eye, when the owner does find cause to lift his hat, as one traverses the green fields of our.

We are now on the immediate frontier of Hungary, and at the stations along the line are soldiers with fixed bayonets, in numbers that look not a little significant. There is of course no cause to fear that their services should now be required here ; but their presence recalls a state of things that we often think of with shuddering as we pass along the frontier-lines of bordering countries : not as respects our own times only, nor even chiefly, but in reference to those, now happily long past, and never we hope to return. Yet, remembering the bye-gone years, there has

been enough, even in this our day, to make one consider all who shall wake the tumult of war in any land to be totally unpardonable, on whichever side they may range themselves. Repel the foreign enemy—yes—that we say again ; but so much evil must come from internal wars, and so little good can fairly be hoped for from the action of mere force, that he merits ill of his fatherland who ventures to put any cause to such an issue. Greatly it is to be lamented that the fearful consequences so rarely fall on him, or on those who are the head and front of that great offending.

At and about Hohenau we first find the cultivation of maize, at first in small patches only, afterwards in fields of good size. Our company increases as we approach Vienna, and we enter the capital in great force. Familiar sights begin at once to present themselves as we leave the station. There opens the entrance to the Prater, that well-beloved of every Viennese, and hope of all newcomers. Then the handsome Jagerseile, terminated by gay conditoreis and cafés, between the numerous tables of which active waiters busily minister in the open air before their

respective houses, we gain the Ferdinand Bridge, and passing beneath a low-browed archway, then enter the city.

Away to the left, by well-remembered ways, goes next the ready coachmen, a vast black mass rears itself immediately on our right—it is the cathedral—the renowned St. Stephens ; a cordial look of respectful recognition, and it disappears in the darkness. We turn into the narrow Seiler Gasse, and a few steps more brings us to what we had hoped would be the end of our journey for that night.

But we had reckoned without our host—not in figure this time, but in deed and in truth ; there was no room in the house. The kindly and pleasant landlord “was very sorry,” but his grief could not find us lodging, and we were compelled to drive on.

Happily the drive was not a long one. The comfortable hotel where we now are—the Stadt Frankfurt, namely—opened its hospitable doors but a few hundred yards beyond, and we are so well quartered that we no longer regret our first failure.

Hotels and their various merits are not often our theme ; because that really important question

is ably settled for all by the guide books. But as to Vienna, it may be useful to say that some one of the many excellent ones in the city itself should be selected, not one of those in the suburbs. A remark little needed in most places, but that may be useful here. There are several hotels, said to be very good ones, in the suburbs, which are much recommended, more especially since the opening of the railway for Dresden, Berlin, &c. It is, nevertheless, much better to be in the city, where, indeed, those houses, long known as the best, are all situated.

When in Vienna a few years since, we spent some weeks at the Römischen Kaiser, a quiet house of much respectability, but very dear. This time we came strongly recommended to try the Matschaker Hof, which is one of the second-class hotels, as is, or was, this Stadt Frankfurt, where we now are (the Römischen Kaiser is of the first-class); but to judge from the handsome appearance of our present abode, which is in all respects a well-appointed house, and of its neighbour, the Matschaker Hof, with the appointments, attendance, &c., we find in the former, they cannot be greatly inferior to those called the first hotels.

CHAPTER VII.

OF Vienna, as of Berlin, Dresden, and other cities, we do not propose to offer anything meriting the name of description, partly because so many excellent descriptions of all will be found elsewhere, and partly because our present visit is to be but a short one, and will scarcely give us the right to speak at much length. Of the little we see and do, a brief account shall, nevertheless, be given.

This morning then, our first visit was made, as is becoming and proper, to our most important neighbour, the noble and beautiful cathedral. On the site where that vast and imposing structure now stands, the first christian preacher of Vienna, an African monk named Severinus, is said by early German writers to have founded a small church, so early as the year 480, but a short time before his death, which took place in 482.

In 1144, the Margrave Heinrich Jasomirgott, commenced the cathedral of St. Stephen, and of the building then founded, there still remain two small towers standing, one on each side of the western portal. The principal part of the present structure was erected in the latter half of the fifteenth century; it is a gothic edifice of great beauty, the outside as well as interior presenting so rich an abundance of carvings, and monuments of various character and ages, that days and weeks might be spent among them with interest and profit. The magnificence of the great tower has been celebrated by every traveller, but it would be difficult for the most eloquent to do it more than justice.

St. Stephen's is not large, but of this you do not think at all when you are in it, the perfect harmony of the proportions, and the deep, rich uniform tint of the colouring; the solemn obscurity of the building as a whole, with the utter perfection of whatever among its details may be that you are examining, combine to produce a sense of satisfaction, so full, so complete, that the thought of desiring aught beyond, or other than what you have, does not occur to

you. Whether it be the richly decorated pillars, the lofty choir, the fine old painted glass, the elaborately carved pulpit, or the sculptured monuments arresting the eye at every step, that occupy you for the moment, all satisfy—all contribute to the harmonious and solemn effect—nothing is here other than it should be—thus and no other would you have it be. And few indeed are the cities wherein you so devoutly return day by day to any one edifice, as you find yourself doing in Vienna to the cathedral; almost without the consent of your will you are drawn thither, by a sort of attraction peculiar to the place. The doorways are beautiful, as in all gothic churches, and the rose windows, of which there are two, are exceedingly rich and fine, but the latter are cruelly wronged by two chapels to the Virgin, which almost entirely conceal them from the spectator, when within the church.

One of these chapels is dedicated to what is here called the “Gracious Image of Mary, named the House Mother,” and this, with the chapel of St. Barbara, is the most frequently visited of any in the cathedral. The figure is by no means an imposing one, but on the contrary, exhibits the

bad taste so frequently to be remarked in these peculiarly selected objects of the popular worship. The face is more than usually stolid and coarse, large, heavy coronets almost hide the heads of the Child and Mother, while the stiffness of the dress imparts a further air of ungracefulness, and want of dignity to the group.

Three times during this, the first day of our stay here, have we now been to the cathedral, and on each occasion have we found this shrine constantly attended by a circle of most earnest-looking worshippers. Immediately beside the door which opens on this chapel, but outside the church, are sold books of devotion ; one among them is called “pious devotion to the richly favouring Image of Mary the House Mother,” and in this I find the following “Litanies ;”—

Oh Thou most watchful House Mother,
Oh Thou most liberal House Mother,
Oh Thou most consoling House Mother,
Oh Thou most amiable House Mother,
Oh Thou most prudent House Mother,
Oh Thou most helpful House Mother,
Oh Thou most industrious House Mother,
Oh Thou most peaceable House Mother,
Oh Thou most patient House Mother,

Pray for us.

A long list of all other virtues imaginable in a housewife follows, but the above will suffice. These ascriptions of merit are succeeded by ejaculations of praise of a somewhat different character, and the Litany proceeds as below.

Oh Thou Foundation of the House,

Oh Thou Light of the House,

Oh Thou Store of the House,

Oh Thou Treasure of the House,

Oh Thou Light of the House,

Oh Thou Joy of the House,

with many others. Then comes a slight change and the Litany proceeds thus:—

Oh Thou Ornament of the House,

Oh Thou Refuge in the House of the Sinner,

Oh Thou Healing in the House of the Sick,

Oh Thou Consolation in the House of Sorrowing,

Oh Thou Bread in the House of the Poor,

Oh Thou Strength in the House of the Weak,

Oh Thou Saviour in the House of the Persecuted,

Oh Thou Tabernacle in the House of God,

Oh Thou Mirror in the House of the Holy Priesthood,

Be ever near us.

Be ever near us.

Oh Thou Throne of Grace in the House of
the Catholic Church,

Oh Thou Joy in the House of Heaven and
Earth,

Be favourable to us and turn thine eyes
upon us, Oh Mary,

Be ever near us.

When our House shall stand in danger,

When our House falls under the anger of
God,

When our House with hatred and anger
therein, is ruined by sins and crimes,

When our House becomes repulsive to the
godly messengers (the Priests),

We sinful men implore Thee
to save us.

That our House may be maintained in Faith,
That our House be kept in the Grace of
God, and in thy honour,

That Thou defend our House from all wrong
and evil.

That Thou defend our House from Thunder,
Lightning, and Hail,

That Thou defend our House from Fire and
Water,

That Thou defend our House from Plague,
Famine, and War,

We sinful men implore thee to hear us.

That Thou wilt be a faithful House Mother	} We sinful men implore Thee to hear us.
to our House,	
That Thou wilt stand by every living and dying soul in our House,	
That Thou wilt give us all a happy death bed,	
That Thou wilt protect us in the day of Judgment.	

With much beside of the same character.

And now if you ask wherefore we reproduce these things, the answer is not difficult; we do it to show what are the teachings of authority in these lands; since the efficacy of all these exercises—daily repeated—is here inculcated by authority; no book being suffered to circulate among the people which has not first received the sanction of the powers that be.

Yesterday afternoon we went to renew our acquaintance with Schönbrunn; known to all as the residence chosen by Napoleon Bonaparte, during the occupation of Vienna by the French, in 1809. It is furthermore rendered interesting by the fact that his son, the Duke of Reichstadt, passed the greater part of his short life in the

palace, and died here, at the age of 22, in the year 1832. He is reported on all hands to have possessed many fine qualities, and gave evidence of considerable force of character: much beloved by his grandfather, the truly excellent Emperor Francis, he was the almost constant companion of that sovereign, and they lie side by side in the imperial vault of the Capuchin Church.

Schönbrunn is the principal summer abode of the Austrian monarchs; it is a simple, but singularly graceful and elegant building; the garden front more especially pleased us; the absence of all ornament permits the delicate fabric,—the entrance in particular,—to display the beauty of its flowing lines, without interruption from vase or statue. This advantage is rarely accorded to the work of the architect in palaces, and many German writers are even found to complain of it in this case; they declaring the peculiarity wherein we find so much repose, to be a want and defect. The apartments are said to be very beautifully decorated and furnished, which they doubtless are; we did not make any attempt to see them, nor do I know that we should have succeeded in obtaining.

admission had we done so, the Archduchess Sophia, with other members of the Imperial family being then there. Two young men whom we perceived to be among these personages by the honours paid them as they approached, drove in as we stood by the entrance, and on inquiry we were told they were the Archdukes Regnier and Luitpold.

The gardens of Schönbrunn are open to the public, they are a very beautiful and majestic specimen of their kind—the old French and German, namely, and have the usual ornaments of statue, fountain, obelisk, artificial ruin, &c. At the farther end of the garden is a temple and colonnade, called the *Gloriette*; this is raised on a bold eminence, which is the only undulation that the ground presents, all beside is a level surface, varied only by the art of the gardener.

The fountains are not well supplied with water, but with that sole exception, these gardens are truly fine ones, and being open at all times to all comers, they form as valuable a well as delightful resource to the inhabitants of the city, from which they may be attained in a not unpleasant drive of half-an-hour.

In the evening we went to the Prater : the principal avenue of this well-known place, and that which forms "The Drive," is four miles long. Other avenues extend in various directions, and there are parts where, the trees being of fair size and the turf beneath them green and pleasant, there is a certain amount of beauty; but upon the whole the Prater has, as we think, been much over-praised. Recalling the disappointment we had felt at our first visit, we did not of course expect much this time, but having found great improvements in certain parts of Vienna, and hearing so many praises of the Prater, still repeated, we were willing to believe that our earlier judgment had been at fault, or that some change might have taken place in the grounds ; although it was not easy to see wherein the Prater could have changed. And, in fact, it appeared much as usual, coffee-houses and places of popular amusement in great abundance at one part, with an ample extent of ground, but of no great variety of aspect, in all others—such, and no other, is the Prater.

It is a convenient place, doubtless, for the display of much company, if the company would

come, but in the various times, some half-dozen perhaps, that we have been there, we have not found any, nor do we hear that the Prater is used as a drive by the Viennese society generally, with the sole exception of a few days in the spring of each year, when it serves as the Longchamps of Vienna. It may then go near to rival its Parisian prototype, but that, except as regards the display of new fashions, is not saying much.

On the whole then, this highly vaunted "sight" of the Austrian capital is principally interesting as a great breathing-place for the inhabitants, but considered in that character, its value and excellence can scarcely be exaggerated, although it were still to be desired that the ground presented greater variety of surface, even were it only for the freer change of the air, which to us appears wanting in freshness, as if prisoned, in some way, in the long, yet not exactly noble or magnificent, avenues, of the Prater.

An English author speaks of the Prater as capable of holding "our three Parks and Kensington Gardens to boot, within it," and having read that before our first visit to Vienna, we expected to find a succession of beautiful pictures,

such as he who strolls from the Horse Guards to Holland House, may fill his eyes, and heart, and mind withal, but let none look for anything of the kind in the Prater. Possessing but little in accordance with those ideas of smiling loveliness, or imposing grandeur, which we attach to the old-fashioned name of “pleasure-ground,” whether garden or wide extended park; the Prater is not equal to the Champs Elysées in animation, and does not surpass that garden—the Bois de Boulogne included—even in extent, the great “feature” of the Viennese grounds. But extent, important as it is to the value of public walks, is not all that they require for their perfection; they want much beside, and there is in fact no fair comparison between the Prater and our own lovely as well as extensive Parks. The Green Park, St. James’s, and even Hyde Park are all much finer. Considered merely as fields, open spaces, what you will, they are finer; finer for the accidents of the ground in some parts, and from the noble character of the trees in others, but finer everywhere. As to Kensington Gardens, few public grounds that we have seen can even approach them in beauty, every part of the gar-

dens, the more publicly frequented and the more remote solitudes being considered. Now all these make but one in fact, though four in name, where then is their inferiority, even in extent, to the Prater?

Of the company resorting to the Prater, as compared with that daily assembling in our parks, there neither is nor can be question. As to the drive in Hyde Park, there is nothing in any capital of Europe that could support comparison with it for a moment. The Corso of Milan is among the most animated we know, but does it remind anyone of Hyde Park? I trow not! The Cascina of Florence is a lively place of assemblage and highly agreeable, but what is there to recal the London parks?—absolutely nothing. And here I speak of what is daily to be seen with us, through the season. The Prater and Long-champs make a brilliant show during some few days in Easter, but the exhibition then made, is a mere display of fashions in dress, paraded in equipages more or less in keeping with their brilliancy, but very unlike ours. It is besides a show that takes place but once a year, and is then over.

But let us have done with these disparaging parallels, which cannot but look like an unmitigated boast, so greatly do the parks of our metropolis surpass all others. A few words only respecting the "ride." *This*, you can see nowhere but at home, and there is no intelligent foreigner who does not frankly express amazement as well as infinite delight on the first occasion of beholding that truly beautiful spectacle. We have seen this invariably happen at home and have heard it admitted to be the case when abroad. No later than last year, it was a source of continual amusement to us to observe the mixture of surprise and delight with which troop after troop of our neighbours, more or less distant, from over seas, made halt in their progress along the Ride, to take the better gaze at that unrivalled scene. And much to their credit was the pleased frank gaze of intelligent appreciation exhibited by their foreign faces as some sparkling bevy of blooming girls and fair wives came lighting up the way, all duly surrounded by fathers, husbands, and brothers, only second in the perfection of external advantages to the bright and gladdening creatures they so proudly guarded. Poor is the heart of

that Englishman which does not rejoice in this sight—not for the nobility of rank displayed—still less for the riches exhibited—but look at the faces! where will you see high thought and worth in man, or sweet intelligence in woman, rendering her well worthy to be the companion of such, as you see it here? I maintain that you will find them nowhere. The very carriage of our women, even as they do but sit there, on their horses, is a revelation of character and of the uprightness of their lives—simple, frank, and unrestrained; the native graces, of which they are rarely thinking, even though not unconscious of possessing such, well replace the airs and “minauderies,” which, if our neighbours themselves are to be believed, but too frequently make an important study for their ladies. Too well filled is the life of an Englishwoman—worthy of the name—to have leisure for that waste of moments—calling it by no harder name—and so shall be seen of her, as you gather the results from the power of thought and warmth of feeling manifest in her converse with husband, brother, or friend, even at these light hours, when pleasure is the principal occupation.

An amusing instance of the clear perception which thoughtful foreigners have of this truth occurred last season in this very Ride. A much-valued foreign friend of our own, was gazing with all his eyes at the bright troops passing, his usually grave face brightened all over at the sight, when a lady came towards us attended by her servant only, and with a certain peculiarity of appearance, the details of which would take too long in description, but which distinguished her, at a word, from the more simple and more correctly appointed riders around. The difference was not such as to catch the eye from afar, and the lady most probably thought her imitation of English costume and appearance generally, a good one. A something in her carriage—more easily seen than described, was perhaps the principal distinction—be that as it may, our companion at once remarked.

That is not an Englishwoman, “No, certainly,” he added, after having taken a second look, “there is a want of propriety in her deportment—a something. What *is* it that is the matter with her? she does not seem to ride badly, she is evidently not afraid; her dress is not

much amiss I think, but an Englishwoman she certainly is not."

I was glad that our friend had so promptly arrived at that conclusion, which spared us the necessity of making the remark, but the stranger was certainly not one of us, and it would have been difficult to resist the temptation of saying so.

It is, however, more than time that we return to Vienna, and that no injustice may be done to the Prater, let us add, that as a place of amusement for the people, the ground is irreproachable.

So, evidently thought a group of Wallachians gathered about the Marionette Theatre; but most of all remarkable was the delight of two wild-looking Slovaks, who stood with mouths fairly wide open, watching the evolutions of a great swing which carried some half-dozen happy mortals laughing through the air. We, on our part, halted to observe the observers, and seldom have we seen unmeasured satisfaction more heartily expressed. Beyond the swing rose a still more wondrous invention, that large wheel namely, furnished with painted cars, which we have all seen in our fairs, and on whose spokes

eight or ten rejoicing couples were rising majestically to the skies. It must needs have been the first time our Slovak friends had seen that spectacle; each looked into the face of the other for a moment with eyes of enchanted wonder, and after watching several turns, they both broke forth into that laugh of utter amaze, which expresses a delighted astonishment, when nothing else can express it. And though not loudly, these two savage looking creatures, laughed so long that at length they fell back weary—strong giants though they were—leaning upon each other, in a sort of ecstasy, and propping finally their united mass against a neighbouring tree. At this healthful and pleasant exercise we left them, and perhaps they are at it still, as saith La Fontaine of his Wolf.

A long morning in the Esterhazy Palace, has brought the usual results of a visit to pictures, great enjoyment, soon marred, and afterwards heavily paid for, by racking headache. This collection is well-known, and the many fine examples it contains, more especially of the Spanish school, have received justice from pens capable of according it. There are two land-

scapes by Salvator Rosa here, one of which reminded us of an exquisite work by that master, in the Bridgewater Gallery, but is not equal to it. A Temptation of St. Anthony by Teniers, exhibits the wife and mother-in-law of the painter, among the fiends tempting the Saint, a subject which we have seen treated elsewhere in the same manner and by the same master. The mother-in-law is a hideous old woman, the horns of the demon appearing through her night-cap,—the wife has her satanic character intimated only by the end of a tail, which peeps from beneath her petticoat. A portrait of Prince Maurice, I think by Franz Pourbus, pleased us very much, as did one of Neef's interiors: the clear deep shadows of Neef's works render them excellent in their kind, and though that is not a very high kind, yet they seldom fail to hold us for a time as we pass them.

A crucifixion by Albert Dürer, a curiously crowded composition, with many others by painters also good, though of less eminence than he attained, made us regret that one cannot give weeks rather than mere mornings to these amply-stored galleries. While in them, we half wish

ourselves resident even within the very walls of the Palace they occupy, for their sakes ; but the city at large soon drives us forth, and if we do not forget we soon learn to dispense even with pictures, once restored to the woods and fields, where we make the recollection of them serve us.

In the Palace of the Belvidere there is a Titian, which we like better than any work of that master we have ever seen, even in Venice, and that is much to say. For there Titian is indeed great.

This, with all the other riches of that vast collection, the Belvidere gallery, we have just returned from visiting, but the wealth of these places makes a mere reference to them useless, and description is impossible. Two old masters rarely seen out of Venice, are here represented by a landscape, with figures from the hand of each, Luigi Vivarini and Marco Basaiti namely. A Virgin, which we believe to be by Bartolommeo Vivarini is also here, and to us, who love the early Venetians with a deep true love, this was as the meeting with valued friends.

A Virgin and Child, with Saints, by Pietro

Perugino, we thought one of the most exquisite works of the gallery, and could not but wonder at the ingratitude of those writers who refuse to perceive his influence on the best, as well as the first period in the rich development of Raphael's justly called divine genius—let them look at this one work for example. Honour to whom honour is due, let them look at this only, and they will surely give the good master his rights.

There is a Murillo here, which reminded us of our St. John with the Lamb in the National Gallery, but naming the National Gallery recalls so many a mortification experienced as we compare the public buildings of other countries with those of our own, that the less one thinks of it the better. There are besides a fair allowance of stones daily thrown at the same, from all sides, perhaps they may some day come in showers enough to knock it down. That would really be a benediction, for then some architect, capable of building a house, may raise on that noble site, of which our crowded "Residenz" possesses so few, some structure worthy of the place, and of the purposes for which we so urgently require a good building. Let us hope. "Time brings the

roses," say our German cousins, and he may bring us a gallery too.

The figures on gold grounds in the works of the old painter, Thomas of Mutina, have heads of some beauty, and those by Theodore of Prague, though not beautiful, are valuable to the historian of art.

Velasquez—to make a grand leap—is a painter, certain of whose works, admirably as they are painted, and despite the praises merited by many of their qualities, cause us as much regret as pleasure; the poor little princes, namely, "hoisted" on great horses, and overloaded with finery, of whom he has depicted so many. They were doubtless chosen for, and not by, him, as the subjects of his pencil, but it is pity so great a master could not excuse himself from a task so unworthy of his genius.

The works of Albert Dürer alone would render this collection amply worthy of a visit to Vienna. Some of his very best pictures are here to be found, and admirably good they are; yet, as one stands before his "Holy Trinity," which is one of the finest, one cannot but regret that *any* painter should attempt those figures of the Almighty Father, seeing that even this—one of

the most successful ever delineated, perhaps—had better have been otherwise named. Grand and solemn, and imposing it is without doubt; but the decadence of Age must ever produce ideas in discord with that of Eternal Perfection. The Thought of Man—to say nothing of his hand—is in fact at fault before this subject, is, and must be; it were, therefore, better, perhaps, had all painters left it unattempted.

We wish much to renew our acquaintance with the gallery of Prince Lichtenstein, but fear that it cannot be accomplished without adding a day to those destined to our present stay in Vienna, the number of which we are not willing to over-pass.

A short visit paid yesterday to the Ambras collection caused us numerous disappointments, so many of the objects best worth seeing have been removed to other galleries and palaces, even since we were last in Vienna. The works of art, called the Ambras collection, are, for the most part, of a kind similar to those mentioned with no great honour in Berlin as constituting the *Kunst-Kammer*, or Chamber of Art. They were originally assembled in the Castle of Ambras near

Innsbruck, once the residence of Philippina Welser, and visited by all travellers on that account. The Ambras Collection, like the Berlin "Kunst-Kammer," was formerly of much higher interest. A few valuable fragments of Greek sculpture, a series of royal portraits, rich suits of armour, carvings in wood and ivory, and certain natural curiosities, now comprise the best part of what remains, if we except the singular old genealogical tree of the House of Hapsburg, which is still here. The horns of a stag, deeply imbedded in the trunk of a tree, from which the points project widely, forms an object which attracts much attention, and not without good reason. There is a similar phenomenon in Berlin, and both are very curious indeed.

We made inquiry for a work of Benvenuto Cellini, formerly in the Ambras collection, but which we had vainly sought in its former place, and found that it had been removed to the imperial Schatzkammer. Other objects, also missing, were accounted for in like manner; and, as these are among the best, the museum is greatly impoverished by the loss of them.

Returning from the Ambras Gallery, we

paused for a time to look at the Church of San Carlo, built in fulfilment of a vow made by the Emperor Charles VI., and dedicated by him to Carlo Borromeo. Tall columns, covered with representations in basso-rilievo, exhibiting events from the life of the titular saint, stand before the principal entrance. They are not works of merit nor is the church a building of great beauty; but it stands very conspicuously on a slight elevation near the Burg Thor, a principal gate of Vienna, and a singularly fine one.

We have now paid our second visit to Canova's much-admired work, the Monument erected in the Church of the Augustines, which is the parish church of the court, by Albert, Duke of Sachs-Teschen, to his consort, the Archduchess Christina. A pyramid of light grey marble, nearly thirty feet in height, is placed on one of the walls, and in the centre of this pyramid is a doorway, towards which two groups of figures are ascending by the steps which form the basement of the whole.

That to the left of the spectator consists, first of a figure representing Virtue, and bearing in her hands an urn, which she is about to deposit in

the funeral vault, figured by the space into which the door above-mentioned appears to open ; by her side are attendants with torches, and behind her comes an old man supported by a figure representing Benevolence, and accompanied by a child ; all give evidence of great sadness in their features and deportment.

To the right of the spectator, and opposite this group, is a lion, the head resting on the large powerful paws ; beside him is the recumbent figure of a beautiful genius holding the torch of life inverted, and exhibiting the most dignified and touching expression of sorrow on every perfect feature. We could not but think of the most admirable group, not greatly unlike this, and by the same master, which all who have frequented St. Peter's will remember with a sensation of melancholy. Here too the expression on those exquisite features is so mournful that one feels one's own heart breaking as one gazes into the sorrowful face. Slowly and with silent steps that must not disturb their grief, do you turn from these mourners of the great and good departed, but not in this case, until you have again lifted your eyes to a medallion of Christina her-

self, which is placed over the door. This portrait of the excellent Archduchess is held by a figure, intended, as we are told, to represent Happiness, while on the opposite side, and to the left of the visitor, there floats a second figure bearing towards the Princess the palm-branch of victory over the grave.

The simple words, "Albert to his excellent wife," are all that follow, and their import is in perfect harmony with the thought of the sculptor, who has evidently proposed to say that a being admirably good and profoundly beloved was there commemorated, and he has succeeded to perfection.

In one of the chapels of this church, that called the Loretto Chapel, the hearts of all who boast the blood of Hapsburg are deposited in urns of silver, the bodies reposing, as we have said, in the Imperial Mausoleum at the Church of the Capucin's.

Two shrines, containing the entire figures of Saints, nearly hidden beneath the jewellery, flowers, &c., by which they are covered, occupy spaces opposite each other on the side walls of the church.

The Volks-Garten, which is a small but much frequented place of public amusement immediately without the beautiful Burg-Thor, is another work by Canova, but in a totally different manner. This is a figure representing Theseus in the act of destroying the Minotaur. It was originally intended for the Arco-del Sempione at Milan, the sculptor having been commissioned to execute it by Napoleon Bonaparte, but on his fall the work became the property of the Austrian Emperor, who presented it to his people: a small temple, copied with but slight variation, from that of Theseus at Athens, has been appropriately erected to receive it.

Having paid the due tribute of admiration to this work of a good man as well as talented artist, we went along the ramparts, trying, as we had often done before in bye-gone years, to discover the many beauties attributed to these walks by one of our writers, but we could not succeed. All open spaces in great cities command our unqualified respect, they are possessions of unspeakable advantage, because they permit the inhabitants to escape the streets, and this is one of such, but it is nothing more nor better; the

glacis, on which you look down from certain parts of these walls is tolerably agreeable, but to call the walks and drives of it very beautiful, is to say far more of them than they merit.

To one peculiarity of this cheerful and animated city of Vienna, it would be difficult to do justice—the pavements, namely—these are indeed most admirable, their bright cleanliness is a luxury, and their smoothness, becomes a true comfort to the hard-working sight-seer, as night draws near; by whatever method he may convey those wearied limbs of his to the welcome hotel: whether he be walking or driving, the excellence of the Viennese pavements cannot but awaken his gratitude.

But what did we see passing along this excellent pavement a few days since, as the carriage, which had taken us to Schönbrunn set us down by the gay Conditorei and Caffé constructed in the centre of the Graben? Long might the reader guess, but he would never divine! It was nothing less than two women fairly yoked to a cart! Yes, they were tied to it by means of ropes, and were pulling along, with bent down heads, giving all the weight as well as strength.

of their poor frail persons to the task ; and so they proceeded across that crowded thoroughfare, one of the most frequented in Vienna, until they came to a side street, wherein they disappeared, the women and their cart ! !

Now *you* do not make so many bows to ladies as they get *here*, oh, men of our mother land ; but neither do you set them to draw your carts, and if you *did* once black their hands a bit in your coal-mines, why you have repented of that and will never do it any more ; wherefore if I have ever thought of forswearing your company, when you have seemed to be a trifle *too* much of a piece with your hat, or have forgotten to tumble headforemost, as a luckless wight did no long time since, in your haste to pick up a fan, I repent me of that purpose. The cart at which I have seen my sisters hauling, hints at things even worse than being slow at “the boeing,” and, if these were not enough, there are two unhappy girls at this moment before me on the handsome Neuen Markt, both going up the ladder of a new building with hods of mortar on their heads.

Well may the aged women of these countries

appear to abound beyond the due proportion. Women have no time to be young in these countries, the women of the people that is, and they grow old before the time, hence the seeming preponderance of old faces.

The Imperial residence of Vienna, which is called the Burg, occupies a large space, the buildings are of different periods, but some of them are remarkable for external beauty, they surround several courts, in one of which a monument to the Emperor Francis has been erected within the last few years. The figure of the Emperor in bronze, is standing on a pedestal of the same material, which rests on a basement of granite finely polished, at each angle of this basis is a socle with seated figures representing Justice, Force, Peace, and Religion, also in bronze : decorations of the same metal are added to the granite basement likewise. These ornaments are very simple in their character, but we thought the use of them a questionable practice. The form of the pedestal is an octangle, of proportions that, as we think, would have been improved by a slight addition to the height : on each of the planes is a figure in all but full relief,

and these figures are graceful, beautiful, and effective in no common degree. They are allegorical, but are well imagined, and each gives clear exposition to the thought designed to be expressed thereby, perhaps they should rather be called symbolical figures than allegorical, and somewhat resemble those around the Volks Denkmal on the Kreutzberg near Berlin—a monument which we omitted to mention when at that city.

There are two inscriptions, one of which, if I am not mistaken, are words taken from the testament of the Emperor, and is as follows:—
“ Amorem meam. Populis meis. cap. 14. The other is the dedication of the monument, and the words are these, “ Imp. Francisco I. Pro. Justo. Forti. Pacifico. Patri Patriæ Augusto Parenti. Ferdinandus I. Austriæ Imp, MDCCCXLVI.

Most persons are familiar, either by actual inspection or credible hearsay, with the peculiar position of this city, as regards her suburbs, of which not less are counted than thirty-four; Vienna itself occupies but little space as compared with these widely-stretching additions to the capital, but for which indeed not one-tenth of the

inhabitants could find shelter for their heads. They are separated from the city by the glacis, which is 200 yards wide, and being planted with trees, and traversed by numerous roads, now presents an agreeable and useful promenade.

Some one has called Vienna "a diamond surrounded by thirty-four emeralds," meaning these suburbs; but if one must needs have a comparison, it appears to us that "an ancient dame with her more or less well-grown daughters," though not so fanciful and poetical, would come nearer to the truth. There are some few parts of Vienna, as for example, the fine spaces about the Imperial Palace, that could scarcely be too much praised; the Graben and the Kohlmarkt are good streets, and there are some fine open squares, that of the cathedral may be more especially particularised, but when you call a city a diamond, you place it above all others, and Vienna, though handsome and agreeable, merits no such distinction. There is nevertheless one thing in which she does surpass all other continental cities with which we are acquainted, and wherein she can scarcely be approached, as I should think, by any city in the world.

I allude to the vast extent of many among her dwellings—the palaces of the great Austrian nobles are not now in question, magnificent as they are, their equals are to be found in other cities—the buildings now spoken of, are those enormous structures of which the Schotten-Haus and the Trättner-Hof, are among the most striking examples to be found in the city, although there are said to be some still larger in the suburbs. The first of these dwellings is said to have 400 inhabitants, and the second nearly, if not quite so many; but the Staremburg House, in the Wieder suburb, counts no less than 2,000. The buildings forming it surround six courts, it has upwards of thirty staircases, with, as we are informed, 300 separate dwellings, and if, as is affirmed, they pack 2000 human beings beneath the roof, they will not find that one too many.

There are old acquaintances among the many things yet remaining to be seen, whereunto we would fain have paid our respects, but September has arrived; now beyond the middle of October one can scarcely remain in the lake and mountain country, and a poor six or eight weeks is only a short allowance for that.

Thus, notwithstanding all that would still detain us, we have given ourselves leave to be-gone, and to-morrow will see us on the Danube, bound for Linz, and the Lake of the Traun.

A last visit to the cathedral, and then we bid adieu to this cheerful and animated city, where all appear to be perpetually enjoying themselves,—unless we except the women who drag the carts—and seem to keep holiday, not every day only, but all day long.

Leaving Rome, after a certain term of residence there, one feels a sort of regret that is not felt at the departure from this pleasant Vienna, or any other foreign city; the friends you may be losing not coming now into question. You are sad at leaving Rome, as when you part from a being much loved, and to say you feel regret is not enough, it is sorrow that you feel. A sensation not unlike this has assailed us to-day, at parting from St. Stephen's; that cathedral is a place to which you return again and again, long after the mere curiosity that may first have brought you thither has been satisfied, and each time you withdraw from the beautiful structure with a more lingering and reluctant step, consoling yourself

with the promise of another visit soon to be repeated, and feeling evermore a deeper and more affectionate interest in, and regard for the place. That is not too much to say, it is affection that these noble gothic churches inspire—you have at first a sense of awe, which softens into a respectful love, but love and no less.

Now can any one feel that for a Grecian church? I think not: admiration—yes—but I think not much more or better. For the Basilica, whence these last-named churches have their origin; vast unincumbered spaces and floods of light were doubtless good and beseeeming—but for the temple of worship, let us have the solemn grove, so well represented by the gothic aisle. There is ever a something to be desired in the Greek churches, and as they recur to your memory, you are sensible to that want, as when you were in them. Among those that now present themselves to recollection, Milan is perhaps one wherein this is perhaps the least felt; San Petronio, in Bologna, may likewise be excepted to a certain extent; but St. Peter's? no! one feels it greatly there, and all the more perhaps for the vast amount there is in that church of all that should

constitute perfection. Nor is the cause of this unsatisfied, or rather dissatisfied, feeling a mystery; nothing can be simpler or more obvious; what you are suffering from the want of, is that “dim religious light,” for the absence of which no beauty of other kinds can make amends; where that is not, the building may gratify the taste, but it leaves the heart untouched. This is the main cause of the preference we people of the north give to our gothic churches, and hence the love that you feel for St. Stephen’s. In no cathedral that we are acquainted with, does the influence of that peculiar shadowiness of the grove—a circumstance *naturally* combining itself with thoughts of worship, as the oldest religions testify—make itself more deeply felt.

I have heard Italians remark that according to the “Ultramontani,” they had but to darken their churches to render them perfection, but they are widely mistaken; there goes much more than the darkening of a window, to the production of what our gothic cathedrals give us.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DRIVE through one of the long suburbs of Vienna, brings you, at the end of between three and four miles, during which you can yet not be said to have gained the country, to the place of embarkation on the Danube. This is at the village called Nussdorf, but although called village for want of another name, it has nothing in common with the often beautiful nooks so named with us, a thing that may indeed be remarked of most foreign villages. For many years this caused us frequent disappointments, but when we are now promised a village, we know what to expect.

A voyage on the Danube is no longer matter of boast and glory to him who undertakes it ; the common-place conveniences of steam have succeeded to the adventurous row-boat of the earlier traveller, and to the romance, such as it was, and the squalor, such as it could not fail to be, of the " Ordinari," which was the more frequent mode

of transit twenty years since. We have not been acquainted with the river more than sixteen years, and found the steamboat established at our first visit; but there is a charm about the narrations of those who describe the voyage as taken before that period, which then made us half regret the better accommodation that fell to our lot. And even yet, one might bewail the rougher past, could fine weather be always secured—but as that is not the case, we may content ourselves to use steam.

Green sloping heights, with bolder hills, those of Leopoldsberg, and the still more lofty Kahlenberg, for example, impart much beauty to the shores of the Danube, at Nussdorf. The rich and very ancient monastery of Kloster-Neuburg is the first object which attracts the attention as you leave the land. Few convents or monasteries fail to present you with a miracle, more or less amazing, as the first cause for the selection of the site they occupy; nor is Kloster-Neuburg less amply provided than its neighbours in this respect. The Margravine Agnes, wife of that Margrave, afterwards canonised as St. Leopold, was standing beside her lord on the summit of the hill called by

his name; they had come thither to chose the site whereon it was her purpose to erect a monastery, but the princess could not determine, and preoccupied, she suffered the wind, or rather some more subtle agent, for there was in fact no wind to be perceived that day, to carry away her veil.

The loss of the rich ornament was not long to be disregarded, and on perceiving it, Agnes caused careful search to be made; but much labour was spent in vain before the veil could be discovered, and it was ultimately found on a spot which could have been reached by miraculous agency only. This, then, was held to determine the site, respecting which the Margravine still remained undecided, and the monastery was accordingly erected where the veil had been found lying.

We were too distant from the structure to see the form of that copper dome, by which one of its towers is surmounted; it is that of the ducal cap, wherewith the Emperor is crowned, for the Duchy of Austria, on his accession: the cap itself is confided to the care of the convent.

Still more to be regretted was (and is) the renowned and highly interesting altar, covered with plates, in Niello, which are said to be the

oldest known specimen of the engraver's art. A crucifix of remarkable workmanship, and of the highest antiquity, is also to be seen here, as we are told, and we console ourselves for the loss of both, and of those fine sweeps of the Danube, said to make a glorious view from the convent itself, only by the hope that we may some day return, when there are no mountains beckoning us from afar. The season is now advancing to a point which forbids further delay, if we would have sufficient time for the domain of the Salt Chamber, before the autumn gives place to winter.

A fellow-traveller points to what he tells us is the castle of Greifenstein, and maintains that the mountain whereon it stands was brought to its present abiding-place, by that great fetcher and carrier of rocks, which few beside would care to lift, even Herr Sathanas himself. He must have detected some evidence of incredulity in our looks, for he has risen to his feet with much energy, affirms the truth of the relation with uplifted hand, and declares that the mark of a claw, still to be seen near one of the entrances, is no other than the trace of the dark bearer's grasp,

although called the claw of a gryphon, whence the name.

Now who shall resist such evidence as that? There can be no doubt that a good firm grasp must have been required, before even Satan himself could assure his hold on such a handful, and having admitted so much, our informant resumes his seat with some appearance of satisfaction.

Greifenstein is among the places reported, but not believed, to be one of the castles wherein our Richard was held captive, and on that subject I find the following in the pages of an angry Austrian topographer. "Let no man," he earnestly exhorts—"Let no man believe the lie"—this is my author's word—"which to the shame of Austria, hath been told respecting Greifenstein, namely, that here, and in a wretched box fit only to cage a gipsy, sat the captive Richard of the Lion Heart. Nay, but he never was in Greifenstein! he abode in all honour at the castle of Dürrenstein, and a man's common-sense, though he have but a grain thereof, shall convince him that this miserable wooden thing, which they call the prison of the English paladin, is in too good condition to be of so ancient an origin, as must

be that which hath served as the dwelling of Richard, neither could such a worthless object have escaped the many fires and other ravages to which the building hath been subjected during the last 600 years."

Here too is unanswerable argument, and we render ourselves to the author's reasons, but think of the "wretched box," which he considers may be "fit to cage a gypsy." You poor souls of gypsies! You who care so little to be caged, and whith whom we have ourselves so strong a sympathy in that matter. Let us give a wide berth to this man of cages, you and we, brother wanderers, and, the rather, as he is clearly not in the best of humours just now.

The Monastery of Gottweih, a foundation of the eleventh century, is perceived in the distance through the clefts of the hills, by those who watch their opportunity for doing so; the building is modern, and though large, is of no remarkable beauty, but a Convent of Benedictine Fathers, (or monastery rather, as saith a critic besides me; the convent, as he avers, being a house for nuns and not monks) this monastery, then, is always an object of interest, because one

cannot fail to remember with gratitude the service rendered by the order of St. Benedict to the cause of learning.

Less than ever are the vulgar calumnies always current respecting monks, to be accredited as regards the Benedictines; largely is the world indebted to their labours, and we regret exceedingly that we cannot take time to visit the Library, the Museum of Antiquities and other collections which they have assembled here. Several months should be given to Vienna and the Danube at this part of its course. Days or even weeks can do but little among the treasures of art and literature scattered throughout the palaces and monasteries of the city and its neighbourhood, nor are we quite hopeless of possessing determination enough to return some day with time before us for making good all our present omissions. The Armenian Convent of Vienna we particularly regret, its inmates occupying themselves, as do their brethren of Venice, in the printing of important works, and they possess an institution not greatly inferior in its interest, as we are assured, to the well-known Italian Monastery.

By Dürrenstein, no English traveller, and

few indeed of any land, can pass without many an earnest gaze. This is in effect the veritable prison on the Danube of our English Richard, and the account given of it by Murray is so good that I cannot do better than transcribe the passage, comprising as it does all the facts, related at more length, but with less effect, by the German writers on the subject.

“The Castle of Dürrenstein, the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion, now reduced to a mass of shattered masonry, except the square Donjon-keep, and several long lines of battlemented walls, stretches down from the top of the hill to the water’s-edge ; these have escaped demolition.

“It stands on the highest ridge of a hill, fissured with clefts, bristling with pointed pinnacles of granite, and so destitute of vegetation, that it is difficult to distinguish the ruins from the rocks which support them, until the dark fir woods rising up behind, give relief to the building.

“This grand but desolate spot receives peculiar interest from its connection with Richard, who is believed to have been imprisoned here for fifteen months—1192—by the treacherous and vindictive Leopold of Austria. The story is not

founded on tradition alone, since it is recorded by the chroniclers that he was delivered over to the custody of Hadmar of Kuenring, at Tyernstein, (the old form of spelling Dürrenstein), and was guarded by him with the utmost strictness. Whether this was also the scene of the faithful Blondel's successful minstrelsy cannot be determined; but it is more likely that the incident of the troubadour's serenade occurred at Trifels, the prison to which Richard was afterwards removed. A chamber hewn in the rock is pointed out as his actual place of confinement, but for this there is no authority, the real dungeon is probably destroyed.

“The castle was reduced to ruins by the Swedes, who first fortified it, and afterwards, in 1645, blew it up. At the foot of the rock stands the small village of Dürrenstein, still surrounded by partly ruined walls, and entered by antique gateways. The parish church contains an elaborately carved tabernacle; here also is preserved a list of a small body of citizens, who in 1741, repulsed a large force of French and Bavarians, by means of a number of waterpipes, cut down and painted to look like cannon, which they planted on the walls, assisted in their operation

by a drum, which was vigorously beaten to make the enemy imagine the place was strongly garrisoned. The Austrians and Russians, under Kutusoff, were defeated here by the French under Mortier, 1805, after a severe conflict, in which the Austrian general (Schmidt) was killed.

“The ruins of the Nunnery of St. Clare are very picturesque. In the midst of them an inn has been built which is said to afford good accommodation. Dürrenstein stands on the extremity of a long promontory or line of hills, beyond which the Danube traverses an uninteresting plain nearly as far as Vienna.”

Much has been said and written of the Monastery of M^ölk, but the fact that it is justly called “Palace-like,” has always militated against its interest and attraction with us: one has enough of palaces in those that are such, and on the whole one prefers to have a monastery look like itself. The edifice is, nevertheless, a very fine one, and were it not that the modern aspect disappoints the spectator when he remembers that there is scarcely an older monastic house in Austria, would be looked at by most persons with unmixed admiration. The situation is one of the

most commanding and beautiful that can well be imagined, enthroned on rocks of granite, rising to the height of nearly 200 feet above the river ; there is no beauty of all the many surrounding it, that the stately terraces of Mlk do not command.

This also is a Benedictine Monastery ; it has a rich and noble library, wherein are many valued incunabulæ, and an unusual number of rare MSS. Men of distinction have been given to the world in great abundance by this house, which has in all times well sustained the reputation of its order. It was founded by Leopold the Illustrious, in 984, and was the burial place of the Babenberg line, whose princes ruled the Duchy of Austria before the House of Hapsburg attained what was then but a ducal coronet.

The church is said to be gorgeously splendid, with gold and rare marbles ; the organ is a very fine one, and there are halls of great magnificence in the abbey. The picture gallery is large, and contains old German paintings, some of which are of great interest. Lucas Cranach is among the masters whose works will be found here.

The Pilgrimage Church of Maria Taferl crowns

the summit of a very high hill, rising on the left, as does the Abbey of Mlk on the right bank of the Danube; the month of September is the principal time for the devotional visits paid by devout catholics to Maria Taferl, and in the course of it very large numbers of pilgrims always arrive: we have already landed bands from more than one of the "debarcaderes" passed by our boat on its way up the stream.

The Devil's wall, an abruptly rising line of rocks, so called, is less remarkable than the descriptions sometimes given would lead one to expect, and the whirlpools of the Danube have long ceased to be formidable.

Before the reigns of Maria Theresa, and Joseph II., both of whom caused rocks to be blasted, and ameliorations to be effected in the passage, the danger was doubtless a real one, the transit through the troubled waters, called, in German, the Brandung must have been one requiring careful attention before the introduction of steam. In those days a monk came off from the convent of St. Nicholas to gather an offering of thanksgiving from safe passage from every boat that had made it securely. When we first

descended the Danube this custom still continued, although the steam boat was even then established, and threatened soon to make the quest of no avail; accordingly we now find that it is discontinued.

In the days of Henry the Black, a gigantic Moor was sometimes seen to spring suddenly on the point of a tall rock, and dropping from his hand a small circlet of glittering metal, he therewith set fire to any unhappy bark that came within his reach. When that monarch therefore was descending from Ratisbon, in the year 1045, to take vengeance on the Hungarians, who had expelled their king Petrus, the Moor appeared just as Henry and his troops had passed; but he had come too late, the boats were all out of his limits—for that wicked power of his was closely bounded by two well known barriers—and shaking his fist in rage and disappointment, the Moor cast himself headlong into the whirlpool boiling beneath. A tower was then erected on the point where his giant mass had disappeared, and for several centuries that building was known by the name of the Teufelsthorn or Devil's tower.

This part of the Danube is extremely fine, the

Castle of Werfenstein, the Towers of the Maria Taferl, and the Island of Wörth, contribute much to the beauty of the scene, which is furthermore enhanced by the rich woods here clothing the hills from their bases even to the summit : ravines of the most varied character offer their tempting loveliness on either hand, and the spectacle is one of a perfection rarely surpassed.

Large rafts, of the highly picturesque character now so familiar to all, are passing continually. In the centre of some is a spacious apartment with cheerful fire burning ; all have five or six horses for tracking the raft where needful, many have cattle on board in considerable numbers, with attendants, men and women, in due proportion. These primitive looking embarkations have added greatly to the interest of this pleasant day, which has besides been deliciously bright and sunny.

One thought of discord alone has marred it. Austria-Propre is the home of most painful memories for all to whom the cruel wars of religion have been an object of attention. To go no higher than the seventeenth century, Protestantism still held its own in the early part, although

the struggle was a hard one ; but the Poles then came in aid of the Imperialist troops, and the forces of the country being thus overmatched, one town after another fell into the Emperor's hands, when the reign of Catholicism with all its train of suffering and evils, was restored in each.

Cruelties were then practised, of which grievous examples have been recurring to our thoughts all day, much to the disturbance of what would otherwise have been a voyage of many delights. While in cities, one seems to live with but half one's life, but amidst scenes like these, all the faculties of enjoying appear to be doubled, nay centupled, and one is glad, for no other reason than because the earth is bright about us, and the skies are blue above, and the sight of them is limited by mountain and forest only, not by houses and walls. Eminently is that the case in these lovely countries ; yet while traversing a certain region, through some part of which flows this noble Danube, one is irresistibly recalled from ones natural rejoicing in the beauty of the bright world, as He who made all gave it for our happiness, to mourn for the place of sorrow which the perversity of man himself has but too frequently rendered this fair earth.

Attempts to restore the Catholic Faith in Austria, often made without success, were renewed with a different effect after the battle of Prague. Such of the preachers as had been accused of rebellion, were first driven forth, and some time afterwards all Protestant preachers without exception. The people in many cases followed their pastors in a body, when their possessions were instantly confiscated.

Exhorting Ferdinand to continue these severities, Maximilian uses words to this effect.

“Let the pipers—the reformed pastors—namely—let the pipers be sent away, for then shall the dance come to an end of itself.”

The letter containing this offensive phrase, will be found in Wolf's Life of the Emperor Maximilian, or perhaps in the continuation of that work by Breier. All were gradually banished, those who were treated most mildly, receiving a small sum of money from their confiscated possessions, wherewith to remove themselves from the land of their birth, the home of their affections. Slowly did the hapless wanderers ascend the Danube: and when met by the triumphant Catholic priests, the pastors were assailed with

the taunting question, "where is now your strong tower,"—in evident allusion to Luther's favorite hymn, "A Tower of strength is still Our God."

The Emperor declared to the Estates of the Dutchy, that "he reserved to himself and his posterity the absolute and undivided power of deciding and disposing in all things that regarded religion."

This might seem to be too absurd, as well as too insolent, and might be thought impossible; but, that it is well known to be true—the words quoted are those of the document itself. In October of the year 1624, was issued a decree appointing a certain time, within which all were required "to make profession of the Catholic Faith, or depart the realm." To the Nobles only, some degree of indulgence was shown, but even that did not long continue, and they, like the people, were compelled to conform or leave their country.

Passing through this and other parts of Austria, the mind recurs to this subject with a pertinacity, which, if justified by its great importance, more particularly in these days, is by no means conducive to the cheerfulness of

spirit which would else be almost forced upon one by the strong influences of their beauty. Here, in this beautiful part of the glorious Danube, for example, there are such scenes around us, that it seems a sort of sin to look at them with grieving eyes. We are now passing a rapid called the Greiner Schwull, and there is no part of the river between Vienna and Linz, wherein the beauties demanded to form perfection in landscape, are more abundant than they are here.

The Augustinian monastery of St. Florian, is considered to be the oldest foundation in Austria, and owes its origin to St. Severinus, the Apostle of Norica, by whom the first stone was laid, as says the legend, in 455. Authentic documents are cited which mention the monastery so early as 819; but the present edifice is not older than the time of the Emperor Charles the Sixth.

St. Florian was a Roman soldier, and was thrown with other Christians, into what is called the Roman dungeon, at Enns, in the year 304; at the time of the persecution by Galerius. All were condemned to die of hunger, and did so, with the exception of the saint, who was miraculously nourished; by what means does not appear.

He was then cast from the bridge of the Enns, into the stream below, with a heavy stone about his neck, but was sustained at the surface long enough to exhort his murderers to repentance, and even to convert many of them. St. Florian is invoked by Catholics, as the protector against fire.

The monastery is very large, and the church is considered by Austrian writers to be one of their finest in that kind; the crypt beneath is said to be the place wherein St. Florian and his fellow-christians secretly met for worship. It was over the grave of the martyr, that resting-place wherein he was finally laid by the christian matron Valeria, that the edifice constructed in 1071 was raised. This was the third church built there, but no traces of its form are to be discovered in the present day.

We now approach Linz rapidly, but before reaching it, we find the clear waters of the Traun, coming from the beautiful lake of that name, in the domain of the Salt Chamber, and pouring a bright stream into the turbid current of the Danube, which is one of the very muddiest rivers we know. We have no stronger light whereby

to see the Traun come in, than that given by the first gleams of daybreak, yet the difference is obvious, even now. A rich and glowing sunset was followed by a night of brilliant moonlight, which caused the little comfortable cabin set apart for ladies, to be deserted by many who would else have been its occupants, and some have remained on deck, until the dawn now breaking.

Soft, pearly tints brighten the eastern sky, and these vary almost every moment. The stars, which have been themselves as little suns throughout the night, and that notwithstanding the presence of so bright a moon, are beginning to be lost in that part of the heavens. Another half-hour and we shall have a radiant sunrise.

There is a curious story of old times related of an ancient castle hidden away in a valley on the Traun-stream. And situated some miles above the point where we now stand, peering through the uncertain light to look at the outlet of the river. You shall hear it before the sun has had time to rise, for it is but a short one. I wish only that we could give it in the racy old

German of the author in whose works I find it ; but that advantage we must forego.

In the year 1532, that ancient castle, whose ruins we yet behold, stood in perilous plight, seeing that the barbarous Turks under Casan Pacha, who had no less than 50,000 of those unbelieving heathens at his back, poured their ungodly bands over the whole blessed and favoured country watered by the Danube.

Then a pack of those bloodthirsty wolves came on the 8th of September, which was a Saturday, before the Castle of Losensteinleuthen, against which they sent a cloud of arrows. Let him who doubts the fact betake him to the armoury of the castle, where he shall find not a few of them still preserved. Now, of all the faithful vassals that should have defended that noble old seat of the Losenstein House, not a man remained save only one old huntsman, the brave Johannes Baurafragel : he had scorned to fly when his fellows abandoned the walls, and had been left alone to guard them.

Taking heart of grace, nevertheless, Johannes gathered the bolsters from every bed, and placing a helmet on the top of each, he wrapped a cloak

around it ; then sticking a formidable weapon in the folds thereof, he bade this soldier of his own invention keep guard before the various posts. Continuing his preparations, the huntsman filled bags with straw, and so he manned the whole line of the defences with a force that was at least obedient to the most imperative of his orders ; these went to the effect that not a man should presume to run away.

Long did the raging bloodhounds expend their fury on these steady troops, and great was the amazement with which they beheld them coolly receive the heavy flights of their arrows. But as the excellent soldiers of Johannes could make no reply to the attack they bore so bravely, and he was himself the only active assailant of the Turks, so he could not produce any great impression upon their ranks, until it pleased the great St. Hubert, to whom he addressed his special vows, to direct his hand against the tyrant Casan himself ; when the infidels beheld that commander fall as one dead from his horse, whereupon they turned tail and fled, leaving their wicked leader lying prone before the castle walls.

Then did the brave Baurafragel descend from

his "tower of vantage" and drag the half-dead captain within his hold, making prize at the same time of his white horse, which he considered the more important capture. But our huntsman was a good christian, as well as a faithful servant and brave man, wherefore, perceiving some breath still remaining in the barbarian, he blew a certain note on his hunting horn wherewith it was an ancient custom of his to summon the household physician, Father Aldrobert, who was the chaplain also, to a solemn computation. The monk came forth from his hiding-place accordingly, and between them they persuaded the former infidel to become a good Catholic. This done, Father Aldrobert absolved him from his sins, and the convert departed in peace, to the infinite edification of the excellent huntsman, who declared that waif and stray redeemed from the hold of Satan, to be the consummation of his glory.

At a village not far from where our boat made halt an hour since, is a ruin, said to be that of a chapel of St. Florian, erected over a large reservoir, or well, into which all the christian soldiers discovered by the Romans, in the legion wherein St. Florian held command, were cast, not

to drown, no water being then in the place, but to die the bitter death of hunger.

There are few persons, and no traveller, to whom the peculiar aspect of things, from day-break to an hour after sunrise, has not been a source of happiness and thankfulness. To look at the fair earth as seen at these moments, you cannot but believe that it has then come newly from the hand of Him who made it. There is a purity in the aspect of all things, a newness, so to speak, which they do not retain in the later hours, even of the morning, so that if you delay to come abroad, though but for a short time, you fail to find it in its perfection.

Even the villages have an air of innocence and sweetness that but too soon departs. Nay the very towns look more harmless than in the rush and throng of day ; their houses have a calm and peaceful expression never seen in the later hours, their streets look double the breadth you would attribute to them a short time later, and have not so dangerous and menacing a character as they usually exhibit ; the towers do not frown upon you as they soon will do ; they are but looking serious, and if the terrible whole that goes to

the making of a great city could ever look amiable, it is now that we might hope to see it do so. Then if this effect be produced on the towns, think what is the aspect of the unspoiled country as this fairest of the Hours comes smiling over it. Her eyes are bestowing on all a loveliness worthy of paradise; but she departs—her less ethereal sisters succeed; it is true that their warmer beams gild the pleasant world right royally, and let us all be thankful, but we must wait till to-morrow for a return to our Eden of *this* moment.

CHAPTER IX.

LINZ.—A town, of whose charming position even its own sons have scarcely said too much, although very eloquent in its praise, is this lovely Linz. Built on the left bank of the Danube, one of the few bridges crossing that river connects it with the suburban village of Uhfahr, whose white houses impart an aspect of extreme cheerfulness to the opposite shore ; beyond these rise pleasant green slopes, many of them occupied by dwellings seated most temptingly, and the slopes are succeeded by bolder heights, which are in their turn overtopped by the Styrian Alps. Within the Alps is a smaller circle, formed by the lofty mountains bordering those delicious lakes among which we hope to see the autumn to its close.

This cheerful and agreeable Linz is pleasing us greatly, as it has done at earlier visits, and we are making a short halt. We seldom speak of continental towns as eligible residences for English

families, because we think that, however delightful and even profitable, are numerous visits,—some of them a little prolonged—to foreign parts, yet the abiding-place of our people is at home; a truly fitting one they can find no where else, and when in crossing Europe, at various times, we have seen families what is called “settled” abroad, we have never been able to refrain from a sense of pity, as for people in banishment.

Of residents in their official capacity, we are of course not now speaking. They for the most part are but biding their time to return, they are meanwhile settled in good earnest, and may feel so, having the right to make themselves at home, while their office fixes them to a given spot; it is of those who have the choice of their residence that we are thinking. If, then, any Englishmen must live abroad, he could scarcely do better than choose this pleasant Linz.

The town supplies all reasonable wants, and the neighbourhood affords those walks, drives, and rides, which are indispensable to English habits; nor does the general aspect of things so pressingly remind you that you are not at home, as is usually the case in foreign lands,

which we think a great recommendation. The environs do not indeed look all together un-English—to borrow a vile barbarism—but it must also be added, that we are rarely able to boast of anything quite so rich and magnificent in our home landscapes, as are to be obtained here, so far as we know our country that is to say, and there are few parts that we have not seen.

The principal square or market-place of Linz, is a very fine one; it has been much and justly praised, but there is another, also very spacious, which is not so frequently mentioned; this is planted with lime and plane trees, and is likewise handsome. On the first is one of the well-known “Trinity Columns,” and the shaft of this one has the peculiarity of being formed in imitation of clouds piled one above another, the effect is exceedingly bizarre, and by no means good. The churches are not remarkable for beauty; the cathedral is a large, but comparatively slight building, of the seventeenth century; the church of the Elizabethines, is a copy of San Carlo Borromeo, in Vienna; that of the Capuchins, has an altar-piece by Sandrart. The chapel of the

Landhaus, has also good altar-pieces, chiefly by German artists, but the Landhaus itself, though very large, is a great disappointment, because you go to see an old building, and find nothing but a new one. Nor is this an uncommon circumstance in foreign edifices, as many a vexed fellow-traveller will remember that he has discovered to his loss.

One of the picturesque rafts of the Danube is just passing under the quaint-looking bridge. We rush to the window of the hotel, with open mouth and eyes, that watch eagerly all the movements of the strange, serpent-like thing, as it winds its way fearlessly adown the waters: the rowers lend all their strength to the long, sweeping oars, which they are compelling to act, not by the force of their arms only, but by the added weight of all their persons; for here "plying the oar" is not the phrase, nor would it convey a true notion of their action. These rowers are placed six or eight in a line, at either end of the raft, and, watching very carefully the motions of him who, standing aloft in the centre, is directing their movements, they bring all their force to bear as he commands, and thus compel the ponderous mass

upon its way. We count seventeen men now occupied on this before us, but there are more without doubt, although we do not see them: it is a nice matter, this getting through the bridge, but they have accomplished it happily; now they throw up their heads towards the sky, like men who can at last take time to breathe, and look about them.

We have just returned from a long round among the neighbouring heights, those, namely, that are crowned by the detached forts, erected for the defence of the town within the last thirty-five years, by Prince Maximilian. They are round towers, larger than those on our own coasts, which we call martello towers, but otherwise not unlike them, and the rather, as many of those at home, being reared against the cliffs, have the appearance—when seen from certain points—of being sunk in the earth, since they give little beside their roofs to view; those along parts of the Kentish coast, for example. These of Linz, then, really are sunk into the earth for a considerable part of their height, and are, for that reason, not of very imposing aspect. The interior is, as

well described by Murray, "very like the deck of a man-of-war, except that the platforms are circular."

From the one specimen of these forts to which we clambered, our road next led to a very large and lonely farmhouse, where the waiter of our hotel had told us we should find some good rooms, in the event of our wishing to remain for a short time in the neighbourhood of Linz, which we had some thought of doing: and the rooms are good, with a look-out that is still better, but they are not furnished, and we have beside, determined to proceed to Gmunden in a few days, making our head-quarters there, or at some place on the lake of the Traun, or Gmunden-See.

The pilgrimage church of Pöstlingberg, is one of the objects that most forcibly arrest the attention of travellers, as they stand on the heights above Linz, and when at the farm, we were on the road to it. We consequently proceeded thither, glad to be saved the day that must else have been devoted to that only. The building is principally remarkable from its very conspicuous position, which was chosen for it in the year 1716, by a certain Franz Obermayr, of Linz.

This we learn from an account of the foundation, sold to us by an old woman, whose seat is at the foot of the steep ascent by which the church is gained: the heads of the history are as follows. Franz Obermayr desiring an amusing book for his winter evenings, applied to the Capuchin Fathers, in their monastery at Linz, for the loan of such, when they furnished him with one wherein the sufferings of the Virgin were described, in a manner which caused them to be taken much to heart by the earnest reader, "Brooding long over the subject," says my purchase, "it came at length to be his constant thought by night and by day, so that he determined to have a 'Sorrowful-Maria' or 'Vesper-Image,' prepared at his own cost, in the hope of bringing that mystery of the Holy Virgin's sorrow, into greater honour. He took the copper-plate engraving which he had found in his book, to Ferdinand Jobst, citizen and image-maker of Linz, by whom a figure was carved in that likeness.

"The said Obermayr then considered where best to place the image, and first he thought of Lemling, then of the Linz Calvary Hill, and next of the Stigilbauerngut; yet neither seemed to

him exactly what he sought, and he twice ascended the Pöstlingberg, with the same object in view, but without having chosen the site of his intended shrine. At length he repaired a third time to the same place, and on the point of a rock which crowned the summit of the hill, he found a newly-erected cross. There he then resolved to establish his figure, over which he could but erect a simple covering to shield it from the weather; but to that shrine he repaired on every Sunday and festival, during the remainder of his life.

“Thus the matter stood until 1742, when his illustrious excellency, Count Gondamayr Staremberg, commenced a church, to replace the shed, and this was continued with great zeal, by Henry Maximilian, Count von Staremberg; but the completion of the work was for a long time delayed by the disputes which arose between himself and the clergy, until his Eminence, Joseph Dominck, Prince-Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, placed the chapel on the Pöstlingberg, *sub curá Cleri sæcularis*, to the great contentment of the people. He next confirmed the same as a refuge—a resort for the penitent, and a place of pilgrimage. This was done on the 18th November, 1748.”

This morning we have been to Freinberg, the height on which stands the castle, built, as Murray tells us, by Prince Maximilian of Este, as an experiment, when considering the place for his new fortifications. The paintings in the chapel of this edifice, with all the decorations of the same, are the most remarkable specimens of what our pre-Raphaelite artists would have us consider perfection, that we have yet seen : they are highly significant, for many causes, and in many a sense.

Close beside the castle, now used as barracks, is a vast edifice, still in course of erection ; this is to be used as a “ Seminarium ” — and such indeed are the two uses to which almost every building more than commonly extensive, is now found to be destined—that which is not a barrack, is a college of priests, and that which is not a college, is a barrack for soldiers ; these two powers divide the land.

The depths of superstition into which the people of these once Protestant countries have sunk, since their *compelled* return to the Roman Catholic ritual, in the sixteenth century, and in which they are solicitously retained, by those whose office it is to instruct them ; would have

been considered incredible, if described to our country-people, some twenty years since, but the labours of a certain section of the faith in our own mother-land, have rendered us familiar with so many strange things, and revealed so great an activity of the most debasing influences, that the same extent of surprise will no longer be felt.

The books put forth by authority, for the *instruction* of the people, are admirably calculated to pervert what little sense there may be still left among a peasantry so carefully misled. Here are a few much abridged extracts from such as are current in this district. They are from tracts published "for the people," from 1849 to the present year. We retain the manner, and so far as is possible, the very words of the original.

"In what manner," exclaims the German writer, "in what words shall I relate to you, in these our unbelieving days, the great miracle that has been worked at no great distance from this country, and but a short time before I speak? A miracle I say, which is so wondrous, that the very faithful themselves may be tempted to doubt, but which every pious heart will refer to the goodness of the ever-helpful (helf-reich) Virgin,

Queen of Heaven, and Governess of the Earth, committing themselves to her protection, now and for ever, amen.

“ I begin in the name of Maria.

“ In a village of the Giant mountains,” a fair distance from the Danube, by the way, but these things never do happen where related ; “ called New Ketzeldorf, there lived the wife of a very honest man, who was the mother of three children, all his own. She became weak in the eyes, and going from bad to worse, could no more perform her house work. Help of man was soon proved vain, but in all her sufferings, the pious heart had trusted in Mary alone, calling on the heavenly queen for aid, without ceasing night or day.

“ It was at the holy Whitsuntide, and the fervour of the devout woman had risen to the highest, when, behold, as she knelt before the altar of heaven’s queen, the Virgin herself appeared, and speaking to that favoured worshipper in the tones of a loving mother, she said :

“ ‘ Come with me my child, and I will show thee the place which shall be that of thy healing.’

“ Then the sufferer followed her exalted conductress in humility and godly trust ; she was

led to a tree without a top, and the Great Protection of the world pressed her foot on one of the thick roots thereof, saying, ‘This wilderness, hath it pleased me to make rich with my benedictions.’

“Then behold what followed! from the place thus compelled by the all-powerful behest of Mary, there sprang a crystal streamlet, wherein the blind woman did but bathe her brow three times, when she found the weakness of her sight disappear, and returned to her dwelling with eyes restored!

“Whether she exalted the power of her benefactress before all men, need not be questioned, but what I have to relate is, that many who had before been careless or unbelieving, unable to resist the testimony thus set before them, repaired with her to the altar of the unblemished Virgin, and are now among the most pious votaries of Mary.”

A second of these narrations runs thus, it is called, “Seven Keys to Heaven, and Seven Chains for Hell, or the True Story of a poor soul (armen Seele).”

“The godly priest of a parish not far from the

great city of Wien (Vienna) was reading his breviary as he walked through a wood, when he heard a sort of sigh, which seemed close at his elbow, yet, on turning, he could see nobody, and continued on his way.

“But the sigh became louder and louder, nay it might at length be called a groan, when the good man, certain that something walked beside him, although he could not see the form thereof, hurried forward, his heart quivering with terror, until he reached an altar, raised to our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, which, as he remembered to his great comfort, the pious men of a more faithful period, had erected in that wood.

“Having gained the sanctuary, the priest made halt, the icy hand which fear had laid on his heart relaxed its hold, and, still hearing the dismal groan at his side, he turned boldly towards the sufferer by whom it was uttered, saying,

“‘Whatever thou art, I adjure thee, by the sovereign Lady of the Universe, that thou make known thy sorrows.’

“Then the groan became a voice, which said, ‘I am a doomed and suffering soul, dead without the succours of the church, yet was I released

from purgatory, by the intercession of Our Lady, which had been prayed for, in my behalf, by a good and pious daughter whom I left in my house when I died.

“ ‘Not worthy to be admitted into heaven, I was sent back to earth again, with command that when temptation assailed me, I should repeat the Seven blessed Keys of Heaven, which are contained in seven prayers, bestowed on me by the Queen of Heaven herself, and the seven potent Chains of Hell, comprised in seven litanies, from the same blessed hand; these precautions I adopted accordingly, and now again have I died, but this time with the sacraments of our holy church for my comfort and support in the hour of death, seeing that my sins had been few.’

“ ‘Why then art thou moaning here?’ inquired the priest.

“ ‘I am moaning’ replied the poor soul (armen Seele) ‘because the condition on which I received those treasures remained unfulfilled at my second death, and here am I condemned to wander, until some man should venture to question me as thou hast done, and should perform the task imposed on me in my place, as I well hope thou wilt do.’

“ ‘And what is thy task,’ resumed the priest.

“ ‘It is to make known in all lands, these help-means, (helf-mittel) to poor sinners like myself—to bid them repeat the same, as I have done, whenever assailed by temptations to sin, and to send them as an unfailing aid to the trembling penitent throughout the world.’

“ ‘That will I do then,’ exclaimed the priest gladly, whereupon the poor soul, no longer mourning, went its way.”

And the priest kept his word, he caused the Seven Blessed Keys and Chains to be printed for sale at small cost, and they are here, for the benefit of all, who, like that *armen Seele*, shall be tempted to sin.

Then follow seven prayers, or rather short ejaculations to the Virgin, varied only by some slight change in her titles for each one, with the seven litanies, which are in the usual manner, and set forth the attributes of her who is the chief object of the Roman Catholic peasant’s worship, in the terms now familiar to all.

We have paid a short visit to Jagermayr’s Garden, but did not think the views presented

within its limits, equal to what you may find without, and excused ourselves from making any long stay in what appears to be but a Beer-garden of no very superior class.

Not sufficiently set forth by English travellers are the merits of Ignatz Katzinger and the cradle of his invention. I am even of opinion that no one of them has ever yet described this rarity, but the injustice endured by that meritorious contrivance shall now cease.

It is at Marchtränk, between Linz and Wels, that you will find the cradle of Ignatz Katzinger; the dimensions are such as to permit two well-grown personages to be laid very commodiously within it, the material is good stout oak, clamped with iron.

It would seem that in the olden time, the married pairs of Marchtränk were renowned among neighbouring villages for the frequency and violence of their domestic discussions; not to say quarrels, if one could help it, because the word is a harsh one, but the truth of history compels the admission that even so far, if not to fighting, did the Marchtränker wives and husbands at length carry their favourite pastime.

Then it was that Ignatz Katzinger, a judicious magistrate of the period, invented his cradle, which he established in front of the Town Hall, on the 10th of November, in the year 1702. It was a gloomy season, then, as now, the month of November, the tempers of the people were doubtless exacerbated thereby, and Ignatz, who was provost of the place, and syndic of his guild, "forbye," caught a certain Andreas Holzenberger and his wife Babolette, in high discussion as he returned from mass on that memorable morning. Them did he therefore command his halberdiers to take into their keeping, and when he had caused each to be effectually wrapped in the swathing bands of infancy, he laid them side by side in the cradle.

Katzinger next set the rough nurses he had given them, to rock that couple until there might appear to be a fair prospect of their repentance.

All Marchtränk was invited by the town-crier, who went round for the purpose, to take part in the solemnity; none refused the diversion thus offered to them, and when one set of nurses became tired, another came on.

In commemoration of that "Installation of

the Cradle," which, as we regret to record, and am sure you will grieve to hear, was thenceforward brought into frequent use—a portrait of each of the first nurslings was placed on the sides thereof, and may still be seen.

The gentleman lies wrapped in his swathing bands on one side, his nightcap is tied comfortably under his chin, and the verses that follow, are proceeding from his lips, while the lady is exhibited on the other side of the cradle, she too in the act of chanting a no less doleful ditty. These pathetic strains, allowing for the deterioration they suffer in the transfer from their native German, to our mother English, are as given below :—

“ Now woe the while for me poor wight,
Make I not here a sorrowful sight ?
Helpless, rolled in these weeds I lie
As the new-born babe, and can but cry,
As he doth cry. Alack poor elf !
What a coil ! How I do pity myself !
But I'll try to be good, for then no doubt,
Good Nurse Katzinger will take me out.”

Much of the pathos escapes, as I greatly fear, in translation, and I recommend the German reader to consult the original, but pending that process

will endeavour to give a like faint idea of the verses in which wife Babolette bewails her share of the infliction.

“Oh all ye maids, and eke ye wives,
Behold my plight, and mend your lives,
Proud was I, and have had a fall,
Here do I lie, the sport of all.
Quarrel I would, and my husband too,
So here they have laid us both to rue.
No clown but halts to give us a rock,
No dirn* but helps our woes to mock;
Saying, ‘Ye that have cooked it, eat the dish,’
But oh! ’tis a sorrowful kettle o’ fish.”

These last words refer to the fact, that placed at the feet of the lady complainant is a large cauldron overturned, and I am much afraid that this implies public opinion in **Marchtränk** to have accused the wife of being the head and front of that offending. The gravers of the cauldron would doubtless intimate, that she, Babolette, had provoked her husband, but her sisters, even down to the present day, will all know how to do justice on

* This “dirn” means “wench,” there is no denying it, but we did not think the word “genteel” enough for the ears of the reader, and prefer to leave it in the partial obscurity of the original tongue.

these unworthy inuendoes ; the old classic fable of the man vanquishing the lion (in stone), will doubtless recur to the memory of all, nor will any fail to remember how significant are the words of the lion :

“ Well do we see that man, and not a lion, hath been the sculptor here.”

Verbum sapientiæ satis est—it was certainly not a woman who carved the insulting instrument of cookery for that cradle !

But, to leave dangerous topics, you will all admit, that so remarkable a fabric as this of Ignatz Katzinger’s invention, ought not to have been so long passed over in silence, and doubtless it well merited a journey to Marchtränk for its own sake, yet I must needs confess that we did not repair thither for the especial purpose of paying our respects thereto ; we did but make its acquaintance as we passed up the Danube some years since, on one of our visits to the Valhalla.

Few travellers would come within a day’s journey of that noble and beautiful structure, without proceeding to renew their acquaintance with its many attractions ; but there are many descriptions of the building, as well as of its

beautiful site, in our language, and I refrain from adding mine.

The enthusiastic reception which we had ourselves beheld his people give to their then beloved monarch, Ludwig of Bavaria, in this very spot, soon after the completion of the Valhalla, came in melancholy contrast to our recollection, as we listened to one of his late subjects lamenting the total forgetfulness in which that accomplished personage now lives. "What had he done to merit expulsion?" asked the grieving German, in tones of bitterness, nor is it by us that the reply which should justify the actors of that wrong, shall be given.

Of Ratisbon, its three cathedrals, its "Place of the Heathen," and its torture chamber, there hath also been enough indited, but if we refrain from describing this most interesting old city, we recommend all to see it, and find our own third visit even more satisfactory than the first.

In the church called the Nieder Münster, is a monumental inscription, which has not, I think, been noticed by English travellers, and which records the fate of a noble Italian lady, who perished in the Danube, at the foot of the height

on which the Valhalla now stands, on the 21st of July, in the year 1645.

“Lucretia Camilla, called *Dulcia*,” so was the lady named, “a daughter of one of the most illustrious houses of Italy, had given her hand to the German, John Francis Herold, but she had done so without the consent of her family, who long remained inexorable to her prayers, and refused to see her face. At length, the heart of her father relenting, he bade her bring her son to a certain point on the Danube, whither he had journeyed from Vienna, in which city he was sojourning, on an embassy from the Venetian Republic, and was then prepared to receive her; but the approach of her husband was still forbidden.

“The latter accompanied his wife nevertheless, having some fear of an intention on the part of her father, to bear her by force from her adopted country; but when their boat had nearly reached the place of meeting, it was overturned by a sudden squall, and the proud Italian beheld his daughter, with her child and husband, swallowed before his eyes. He then took the vows of the Franciscan order, and on the anniversary of that

catastrophe, he solemnized mass for the souls of his dead, in a chapel which he had caused to be constructed on the spot. When the ceremony was concluded, he expressed a wish to be interred beneath the altar of that chapel, when his own final hour should arrive ; the following morning he was found dead in his cell, and they laid him in the resting-place he had chosen.”

CHAPTER X.

GMUNDEN.—The mode of transit from Linz to this beautiful Lake of Gmunden, otherwise called the “Traun See,” is by a railway, but the carriages are drawn by horses, and the journey is not a rapid one. Yet there is no cause for complaint, unless the traveller chance to be in especial haste, because the road is a singularly agreeable one.

Since we left home in April last, we have rarely seen the face of a countryman, partly because some part of our road is less frequently visited by them than it merits to be, but principally because we have always been rather before the great body of travellers, who do not leave England so early, and whom we have been constantly preceding. But on leaving Linz to-day, we heard the mother tongue sounding pleasantly from the neighbouring carriage, and soon perceived that we had a goodly company of some

five or six young men, apparently collegians, before us. They had got a previous fellow-traveller of ours among them, and were making themselves very merry with him. The victim was an old Polish Jew, in a very young wig, on the admirable preservation whereof, they were complimenting the owner, after a manner not likely to gratify his vanity very highly, and this they did in a sort of apology for French, on which it would scarcely have been sincere to compliment *them*.

Why will our people content themselves with that wretched jargon which they so frequently exhibit as French. Since nearly all do now propose some day to use that almost indispensable language, and since a better manner of handling it is so easily acquired, why not acquire it? Above all, why will they pronounce what they do say, in that strange, hard, wiry fashion of theirs, which renders an Englishman's French distinguishable from that of others, to whom the tongue is also foreign, at the distance of half a mile?

Our ladies are somewhat less conspicuous in this matter, but as for our men, they are for the

most part so bad, as to be past praying for. The best excuse one finds to make for them in answer to the politely intimated remark of him "to the manner born," that he cannot understand a word they say, is by no means a good one, namely, "they won't take the trouble to speak any language but their own;" and if the native reply that this excuse is not a very adroit one, and but slightly flattering to the receiver, since it is worse than the offence, we can but admit that he is right. We could tell amusing stories of what our dear people call their "French," but why should we beat our own faces?

That ancient Hebrew, with whom those lads of ours are making sport, came, in the Dampf-Schiff, with us; all the way from Vienna, and thus we made his acquaintance; he has the usual complement of gold chain and jewellery hung about various parts of his poor old person, the decrepitude of which would be highly respectable of course, more especially in the estimation of those, who like ourselves, may be looking soon to become decrepit also, were it not for that bedizement, and for the brisk young wig aforesaid. This seems to have been placed on his ancient

pate, to the end that it may laugh at the wrinkles below ; and what a strange contrast he has thus contrived to present, that poor old Jew man, to all who must look him in the face ! Mightily doth that absurdity rejoice the hearts of our boys, and no wonder.

The man is a rich man evidently, yet is he going to the Rhenish borders, as we heard him saying on board the boat, “because this is the most advantageous season for the purchase of wines.” Hearing the old man, already more than half in his grave, say that, one could not but marvel what he should want with “profits.” He, who hath manifestly made enough thereof.

For his children you will say, and his grandchildren. Yes, I grant you that, and for his great grandchildren too, if you will, of whom he may also have good store ; but he has gathered enough for them all ; you perceive that truth beyond the possibility of doubting it ; then why must he drag those old limbs of his to make more gain ? The young wig upon his head hath perhaps beguiled him.

In our compartment of the carriage we are not so merry as our neighbours, seeing that there

is a poor lady who has lost all her baggage, and is in much tribulation. We have some hope that it may follow her by the next train, but find it very difficult to console her, poor lady.

The way goes for the most part through pleasant woods, between the openings in which there falls ever and anon a bright stream of sunlight across the road, which is very narrow, and makes windings innumerable, both circumstances contributing to the admirable effects, which these radiant showers of light, falling in happily on the graceful curves, are constantly producing; a softly coloured edge of green turf bordering the road, much increases their beauty, and the deep shadows thrown by the closer parts of the woods, supply the last finish to the perfection of all. People complain of this poor railway as a slow coach, but to us it has proved a perpetual feast.

Now it came to pass but a few days since, that my liege lord would needs know what a military officer of our acquaintance, and whom we have met in this part of Austria, thought of the Linz fortifications, but in good English fashion he would not "take the trouble," to speak our friend's language, wherefore, the poor scribe now

inditing, had herself to put sundry questions respecting them.

And what did the replies of the initiated go to prove? That the forts were of all excellence as against the townspeople! and thereupon the gentlemen made themselves exceeding merry.

But as against the enemy coming from without? Oh, as to that, these same forts are but men of straw, to be knocked to pieces by the first breath of the enemy's guns. This your servant, in her ignorance, thought a truly edifying result.

Not that one would have your citizen allowed to be too obstreperous—by no means—when he is so, he must be whipped, without doubt, but since these fortifications *were* constructed to keep out the French—why—but enough said—every one knows the rest, and if the Linz people *have* made a rod for their own backs, they are not the only people who have done so; nay, according to the learned in these matters, their clever adversaries from the banks of the Seine have very effectually followed their example.

At Lambach, we lost all our company, the German lady whose luggage has gone astray, and the Polish merchant, alone excepted. With these

we proceeded towards Gmunden, but were delayed by a train of salt waggons, when within a mile of our destination, and had to return until we came to a siding, whereat the conductor and his mates uttered more hard words than you would care to hear repeated.

And it was provoking, very certainly, more especially as night was even then falling, and this contretemps caused it to be quite dark when we arrived.

Things mostly go pretty smoothly with your vagabond servants, but here there was for a moment, some apprehension of a rub. No carriage of any kind meets the train, and the centre of the little town, where the hotels are situated, is at some distance from the station. There was nevertheless no choice but to seek these houses of entertainment through the darkness, wherefore a porter of the railway heaped all our trunks—the Jew's and ours, on a barrow, and took them into his own care.

So far all was well, but when he had done so, he darted off, along the rails themselves, which are here continued to the lake, for the purposes of the salt traffic, with such velocity, that we pre-

sently lost sight of him. Then "who was enraged?" as inquires that inimitable La Fontaine. "It was the Jew," as he furthermore replies, (with some little variation of the text). His goods and chattels were on that barrow, and that barrow had disappeared. Off set the owner in pursuit of the porter, and we all hurried after him. Then our cavalcade (minus the horses) was on this wise. First rushed the Jew, our leader, then came the writer, altogether alone, for the poor lady who was in trouble had to be cared for, and mine ordinary protector was devoting the arm mostly occupied by myself, to her service.

One lady is enough to take care of in a dark night, and by unknown paths; it was besides essential that the little dark figure of the Jew merchant, flitting before us, should be kept in view, since we did not know the way, and he did, thus I stumbled on as best I might, indeed we all trotted after him at the top of our speed.

Our procession was no very dignified show; nor was it much improved by the addition which we soon received, of some half-dozen ragged boys, who pressed offers of service on our leader, with so much pertinacity, that he finally bade them

depart to the ——— no matter for the name— which is not a musical one—suffice it to say that the personage to whom he would have sent them, was one whom nobody cares to visit, and the young gentlemen declared as much, in terms not complimentary to their adviser. This exasperated our Captain, and with some show of reason, for the wretches around him were like a cloud of hornets, but the mode of his exhortations, or rather objurgations, were so diverting to his rear rank man, *id est* myself; that the said subaltern was compelled to laugh aloud, and the rest of the force becoming infected with the like spirit of insubordination, all respect for our commander was forgotten.

If then we did not enter Gmunden in very magnificent array, we were at least a merry crew, (our captain aforesaid ever excepted), and that will sometimes do as well. The baggage was found, as my well amused liege and myself had felt assured it would be, at the door of the hotel, and we were soon all established in our respective rooms.

This morning we have been looking at the little town, and walking along the shore of the

most exquisite Lake, right glad to think that we are to make our abode within constant view of the latter, for the next six weeks.

Arriving at Gmunden in the dark, for those who are only to pass through the place, is a great loss, since that part of the road immediately preceding the town, passes through a lovely valley, with richly-wooded hills on either hand, and is remarkably beautiful. This we have already discovered, but as we shall find ample time to look further, we have little to regret, for our own part, in the matter of our late arrival.

The day has been occupied delightfully in ascending the heights that are close within reach : we have also made inquiries for the lost luggage of our fellow-traveller, which unluckily has not yet appeared, and have seen her on her way towards Innspruck, she being compelled to proceed without her belongings ; a most vexatious circumstance. In a few days we propose to seek private apartments, but for the present are content with our hotel, and can well recommend it to all who follow.

Many circumstances contribute to give a sin-

gularly animated aspect to this very beautiful lake of the Traun ; the passage of boats on its surface appears to be incessant, and although these are more frequently heavy salt-barges than graceful barks, yet they give life to the scene.

Three times daily there goes a small steam-boat from Gmunden to Ebensee, at the further extremity of the lake, which is nine miles long, and at its broadest part must needs, we think, be three miles wide. We remark with surprise, the energetic sweep with which the clear green waters dash on the shores, and looking into one or two of the German writers who describe the district minutely, we find that the wave of the Traun See is said to “rise with more power than do those of the Bodensee in Hungary—which are yet powerful—or those of Lake Lucerne, and other waters of similar character, in Switzerland.”

Wooded hills and grey rugged mountains inclose the Lake of Gmunden—(or the Traun Lake, for it is called indifferently by either name)—on every side, and these not only present a scene of extraordinary beauty, but will evidently supply rich materials for extended explorations. The character of the northern extremity, on

which the little town of Gmunden is situated, is not so bold as that of the south, but is quite as beautiful in its own way.

Fair valleys, retiring deep amidst green slopes, and hills covered with noble woods, make us exquisite pictures all around ; the latter holding—as framed within their dark shadows—the very purest and brightest of lawn-like meadows, but softer, fairer, more elegant-looking than any to which we give that name at home. These fairy nooks ought in fact to have a name of their own, our pretty word “ meadow,” though presenting the idea of something very pleasing, is far from doing them justice ; and accordingly we find that the dear, warm-hearted Germans, who look at all natural beauty, not with the appreciating eye of the painter only, but with the loving heart of the devout worshipper, have furnished them with one, of which you have said all that words can say, when you admit that it does them justice. They call these bright, sweet nooks Meads of the Angels (Engelswiesen), and even so, they are by no means over-estimated. Angels might repose in those enchanting fields, nor find themselves placed too unworthily after all.

The highest mountain on the immediate edge of the lake, is the Traunstein, to which the latter owes one of its names ; this rises grey and denuded from the water edge, a narrow path for the horses occasionally tracking the salt-barges alone remaining between the lake and the perfectly perpendicular wall which the Traunstein here presents. The height of the giant mass retains all its effects from this circumstance, and the mountain has an awful grandeur of aspect, not always found in many that are much higher.

Behind, and to the South of the Traunstein, rises the Styrian Alps, and those of the Salzkammergut, of which Gmunden is the first town, approaching that district from the north-east, as we have done. These then are the objects which are to be our daily "point de mire," for the next few weeks to come, if we have the good fortune to secure the abode we are desiring and endeavouring to obtain.

No very ambitious one is that by the way, its windows, for example, are *so* small that my companion calls them "port-holes," and it is true that they are not much larger than the perforations properly so called ; but they have the ad-

vantage of being in a floor higher than any we can find in a larger house ; thereby permitting the happy dwellers therein to see the edge of the wave, which is always a great object with us when our good fortune hath permitted us to plant our feet on the banks of a river, the sea-shore, or, above all, and as now, on the margin of some lovely lake.

And what a lake is this, and the look-out altogether, in whatever direction you turn your eyes ! Let them only give us those little rooms with their very little windows, and we shall be content ; wherefore not indeed, since the position of things is such that they open upon the whole glorious view ? the largest windows could do no better than that.

Not more than half-a mile from Gmunden is an old castle, or more properly *château*, having four little turrets covered by pointed roofs, not unlike the caps of those Chinese who figure on certain sorts of porcelain. A tower, with that oriental-looking cupola crowning the summit, which gives so much of Eastern character to many places in this widely reaching empire of Austria, likewise makes a conspicuous object in this

fabric, but is raised on what is called the castle of the Lake, a separate edifice, built, as its name implies on a rock in the lake itself, and united to the principal structure by a bridge nearly 400 feet long. Of this castle, constructed in the 11th century, the following story is related.

Sir Conrad, of Castle Eisnau—a robber-nest at the foot of the Traun-Kirchen—wholly innocent of the misdeeds committed by earlier lords of that castle, lived in it with his father, whose heir and only child he was, when it chanced that on a certain day, and as he was departing for the chase, he beheld a roe swimming over the lake, and saw that it landed in the garden of that convent for nuns which king Ottakar had founded at Traunkirchen. A fatal curiosity caused him to follow the animal, and having fastened his boat in a small cove, where it lay concealed from the convent walls, he contrived to scale the latter at the point where he had seen the roe disappear, and where, the building being considered sufficiently defended by the lake, they were not of the usual height. Here he beheld the nun Ludgarda, or as other legends have it, the lady was a boarder in the convent only, placed there in the

absence of her father, the knight of Orb, for the better security of her person in those rude times. Be that as it may, a profound affection was the ultimate consequence of this first sight, and the boat of Conrad was often to be seen rocking quietly in the little cove where he but too often fastened it, while its master held converse with Ludgarda across the narrow barrier of the convent wall, which alone separated him from her side, but which a solemn compact with the lady forbade him to pass.

These meetings were discovered, and Ludgarda was removed to the castle of Orb, while the father of Conrad, at feud with the family of Ludgarda, commanded his son to think of her no more. Discovering some time later that his commands were disobeyed, he destroyed that boat which was the only means whereby he could approach her abode, forbidding every vassal to give him aid or means for crossing the lake.

For a time the father of Conrad believed that he had succeeded in preventing his son from beholding the object of his affection, but a stormy night of autumn served to prove his error. Throughout the summer Conrad had found

strength to bear him across the waters, and he swam the lake—a second Leander—to visit the lady of his love.

The dangerous season approaching, Ludgarda extorted a promise that he would cease those perilous efforts, and her lover had stipulated for one visit more ; that made, he promised to wait for calmer waters, or the arrival of better fortune.

But even in these days, numerous are the tales daily related of the treachery of the lake, and the poor Conrad fell its victim ; departing from his home with unclouded skies, he was overtaken by the storm before he could gain the opposite shore, and Ludgarda, like her prototype Hero, found the corpse of her lover on the strand beneath their trysting place.

Then it was that the bereaved maiden did retire to the Convent of Ottakar, where she lived but a short time after her profession, and then rejoined her faithful Conrad to be separated from him no more. Ludgarda then was not a nun, forgetful of her vows, although many of those who relate her story, which is not a fiction, call it the story of Sir Conrad and the fair Nun Ludgarda.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME few days after we had reached this delicious Gmunden, we became the fortunate possessors of the nook we so greatly desired, and of its three windows, surnamed port-holes, whence we have gazed with increasing satisfaction, I will not say, all day long, but certainly many times each day, ever since. Before us, but across the lake, is a lofty hill covered with wood to its summit; half-way up is one of those gem-like meadows before alluded to, there are, besides, slopes of the softest green coming down to the clear beryl-tinted waters, wherein they are at this moment reflected beautifully. Alternating with these, in the most graceful manner possible, are pine-trees feathering the more abrupt descents even to the waves, over which they seem to hang as you look at them from this side, although there is in fact a narrow path by which the traveller may pass beneath them, as we have now done more than once, and hope to do again. This hill is called

the Himmelreich-Berg, or Hill of the Kingdom of Heaven, and seems well to merit the name, which has certainly been given to it in all seriousness ; for the Germans are not capable of that worst among bad jokes, the detestable coarseness of jesting with things serious, still less with things sacred.

On the summit of this hill are high pastures, renowned for their beauty, and also called the "fields of the kingdom of Heaven." These we hope to visit before we are many days older, but the road to them, as we are told, is very rough, very steep and very laborious ; we must therefore secure a fine day before we attempt it, lest the mists should impede our view.

I have said that the Germans are not guilty of the hateful practice of speaking lightly, when subjects that all hold sacred are in question, and this is true, but they have the bad habit of uttering exclamations such as we should think exceedingly profane, yet to which it is certain that they cannot attach the same idea, for they are too conscientious to commit so grave an offence as would otherwise be implied in the practice. This habit prevails, not among the

uneducated classes only, it may be marked in all, but we find that some are beginning to perceive its impropriety, to use the gentlest term, and we are gratified to remark that one or two of the younger Austrian ladies, to whom I have permitted myself the expression of our English opinions on this subject, acknowledge that there may be more deserving of condemnation in the practice, than they had thought. Some good and charming German girls, for whom we have an interest which amounts to affection, have even admitted that they now perceive the actual turpitude of the exclamations so frequently breaking forth, and are setting themselves earnestly to correct the habit. Returning one night from a party, where, throughout the evening, a young girl belonging to one of the first families in Bohemia, one of the Countesses ——, was incessantly exclaiming “Jesus Maria,” which is that most frequently heard, some other friends of ours, with whom the subject had been discussed before, declared themselves cured of the indifference with which they had previously heard, and even joined in, the practice, a declaration that we were very well pleased to hear.

But it must be remembered, that after all, the people of the Continent do not view the matter as we do. We have seen many proofs of this. Once in particular, being in Paris, many years since, and requesting a French waiting-woman not so frequently to use the name of the Almighty in her common conversation, she begged to know why that request was made, she having no idea that there was a shadow of reproof contained therein, and before we could reply, she had answered herself in this fashion. "Ah ! I know why ! it is that you *have* no Bon Dieu in your country, I had forgotten that !"

Yet this was in Paris, where we might expect our neighbours to know us a little better than that. But the truth is that the girl could imagine no reason for the restriction, and some confused notion of our "Heresy," which, if described to those of her class by a zealous priest, may easily be exaggerated into the monstrosities of Atheism, most probably suggested to her the reason she supposed.

The Germans, meanwhile, are not a whit behind the French in respect of the bad habit in question, and those who have been struck by

the perpetual recurrence among them of the most sacred names, on the least solemn occasions, will remark it equally here and elsewhere throughout broad Germany.

This is market day at Gmunden, and the lake has a bright and busy aspect of brisk traffic by no means without its own attraction. Boats innumerable are approaching from the opposite shores, the wives and maidens who row them bringing their barks to the strand with an ease and mastery very pleasing to behold. Each ranges her boat in good and orderly fashion beside that of her neighbour previously arrived, and though not of the most graceful forms, these "craft"—thus moored in fair regular lines, suggest ideas of order, industry, and well-being, which lend them a kind of beauty, such as you, beloved people of our dear orderly home, will all know how to appreciate.

The costume of the men of these parts is remarkable, principally for the uniform darkness of its tint: long coats and trousers rather loosely made of a brown cloth, so dark as to look nearly black, surmounted by a hat that *is* black, but of no very elegant "block"—that is the dress of

the peasants and salt miners. They vary it occasionally by hessian boots, worn with breeches, and the class immediately above them wear green hats with broad ribbons of the same colour but a brighter shade, bound tightly round them.

The last mentioned head-dresses howl fearfully at the town-bred coats, &c., affected by the wearers, and all the more because the latter delight in sticking gemsbarten (the beards of the chamois), feathers of the Lammer Geyer, or where these fail, of the pheasant and other game, jauntily therein. All this refuses doggedly to live in harmony with the work of the city fashioner worn beneath, and there results for these gentry a *tout-ensemble*, which it wont be civil to call ridiculous, but for which it would puzzle you to find any other designation.

The women have no peculiarity of dress, the large black kerchief or shawl which covers their heads, alone excepted. Two ends of that hang down behind, the other two are disposed, one over each ear, in a manner somewhat resembling the wings on the cap of Mercury; this head-dress if, well put on, is just endurable on young and comely faces, but the lines of it are somewhat

formal, the wearers press the kerchief over the brow in a mannner that gives hardness to the contours, and the head-dress, so treated, is far from producing the rich pictorial effect of the somewhat similar garb worn by the Slovak peasant women.

Over this head-gear too, our people here sometimes place a black or drab hat, in no way distinguishable from that of the men, except that it may be a little higher in the crown, and broader in the brim; this hat is atrocious, as so worn, and has not one merit to redeem it from utter reprobation. It is true that the wearers possess a head-dress of a totally different character, but they exhibit that only on great occasions: we allude to the gold cap or helmet often described by travellers as seen at Salzburg and elsewhere. This has a very brilliant effect, but in the distance is liable to be mistaken for the head-piece of the soldier, which it much resembles.

There are two churches at Gmunden, the parish church and that of the Capuchins. The former has a large number of old monuments in relief on the outside, and many of these are of much interest; some indeed, are very curious, but we have found none earlier than the first half of the sixteenth century.

The interior has the usual affluence of decoration, but there is nothing remarkable, if we except the High Altar, which is a fine one.

We have this morning paid our second visit to the Calvary Hill, with which Gmunden is furnished in common with nearly all Catholic towns in Germany or Italy, few depriving themselves of that favourite resort if they can but find or make an eminence for the purpose. The views of the lake, the Traunstein, and the Styrian Alps, to be obtained from this height, will make it an object of frequent resort to ourselves, as well as to those who go thither for purposes of devotion.

Ascending the Hill, you find it bordered by the usual number of Stations, but the sufferings of the Redeemer are depicted in a manner more than commonly fearful, the crown of thorns for example, is here forced and pressed upon the sacred brow by means of a curved instrument of wood, used by two executioners. These monsters appear to be making great efforts to compel the torturing thorns into and even through the flesh, whence dark crimson streams are descending down the face. The scourging too, is a grievous sight. All the scenes of the Crucifixion depicted—

as is usual—here, are indeed in the same objectionable manner, and merit no further mention.

On the outside of the chapel of the Calvary itself, are inscriptions of which the purport is so good and useful, that none could be better, and the simplicity, or rather quaintness, of the language in which they are couched is but another beauty. Having read these with respectful assent, you enter the building, not lightly, as when going into an edifice of a different character, but with the feeling which cannot fail to influence those who approach what is after all the House of God—whatever difference of faith there may be between yourself and those who commonly worship there.

Here, however, as often elsewhere, regret and surprise mingle largely with the feelings proper to the place, so unworthy—as it seems to us—are the exhibitions made here. A figure of Christ carved in wood, is described by the native writers as a work deserving great admiration, nor is it without merit, but the terrible truth of many among these sorrowful spectacles, is a defect the more. Here for example is a cavity wherein the Saviour is seen bound and bleeding—it may almost be said

at every pore, while the face has none of that divine calmness and majesty proper to the expression ; it exhibits on the contrary an unrestrained complaint, which the artist has exaggerated almost to despair—nay, there is even resentment in that face distorted by anguish !

Think how unlike this is to what we expect when approaching a work on the subject here in question. Another figure has the breast fairly laid open, as is also that of the Virgin, here and elsewhere, while the heart of the Saviour has flames bursting from it in all directions, and that of the Virgin-mother is pierced with swords ; the number of these is usually seven.

Lamps, formed of hearts which breathe flames, are placed before other agonizing figures, and at a word, every one of the many paintings and reliefs profusely lavished on this chapel tends to the same painful effect.

We left the place much saddened by these mistakes, but the delicious breath of the sweet hay, whereof the second crop is now lying around us in meadows worthy to take their place in Paradise, brought pleasanter thoughts. Recollections of the beautiful Baumgarten at Prague,

where the first hay of the present year had offered us perfumes equally delightful, came to give us a different subject for thought, when discourse concerning kind friends and pleasant acquaintance took place of lamentations over what cannot yet be amended, but will certainly not for ever endure.

They tell a story in these countries, of a certain Hans Steininger, whose beard was so long that he had to employ a couple of pages, one on each side of him, to bear it up. Being one day absent from his home, Hans attempted to carry that ornament without their aid, but stepping on the end of it, as he was about to leave his chamber, he tumbled headlong downstairs and broke his neck.

'Tis a very sorrowful tale, but yet, if charity did not forbid, one could half wish the same fate, or "a fright of it," at the very least, to some of the dingy Long-beards affronting one's eyes in all these regions. Why men should designedly make themselves so hideous, is a question to which none can reply. That there is much beauty in a handsome beard all will admit; but who shall

defend the revolting character of those frightful heads, buried to the chest in a rusty bush, sometimes coloured in such fashion as to look like "ill-red" hemp. It is with specimens like these then, that we think a little gentle twist of that hemp-like hair around the throat, continued only just till promise of amendment might correct the taste, and would thus much improve the looks of our continental brethren. We have happily but a moderate number of these offensive beards here, as compared with some places, because it is your townsmen, not the peasantry, who mostly sin in this sort ; but there are still more than enough to spoil the sweetness of one's temper.

At a short distance from Gmunden, is one of those arch-old (Uralt) churches, which almost always prepare a disappointment for the visitor, because the work of restoration — sometimes perhaps inevitable, but often an unpardonable wrong—is invariably found to have deprived them of all character.

This is less the case at Altmünster, the church in question, than in many that we have seen, the high pointed roofs still maintain a

singular quaintness of aspect, yet this is not all that one expects from an ecclesiastical edifice which was called "*Antiquissima Parochia*," so early as the year 1236, and we have therefore endured some disappointment even here. The picture of the High Altar is by Sandrart (1630), and there is another altar piece of some merit by a master not known to the present writer, called Restfeld. But the work of art which commonly attracts the traveller to this place, is the monument in red marble, raised to the memory of Adam Count Herbersdorff, Stadthalter of Linz at the time when that town was beleaguered by Stephen Fädinger and Achaz Wiellenger of the Au.

This monument is a figure in relief of Herbersdorff himself, fully armed and standing seven feet high. He is declared by the historian Kurz, to have been a weak man of violent passions, rendering him unfit for the office he held as Stadthalter of Linz, and the truth of that remark is made evident by the murderous cruelties inflicted on the hapless peasantry, when the latter, having risen in insurrection, had been subjugated by his troops. For when did the weak and incapable man know mercy towards

those who had made his insufficiency manifest, as happened in this case.

The followers of Fädinger were mistaken and misled, but that does not excuse those who slaughtered them when they were no longer in a condition to resist. A man powerless for good, yet proving himself to be potent in evil, was Herbersdorff, and we went to Altmünster, not so much to visit his monument as to see the old church and the surrounding heights, which are infinitely lovely.

A great city is affirmed to have once flourished in this district, and traces of its existence are said to have been found even of late years, in a wide circle around Altmünster, but of these we saw none. The "Grand Emporium" of the place is nevertheless one of some pretension and bears the varied wealth of its stores emblazoned in fine gay colours on the doors and windows—candles, sugar, soap, shoes, hats, cheese, bread and other things useful—with showy tassels, top-knots of sorts, and numerous varieties of the like kind, exhibit their allurements over the whole surface of the house. Opposite to this establishment is seated a very magnificent

there tailed bashaw : here, as in all Austria, this is the certain guide of him who would buy tobacco, and where is the German who does not desire to be a purchaser of that commodity ?

Be it known, moreover, to all whom it may concern, that "Crescentia Heberg" makes her abode at Altmünster. She gives you to know that fact in the good leisurely German fashion, which makes so comical a contrast with our few and hurried words. Thus, Crescentia "royally and imperially examined and certified hebamme," or midwife "is to be found ;" she informs you, " here, in this house, at the sign of the golden goose," an inscription which I record for the sake of its dignified length as well as for the classic elegance of that dainty appellation " Crescentia," which looks so amusingly out of place in the midst of it.

At the distance of a mile or so from Altmünster is Ebenzweier, the summer residence of the Archduke Maximilian of Austria-Este. Simple and unpretending, this castle—so called—may suffice to give the stranger an idea of that singular disregard of pomp and circumstance, described by their subjects as not unfrequently marking the personal habits of the imperial family.

Few would guess this plain looking abode to be the seat of so exalted a personage—but it is not a solitary example, the Emperor Francis, and his son the Ex-emperor Ferdinand, had palaces of no higher pretensions, which were nevertheless much beloved by both—Lubereck, on the Danube for example. The present Emperor, although so young a man, is said to have very little taste for the pomps of his position ; and if one may judge from his looks—as I think it possible to do—he certainly has too much good sense to set undue value on them.

CHAPTER XII.

I SAID we proposed, as soon as possible, to reach the Meads of the Kingdom of Heaven, which are much vaunted for their beauty by the German guide-books, as well as by the good people of Gmunden. But neither guide-book nor Gmundenite has done them justice: most appropriately are they named, as we do verily believe; at least, it is not given to human imagination to conceive of anything that can go beyond them in perfection of loveliness.

The road is a stony, steep and fatiguing path for some short distance after leaving the line of the railway, along which you walk for a certain distance, and as you do so, you have the strangest little green nooks on either hand, surely the *very* greenest and most fairy-like that ever did frame in the prosaic sods of an Eisenbahn, or iron-path, as they here call it. Banks of velvet softness close in fair miniature meadows

of colour and character equally fair. One might expect to see them tenanted by that dainty kind of shepherdess whose porcelain delicacy made the ornament of our "summer parlour" in the olden time; but that would be to ensure oneself a singular disappointment, seeing that the sole representative of the shepherdess genus in these regions is a very common-place creature indeed.

Woods of most welcome shade succeed to the first rough "pull-up"; but the paths by which alone these are to be ascended are excessively steep. Yet this circumstance has its advantage, since one is thereby induced to turn frequently round, when the glades that open before you, with the bright sunshine falling into their exquisite recesses, make you rich amends for the toil you undergo. One of the points at which we thus stood we thought more lovely than all the rest, and were rejoicing in the sight of it, when our attention was called to a much less agreeable object. High on the trunk of the tree against which we leaned for rest, was affixed a rude painting, which we at first took for one of those Marienbilds, or images of the Virgin, so fre-

quently found in that situation ; but a second look showed us that it was something different. On the ground lay extended the insensible form of a woman, from whose head there poured a crimson stream, staining the earth all around her : close beside was a large burthen of wood, such as we had seen women bearing down the difficult path of the forest that very day : this poor creature, then, had evidently fallen over the steep bank—it was scarcely to be called a precipice—sinking suddenly into a ravine at that point, while so employed, and was to all appearance dead. But the figure of the Virgin, hovers, or rather is seated in the air above the insensible woman ; beams of light are proceeding from her person, they fall on the sufferer, and you clearly understand that she is miraculously saved ; an inscription beneath this representation informs us, in fact, that the woman was saved by the merciful interposition of Maria.

Looking more narrowly at the picture, we perceived that the deep hollow into which the poor creature had fallen, was one immediately beneath our feet, and the tree against which we were leaning had its place in the painting, being in

such a position, as to show that we stood on the exact spot where the accident had occurred.

Continuing our ascent, we came to a solitary hill-farm, and immediately beyond the buildings was the first of that series of lovely meadows, the highest of which bears the name before mentioned. Here we found a troop of haymakers cheerfully busied with their second crop of hay. A youth, apparently the farmer's son, was bringing the slight waggon of the country, drawn by two oxen, very cautiously up the acclivity, and as he got to the uppermost limit of the meadow, which formed a singularly beautiful range of terraces, he caused his whip to produce a sound so sharp as to bring out clear echoes from the surrounding hills. This he repeated again and again, evidently well satisfied with his performance, as were we, his audience, who sat listening to that music as we rested ourselves at a short distance from the team.

Now as we had passed through a certain part of the way, there was a woodman occupied with his labour beside our path, of whom we asked if we were in the right direction; he replied that we were, but added that we might find it difficult

to hit the exact road as we got higher up; he therefore offered us his son, a boy some ten years old or so, who sat there beside him, as our guide: we thought the assistance needless, and declined it, but when we had bidden adieu and proceeded some little way on, the child came trotting after, and perceiving that he was thinking of the few kreutzers to be earned, we refrained from sending him back. But therein we made a mistake, seeing that our self-elected guide was by no means competent to the task he had undertaken. After we had left the haymakers, the boy took a direction which we did not believe to be the right one, yet he maintained so confidently that we must go by the path to which he pointed and gave such good reasons for not taking the road which my companion believed to be right one, that we yielded to what ought to have been his better knowledge, as he said he had been often at the Himelreich Wiese, while we were approaching it for the first time, and followed him on the path he took. A pleasant, and even lovely one it was. I thought, for my own part, that we must needs be going right, since the boy said so, and I trotted contentedly forward; not so my

lord and master, he affirmed that the boy was wrong, as in fact he proved to be.

After passing through a broad belt of woodland, which we ought not to have entered at all, our guide brought us out on what was certainly so beautiful a specimen of the high pastures we had come to visit, that we had so far abundant reason to be satisfied, but we were nevertheless persuaded that this was not the place, certain indications with which we had made ourselves familiar before starting, were wanting here, and my rarely mistaken companion still insisted that we had not reached our goal; spite of all the boy's assertions to the contrary. For myself, the child's face of conviction and content would without doubt have contented me also, but then there was my stubborn liege still unsatisfied, and he is so seldom in the wrong, as to my confusion I have often to confess, that your poor servant became dissatisfied too.

Meanwhile we sat down to enjoy the glorious spectacle before us: the bright beautiful lake lay far beneath, our cheerful Gmunden sat pleasantly at the point point where is the outlet of the lake by the River Traun, and that exqui-

site river itself was seen winding its way between finely coloured rocks until lost in the far, far distance. This was our view to the right and immediately in front; towards the left, but still quite near, we had the two Castles of Ort, that of the land and that of the lake, with their towers and turrets, the latter wearing those caps of theirs—which look as if borrowed from Chinese Mandarins—as is their wont. Looking along the bright waters, still further to the left, we had Altmünster, and the Arch-Ducal seat of Ebenzweier, followed by Traunkirchen, where the rocky mountains come forward fairly upon the lake in such sort as to form what seems, but is not, its close. All this we possessed from our seats on the cool soft grass, a most welcome resting place after the heat and toil of that latter portion of the way, which the unlucky misguidance of the child had rendered more than ever laborious. Dismissing then that young woodman, better satisfied with his kreutzers, though they were but few, than we with his services, we continued for our own part to take all “the good the gods provided,” and that to our hearts content. A rich provision it was too, and highly should we have enjoyed it, save always for the kind of doubt still remaining.

After a time we began to think of our descent, and got down to the haymakers accordingly, but we had had some idea of another visit that might possibly be joined with this, and entered into conversation with the young man of the whip in relation to that purpose.

The object in question, was to gain a certain Lake called the Laudachsee with which our German guide-book had greatly tempted us.

The youth was well acquainted with the place, and said that the Lake was not difficult to find, nor the way a very toilsome one: in both of these assertions he was wrong, as we have since found, although he had no intention to mislead us: but he described the distance as full two hours—the invariable mode of counting distances here—from the place where we then were, and advised us by no means to attempt it that day, wherein he was quite right.

Knowing the danger, as well as discomfort, of being caught by night-fall on the mountains, we had indeed at once determined on deferring our visit to the Lake, when told the distance, but, still unsatisfied as regarded the Himmelreich Meads, we inquired respecting them also, and

found that the meadows we had seen were not they; having some three hours of sunshine still before us, we then resolved to seek them by the way we should have taken if unattended by the woodman's boy, and returned up the mountain accordingly in the direction which my companion had all along desired to take.

Great and very great was our reward! Making our exit from a dark wood, traversed by a steep and rugged road, we came suddenly upon what we felt sure must needs be the place itself: a perfect Eden in its unspeakable loveliness. There, indeed, we had found the Meads of Heaven! they lay immediately before us, and most aptly we at once declared them to be named.

In perfect satisfaction at our success, which had been so nearly compromised, we paced the soft turf with more than common gladness. What a paradise is this delicious place! beyond doubt, if the blessed aspect of Nature in her best beauty, could ever be too well-loved, it would be here that one might be in most danger of committing that idolatry.

On three of its sides, the Himmelreich is framed in by woods, still continuing upwards,

and through a part of which we had made our way to its gracious presence, but on the fourth, that fair broad table-land is bounded by a deep and also richly-wooded glen, which sinks down from it suddenly. This also we would fain explore, but do not hope that the little now remaining of the fair season will permit us to do so.

The summit of the Traunstein rises grandly over the uppermost limit of that bright Eden, into the midst of which we had so happily fallen, and appears to be so near that you might almost fancy you had but to stretch forth your hand and touch the royal brows of the grey old monarch—for such is the rank and state of the Traunstein among the mountains bordering our Lake—but he who would do so much, must first climb many a rugged mile nevertheless, and all the German guides agree that the ascent is dangerous as well as difficult. The modest ambition of the present Rambler does not soar to that height, but is content with admiring at a distance, so only the point of view be not too far off to permit a distinct sight of the royal features, and here we have them to perfection.

The manner of these exquisite meadows—

since we can find no better name—seeing that “Lawn” presents the idea of something villa like, and formal, and these “Wiese” are indeed the unspoiled children of nature—their manner of being, I say, is on this wise. They live apart in elegant isolation, all wearing soft silvery robes of clear green, which are bound by a cincture of dark pine colour. Each sits enthroned on her own ample domain, her portion of the mountain, and is divided from that of her beautiful sisters by a broad tract of woodland, or by an impervious screen of trees, at the least—yet not as planted by design, all is wild and inartificial as the painter himself could desire. The meadows, themselves, rise in terraces more or less elevated, each ascending gracefully from its lowermost point in the one belt of wood, to the termination of its bright appanage in the next above it: some of these terraces are gentle eminences only, while others form almost precipitous acclivities, which it is a task of some labour to surmount. Of that last description, was the one to which our little would-be counsellor misled us for the Himmereich, but which we now find is called the Snow-mead.

Having traversed the fairy-like scene in all its length and breadth, we prepared to depart with the less reluctance, since we were to revisit the whole, on our way to the Landachsee. The sound of a bell drew our attention to the neighbouring wood, and we there found a herd-boy with whom we held some talk concerning the road to that Lake (which road was none by the way) the shortest mode of descent, and other matters of similar import. The peasantry of these countries are rarely picturesque, although the man of art who could not turn them to good account would be but a poor master.

This boy, however, *was* picturesque, and his large shadowy hat crowned his figure most appropriately. We had decided that the shortest way home, as described by our herd-boy, was no path for your scribe, and we prudently set off to return as we had come ; but an opening into the descending woods, of a character too tempting to be resisted, beguiled us adown them, until, after aiding ourselves by the trees, and holding on as long as we could stand, we found that to do so was no longer possible : what we had taken for a path did but lead to a cleft down which the

woodcutter occasionally casts the trees he fells, and we were fain to clamber back as we best might. The counterbalance to this piece of needless labour, was, that we obtained a second sight of the Himmelreich, where we again rested for a time, and then commenced our descent in good earnest.

In those remote regions, which it is our best loved occupation to explore, around whatever place may serve as our abode of the moment, when merely travelling as now, we do but rarely meet with idlers like ourselves. But this time, and when we had but just got clear of the woods that belt the Himmelreich, we encountered four ladies, all alone; these were the widow and daughters of the late Colonel Count D——, who had come like ourselves to see the beautiful recluse. There was still half-an-hour of sunlight, which might suffice to permit their return to the lower levels before darkness had set in, but they were later than prudence would advise, even in the case of natives. As to the stranger, he is guilty of great rashness if he permit himself to be detained on the mountains after nightfall.

On the edge of the lowermost range of woods,

those which rise but slightly above the level of the Lake, there is one of those way-side chapels frequently found along Austrian roads, but more especially abounding in this neighbourhood: a seat is placed opposite to and at some distance from it, and when we had rested for a short time on this, we entered the chapel. About the altar hung many of those small wax figures of hearts, limbs, or the whole person, which are vowed to the Virgin or his patron Saint, by the peasant when in sickness. The walls are almost covered with small pictures representing accidents of more or less gravity, from which the person subjected to them has been saved by the interposition of the Virgin or Patron, to whom these pictures are then devoted in sign of gratitude. One man lay behind a horse which had thrown and kicked him, for example; another came rushing from a burning house, while a third was struggling beneath the flood-gates of a mill-stream. A woman was seen extended on the earth, while a carriage was passing over her, and over all are figures of the Virgin and child, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by the Votary's Patron Saints, or the three persons of the Trinity; but

the Virgin herself is never absent. A poor woman, heavily burdened with a great sack, approached the building as we retired, she laid her charge on the steps leading to the chapel, and reverently entered its walls, within which we left her with an earnest desire that she might not fail to find the comfort she sought. Nor was there any cause for doubt that she would do so ; such would be vouchsafed to her, approaching that shrine as she evidently did, in the simplicity of a child-like trust. Widely as we differ from the priests of her faith, we cannot but look with sympathy and respect at these little white buildings, endowed as they are with the power to furnish such aid as this poor woman sought.

The second crop of hay, which gives the country so delightful an aspect, and the perfume of which delights the passer-by—myself in particular—is not held in great esteem, as product, by my more far-seeing companion, who considers our own plan of having but one haymaking a much better one, and would fain see cattle eating what these people are labouring to gather. He makes very frequent outcries against the modes of cultivation here practised, and says the people

are very bad farmers : valuable fields that ought to be fruitful, since the land, he tells me, is admirably good, are fairly choaked and overrun with weeds. This is much to be lamented, a little for the sake of those farmers themselves, but a great deal for that of myself, who is often called on to pull up, and must make a long face of pity for those poor turnips killed by the "quicks," when there are things better worth looking at than a miserable field of weeds that only *ought* to be one of turnips ; yet the handsome specimens of that family, of whose acquaintance we can boast, in the mother-land, are a really pleasant spectacle, with their vigorous looks and their good green coats on. What would A. B. say to this ? and how blank would C. D. look at that ! is a question and remark to which the answer is not difficult, but when A. B. and C. D., or others, equally learned in crops, shall come here, I mean to counsel that they shut their eyes when a field of turnip hovers in the distance, else will they make *their* visit a perpetual Jeremiade.

The wealth of fruit which loads the trees along every lane and road, is something more agreeable,

and here, as in other parts of middle Europe, is an object of continual astonishment. Pears, in particular, crowd the trees in thick clusters. Plums and apples are also in the richest abundance, but scarcely any are of a good kind, and the fallen fruit lies about ungathered, even by the children who run barefooted over it.

The sound of a well-sustained chaunt has called us the windows, and we find that a funeral is passing. The banners of the church, followed by two priests of very reverend aspect, precede the coffin, on which is laid a large garland, while others are borne after it. A train, composed first of men and boys, then of women and girls, comes in long file after the body. The men and boys, with bare heads, commence the chaunt, which is taken up, as they discontinue it, by the women and girls; the effect, from that excellence of the German ear for tune, which we all know, is pleasing, though solemn and mournful. I think I have detected one cause for the early aptitude in music not unusual in German children, in the fact that the father may often be heard whistling the chromatic scale in low sweet tones to an

infant not a year old, the mother in her turn, and at other times, singing the same with equal softness, and the child doing its best to catch and imitate the sounds. Our infants meanwhile, are listening to nursery songs, not set to any music at all, at that age; may not this have some effect, and could we not do something better for our babes?

The funeral took me from what I was about to say, and I return to it, before leaving the subject of production.

Two days since we walked along a certain portion of the railway, for the purpose of seeing that part of it which we had passed in the gloom of evening on entering Gmunden, and found that we had done well in choosing that walk, since it is quite too beautiful to be lost.

Returning homeward, we took our way across the country, and saw a man sowing wheat; his method of proceeding was far from obtaining approval from the somewhat critical eyes to which he was unconsciously submitting his labours; the short talk we held with him resulted in nothing very satisfactory, and we passed on. But at a little distance from his field, we found another,

admirably well ploughed, and looking very handsome, as a well ploughed field always does. At the edge of it, and as near the centre of its length as might be, was a circle drawn, and in the midst of that a cross with the letters I.H.S., as seen on the altar-cloth of our own churches, very carefully raised in a kind of relief on the brown and freshly turned soil.

Now I could not but think that a good and grateful thought had presided over this little work, and if there was a tinge of superstition herein, and if the poor peasant did fancy he was preparing a talisman to guard his field, as well as expressing thankfulness for a work successfully performed; yet, let him who is without a tinge of superstition alone presume to cast the first stone at him; I at least have no right to do so, until I can listen to ——'s admirably told ghost-stories, without the thrill that they have hitherto never failed to send through all my being.

At a lowly hamlet, which made the end of our this day's walk, there stood one of those large, but very common-place dwellings, that so frequently deform the villages of the Continent,

and have the air of habitations chopped from some vulgar street of a town : opposite to this was fixed one of those paintings, intimating an accident, and on looking nearer, we found an inscription to the effect, that on the 16th of December, in the year 1849, Johann Wolfgang Stigelmayr had there fallen dead in a fit of apoplexy. The man lay stretched on the earth in the foreground accordingly, while an exact portrait of the ill-looking house, just alluded to, occupied the background, and showed that the man had fallen across its doorway. Above all were the three persons of the Trinity, with the Virgin, and behind them, but at some distance, two Saints, St John Nepomuck and the Bishop St. Wolfgang, the latter distinguished by the axe, which is his attribute ; both patron Saints of the dead man. The reader of the inscription was furthermore exhorted to pray for the soul of him who had met that awful death, and no one, holding his faith, will neglect to do so ; the peculiarities of the Catholic creed in regard to those who departed from life without the Sacraments, causing all to hold such a misfortune in profound horror.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE first tints wherewith Autumn is wont to gild the trees, are beginning to appear here and there on the Himmelreich, and we have this day fulfilled our purpose of ascending it again in our way to the Landachsee. Heavy dews lay on the ground at our breakfast hour, and vapours too delicate to be called mist, were floating away before the sun, which rose most brilliantly. We had received many warnings as to the choice of our day, and knowing the importance of fine weather among the hills, rejoiced much in our good fortune. Giving some little time for the sun to dry the dews, we then departed in high glee, and reached the foot of the mountains without let or hindrance.

But we had scarcely got into the woods, when a few light flakes of mist began just to veil the sun. Yet as the day was rather warmer than is desirable for much walking, that appeared to

me to be only another piece of good fortune, until I saw the "gude-man" eyeing them doubtfully. Then your servant also looked sagacious with all her might, but at the bottom of her heart, felt quite at ease on the subject. Higher and higher clomb the dear rough path, and with it clambered we—past many a point before admired, but which the mists were making every moment less distinct. They must needs be merely transient, nevertheless, we thought—with so bright a sun and so cloudless a sky, the deep blue of which still continued apparent as the beautiful gauze-like vapours floated along, but the fear lest they should thicken became every moment stronger. On the other hand, how mortifying if one returned and then saw them clear off and leave all bright, later in the day! So we kept on, but things got even worse, and by the time we reached the highest dwelling, every object, even the nearest, was hidden in cold blue mist which was no longer a gauze-like vapour. We then began to hesitate, but at a short distance further up, we came upon two charcoal burners, and though the first deigned us no word nor sign beyond the lifting of his

grim cap, the second cheerily came forward to give us a greeting, and we asked him what of the mist? "It is nothing at all," said he with a look of perfect assurance, "you will be soon through it, and there is bright sun-shine above."

Then, indeed, did we feel mightily comforted, for these hill-folk hate the mist, and never recommend any one to trust themselves on the mountain while it prevails. On we paced therefore, with hearts elate as to the future, but might as well have been under a shower-bath at that present. Cold, wet, and penetrating, that pale and heavy shroud had turned the hot day to winter chillness, and then the look of things! nothing could be more spectral, less unlike what it had been when we last beheld the delicious woodland we were traversing. Single trees, and groups in particular that we had praised, as fit to make the ornaments of our noblest parks, now stood ghost-like and melancholy; nay, they seemed absolutely to shiver in the chill columns of dense vapour that all but hid them.

It required all one's faith in the hill-man to go on, but we did so, and well it was; we had all but gained the Himmelreich without

change of any kind, when, almost before any improvement had become manifest, it was obvious that we were "getting above it," as the man had said. The wood lay still in mist, but a few steps more and we should be out of the wood; we made those steps, and with a suddenness, the effect of which was like magic, we fairly stepped from under the canopy and curtains of a perfectly impenetrable vapour into the very brightest sunshine, and this was on to the Himmelreich itself. Beyond the circlet of wood then the vapours had not come, insomuch that the ground, which some few yards below was literally steeped as in a heavy rain, was there perfectly dry, and did not even damp the hand which I pressed on it in ascertaining that fact.

Now we have all our lives been familiar with mist on the mountains; acquainted with almost every Pass in Switzerland, we have met this enemy to the traveller but only too often—we have passed through belts of it, and come out in the sunshine above, as all Alpine travellers have done, but so suddenly and so strangely as now, never.

Then the spectacle that lay beneath us when

we had got into the radiant sunlight was most wonderful. We have watched the mists rushing about the hills in our own country—in North Wales more especially—as well as on the Alps and other mountains abroad ; but this was wholly different. All the rich landscape below was annihilated, it is true, but in its place, was not, as it seemed, the cold freezing substance through which we had passed and from whose chilling effects the glowing sunbeams were but just sufficient to recover us—not that, but a tossed and heaped and tumbled sea of the most ethereal looking substance that imagination can conceive, nay, that any such could be visible to the eyes, is what imagination itself can scarcely realize. Snow newly fallen, is very delicate, but new-fallen snow would have looked coarse beside that aerial creation : the down-like waves—but how much lighter than down—were brilliantly white at their summits, while a pearly tint, of which no words could render the perfect beauty, seemed to mark the shadows, and, here deeper, there paler and more faint, passed away into the lights with a delicacy which might have made a painter resign himself to despair.

My calm companion, not easily roused to admiration, did here stand fairly entranced in wonder and delight. He does but rarely exclaim, though the stars fall down, but this spectacle unsealed the lips of him, and once and again he bade all know, how that he never had seen, and had never hoped to see, a sight like *that*.

And thus did things remain for some considerable time, not much changed, although in perpetual movement, and as if stirred by the breath of angels, but after a time it began to vary. First, the soft depths of that ethereal ocean seemed to reveal themselves as they would give their hidden wealth to view, then came forth piece after piece of the previously lost landscape, looking like islands in some never before imagined sea. Next the lake itself, all bright and beautiful, came smiling from beneath its veil. Then masses of more or less volume began to float away and, these continuing to separate, the whole gradually melted into thin air, the wondrous spectacle was at an end, and the country beneath lay basking beneath the blessed sunbeams just as we had left it.

Much had we been disposed to murmur at

that terrible mist, which had really become a serious matter, but not twenty drenchings would be too much to pay for what had followed, and we sat in our lovely Himmelreich a much rejoicing pair of mortals.

To enhance the pleasure, we had that morning met the letter carrier as we left the house, and had had despatches from England put into our hands. These we sat down to read when the last flake of vapour had departed—(what miserable marplots are words, to call such things by names like that!)—when that was over, then, and our eyes could be persuaded to turn from what had previously held them fixed, we took our seats on a pleasant mound, and reposing upon a delicate sofa of velvet moss, we read our letters from home, as aforesaid. We had made the whole ascent without a pause, which was much to do, the steepness of the way considered, so now we rested and read, and read and rested, in the very luxury of ease and enjoyment. Friends, good and beloved, well and cordially were your kind words welcomed! Then we resumed our walk, but after a certain time we fell into a sea of troubles, which was far from

resembling that other sea wherein we had so gloried on the Himmelreich, and very effectually “brought us to our senses,” as folks say when they mean to be very cross, and to threaten their neighbours with every manner of mischief.

Up through grave woods with rich red-brown paths, across beautiful pastures, and then out on lofty platforms of rock and richly tinted moss, these last looking full in the face of the Traunstein, whose whole broad mass stood then before us—all went to admiration. The lake, with every one of its mountains on either shore, was given to view, and far beyond were the Alps of Styria, one portion of them white with snow.

Nothing could be better or more successful, we made our way delightfully, and having reached the highest point we were to traverse, found a descent of almost equal loveliness, which we pursued with quite as much satisfaction. We had not seen a living creature since bidding adieu to the friendly charcoal-burner, but now we heard the tinckling of a cow bell, and a moment after saw the herd whose leader bore it, coming slowly up the side of the mountain. The cattle passed and then came the herdsman, who

was no other than our acquaintance of the first visit we had made to the gladdening and glorious Himmelreich.

Loud and cordial were then the greetings exchanged ; all parties pulled up to perform the ceremonies of salutation, two sheep and a goat, which seemed to be the herd-boy's pets, joining themselves gravely to the company. Among other questions then discussed, was the not unimportant one of how far we might yet be from the Landachsee, and the boy said a quarter of an hour, he then gave us what ought to have served as directions and went his way.

But I think he took our good luck with him though it certainly was not of *malice prepense*, and very wise people might call the notion a superstitious one ; any way we began to blunder from that moment, and ended by leading ourselves a most special dance. Mr. Boy had said "take a cattle track to your right." But we could not find that track and went forward to a point which we afterwards found was much beyond it. At a word, we continued descending through the woods for an hour and a half, and when, very certain that we had lost our way, we did at last come out—happily in a valley where there *were*

some habitations— we found that we had overpassed the Landachsee—as indeed we knew must be the case—by the distance of an hour!

Pour le coup! that *was* a mistake! and the descent had been so fatiguing too, at the latter part! But there was no remedy, carriage-roads and even bridal-paths were alike absent from that region of faultless beauty, which, as we could even then see, was more like a dream of Eden than a pure reality in the realms of earth. All help, such as those “appliances” called coaches and horses, might have given, was therefore quite out of the question, tired or not, our own feet must still be our only servants, and after a short repose we set forward again.

The place into which we had stumbled, was a strangely formed hollow, sunk deep amidst the woods, its whole surface tossed into the most extraordinary undulations, or rather into heaps and hollows, their colour a perfectly radiant green, to which the dark framing of the pine forest, out of which the place seemed to be scooped, gave additional brightness. Through the lowest deep of that lower deep, ran a crystal brook, and over a slight bridge of planks crossing that rivulet, the good folks tilling a field that

would perhaps be called large in fairy-land, but which might have been hidden beneath a fair sized table-cloth, directed us to proceed. There were some ten of them, men and women, working about in various parts of their beautiful nook—but oh, such people! Goitres, which had reduced some of them almost to Cretinism were on every throat; none of them were old, yet their dark-brown wrinkled faces made them look as though they had lived centuries. In this scene of wonderful perfection, the inhabitants were as hideous as their abode was fair, and that is saying as much as can be said. Now it is not mere roughness of exterior that can repel us, however rough it may be, we care little for that; even rudeness of manner does not always disturb our equanimity, and these poor creatures were not rude, but there was a something in these people, that to say the least of it, was well calculated to keep one at a distance. It was not ugliness, it was not rudeness, the repulsion exercised by them was of a different character; the truth is that they did not look wholesome, and it was with reluctance that we drew near enough to talk with the poor creatures. Yet we saw that

a guide was indispensable, and begged one of them to accompany us for that purpose, but all said they could not leave their work, even though certain of being well paid, and we were compelled to leave the bright valley disappointed and malcontent.

Nor did the directions they gave us long suffice, very soon were we again bewildered among the cattle tracks which render a thoroughly wild country, more particularly woods or moorlands, so puzzling to the wayfarer. Happily we had only just made the discovery that we were again at fault, when a certain hovel, which the Cretinous people had told us we should find on our way appeared in sight, and the poor woman, its mistress, gave us her daughter, a pleasant looking girl of twelve years old, to show us the path.

By her aid then we did at length reach the Landachsee, after plunging into another of those strange capricious hollows, with one solitary brown chalet only, to profit by the green luxury of its soft recesses, and next traversing woods of as remarkable character and beauty. But the poor child had been scarcely a minute in our company before we discovered that she was stone-deaf; no

sound, not even the loudest cry, could reach her, and of course entirely dumb. Thus it would seem, that from some cause, or most probably from many combined, these Eden-like vales are doomed to be the poison of their inhabitants. A peasant, wholly free from goitrous excrescences, is rarely seen, and this poor girl, whose face was the only one we had seen that did not look diseased, seemed to be enduring the consequences of her location in another manner. She had eyes of much feeling and intelligence, the pretty creature, and these looked with great compassion and very sweetly at myself when she had at length begun to comprehend that I was fatigued; very pleasing also was their expression as she kissed our hands in bidding adieu. Then, as we watched her with much interest commencing her homeward way, by those paths of which she could not comprehend the beauty, we saw her pause to re-examine the few small coins that had been her hire, a very paltry sum it was—nay I will not tell you the amount, certain that you will give us credit for more generosity than we had shown—but she had probably never possessed so much before; the face that was already looking at us, as I said,

with a lovely expression, took a still brighter aspect, and reddened with satisfaction as she received her guerdon. So she departed, but again and again she turned back to give us another cordial salute, until at length she was lost in the wood, and we could see her no more.

The Lake is a very small one, as we expected, its banks have not much character, and that disappointed us greatly, as we had been led to expect more. The shores are reedy too, a defect by which the Lakes of Italy and Switzerland are deprived of much of their beauty, while those of this country are, for the most part, almost wholly free from reeds. The Lake of Lugano, in the first named country, and of Wallenstadt in the second, are exceptions, but there are few besides, while the Gmunden Lake or Traun See is perfectly clear from sedges at all points, a few hundred yards about Altmünster alone excepted.

The position of the Landachsee is certainly very singular, buried as it is among huge grey mountains, of which, what our German guide calls "the back walls of the Traunstein," forms one gigantic mass. There is an echo too, which does not repeat words, but returns sounds in a man-

ner not heard elsewhere. It repeats the Jodeln, for example, in certain states of the air. The deep shadows thrown over the valley of Landach by those awful mountains, amidst which the Lake lies buried, impart to the latter a serious, not to say melancholy, aspect, which has given rise to more than one grim legend. Here, according to one of the old German writers who allude to the district (for I find none who have minutely described it), met the wicked brothers Erdomund and Waldobert, when they had resolved to cast their aged father into the Lake as an offering to the demon Luco, whose stores of gold are guarded beneath its waters. The Ritter Lamprecht's daughter, is declared to hold her revels in the neighbouring woods, and here, as in her ancient seat of the Schlosswald, the adventurer who does not fear to hunt with her sable hounds, will be infallibly conducted to such game, as the boldest of Nimrods, whose glory and desire are bounded by the trail of a fox, never saw in a dream, he nor his fathers before him.

On the summit of one inaccessible height, is a silver goblet, ever flowing over with streams of no ordinary drink, but with that which represents

the purest, namely, the brightest new “Ferdinands,” or whatsoever other denomination may be that of the gold-coin highest in estimation at the time being, while in the “Heathen’s Caves,” by which another of these dark barriers is said to be perforated, there are jewels left by the misbelievers of an olden world, which are such as must put to shame all the cabinets of our best-provided Queens, once their splendours are brought to light.

One thought pervades the greater part of these legends—Wealth, namely, to be acquired by him who is bold enough or wicked enough to fulfil the conditions attached to its attainment. But in one related to us at the Landach Lake, by the only dweller on its somewhat desolate shores, there is a slight deviation from the ordinary manner.

Once on a time, this authority declares, there stood a magnificent castle where the Lake is now seen, and the heiress of the same was the beautiful Luitpolda, whose lover was the poor Knight of Castle Hungerstein—not an inviting appellation for an abode, certainly. So the lady scorned his suit, whereupon the Knight bore his

sorrows to the shrines of St. Mary the Egyptian, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary, for both of whom he had "an especial devotion." These patrons of the Knight exhorted Luitpolda to a more merciful consideration of her lovers claims, accordingly, but as she still remained obdurate, they united their forces for her reward, and wheeling her castle, with herself therein, beneath the yawning depths of a gulph, which they caused to open for her especial benefit, they established the Lake we now behold in its place, with what advantage to Sir Grimbald of the Hungerstein does not appear.

The good woman who related this legend was an evident authority with the few woodcutters that form her public,—where is distinction not sought and found? A little dozen of these, be the same more or less, had congregated around her hut during the short half hour that we sat there to take our greatly needed refreshment, with a few minutes for rest, and we gathered from their patois enough to understand that our own expedition was a subject of much interest among them. The Lake is so difficult of access as to be rarely visited, and our apparition was evidently

an unfrequent occurrence ; but the lady of the mansion declared herself to be never amazed at the sight of *Reisenden* (travellers) wherever they might appear, the Engländer, more particularly, because, indeed, there was no place to which they would not go, and the more entirely impossible the place, the more certain were they to reach and attain it ! All this was set forth in tones of unmistakeable contempt for these absurd travellers, and the orator wound up by affirming as follows.

“ I have served in the great guest-house of Mindenheim, as you all know, and I have seen what the gentry do ; they are ever ready to work harder for their play than we for our bread.” Therewith the speaker measured her English visitors with a glance of ineffable superiority, inasmuch that the latter had some reason for feeling reduced to what the more elegant of our Transatlantic kinsfolk describe as “ *very* small potatoes.” The deportment of our well-instructed hostess softened considerably, nevertheless, when she saw her husband hired at a price beyond the worth of his whole day’s labour, to be the guide of those ridiculous rambles whose roving propensities she

held in so little respect, and seeing him thus remunerated for an hour's walk, she may, perhaps, have admitted that the *Reisenden* had their uses after all. Here the difficulties of our day came to an end, and we made no further mistake. Yet the visit is not one to be recommended, unless it be to very strong walkers. I do not say we were not repaid for that part of our labour which succeeded the walk to the *Himmelreich*; we were and amply, by the beauties that we had found in the way, but the Lake itself does not reward the toil of reaching it, even to those who are wise enough to avoid losing their way as we so carelessly did. We ascertained the extent to which we had increased our labours as we returned, when we had for our guide the woodman possessed of the eloquent wife: him we found at his work by the *Landachsee*, and he took us by the nearest paths. These led over many parts nearly impassable from the mud and water which filled them. Crossing two or three of these swamps were trunks of trees, and over others were thrown branches, &c. to which the woodcutter, very kindly and attentive he was, added such as he could find near him for my

accommodation, but there is no escaping the springy bottoms where the water lies treacherously concealed beneath inviting turf, and a thorough wetting is inevitable to such as take these ways.

All this does not go for much, nevertheless, and people who have good strength may visit the Landach See; others should content themselves with the Himmelreich. Those who please might, beside, ascend from Gmunden on asses, if they could find those animals, but we have seen none, a most remarkable case in regions where there are hills to be clambered, and visitors to climb them.

We dismissed our guide as soon as we reached the point where that herd-boy (if herd boy he were, and not Puck, or one of his kin,) had taken away our luck: he was a mischievous sprite without doubt, despite the serious eyes and calm intelligent face, half hidden beneath his great shadowy hat. He played us no other prank, however, although we saw him once again; sheep, goat, and all the rest of his "familiars" about him as usual. That interview ended, we trotted merrily through the woods on our homeward path, glad to have reached known ground: when

we had attained the Himmelreich, we rested again for some minutes, at that exquisite point where we had taken our repose of the morning; then resuming the march, we gained our home just as evening was becoming night. We had then been walking more than eight hours.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE dwellings on that side of the Traun Lake, which is opposite to the shores whereon Gmunden is built, have a singularly picturesque effect ; each is seated on its own terrace, all are more or less elevated above the water, and many nestle half buried amidst the trees.

A narrow foot-path, sometimes skirting the Lake on its very edge and then passing for a time through the woods, is the only road along that side, but it is a very beautiful one, and we made its acquaintance early.

To-day we have been there again, and among the many chapels by which the shore is bordered, we found one newly finished. All the edges of the little building are marked out and prettily decorated with bright flowers and the foliage of the pine, the whole arranged with very great taste. A sort of triumphal arch of the same material rises over the pure white walls, in which

there are two windows of stained glass, and the whole structure presents an aspect of more than ordinary pretension.

Seeing this, we remembered that when we had last been there, the chapel was standing unfinished, but since then, the festival of the 8th of September, the birth-day of the Virgin, that is to say, has been solemnized, and this building was without doubt completed and adorned as we see it for that occasion. None can fail to lament the obvious fact that in these catholic countries the Virgin supersedes the one true object of worship, or is at least supreme over all, with the people: yet the affection which they add to their veneration is a profound reality, and with whatever is perfect in its kind, as this is, one has a sort of sympathy. Pictures, not badly painted, are among the ornaments of this well-endowed chapel, St. John Nepomuck, the Patron Saint of Bohemia, and guardian of her bridges; St. Florian, the protector against fire; St. Bernard, the consolation of the dying, and the Bishop St. Leodegar are among them; but there is another Bishop whom we could not for sometime identify, but at length perceived it to be St.

Wolfgang ; he holds the axe, his usual attribute, in his hand, but they have here so effectually hidden it in the folds of his robe, that we did not at first discover it.

The All-seeing eye, painted over the entrance in the centre of a triangle formed of rays, is here, as in almost all the wayside chapels of the district, a very conspicuous as well as highly significant object. The figure of the Almighty Father has also a triangle in the manner of a halo at the back of the head. One never-failing addition to these chapels we rarely care to mention, but there is an example so atrocious in a building at some distance from this new erection that we cannot refrain from pointing it out to your reprobation. It exhibits men and women, who are as usual of all ages and various conditions (for although the figures are nude, it is not difficult to perceive certain differences which mark the different ranks) all steeped in flames, some to the waist, others to the chin ! They are furthermore bound with red hot glowing chains on waist, neck, and ankle, many of these fetters visibly eating into the flesh after a fashion that one shudders but to recal. What catholic is there

who may not find the representative of a lost friend here? The result is obvious, the sufferer must be freed at any cost, and many are the masses for which the priest obtains payment—often hardly spared from scanty earnings—as a consequence of these deplorable exhibitions.

Continuing our walk to the foot of the Traunstein, we found no less than four tablets recording accidents which had happened there, all proving fatal. Two were of persons drowned in storms on the lake, the other two appeared to refer to fatalities caused by the Traunstein itself, but whether by a fall from its sides or by the descent of rocks, we could not ascertain, the inscriptions being too high for our reading, but the dates of all were recent.

In no part of the Continent do you find that loving care bestowed upon the dwelling, which renders our own villages so pleasing of aspect, and makes every cottage a little picture. Here, the presence of buildings assures the passer-by of two things, that his road will be torn up, namely, full of holes and covered with mud, or deep in dust as the case may be, and that he will have an accompaniment of the vilest odours, which will

pursue him until he has cleared the precincts : and this, whether there be an aggregation of houses, or the mere solitary abode of one family. Of the shining casements, with their snowy curtains and the well swept unincumbered entrances of our own cottages, there must be no expectation here, still less of the bright little garden, which makes so agreeable an approach to our English dwellings of similar class.

A conspicuous object from those pleasant port-holes which we are content to call windows, is the white Church of Traunkirchen which stands on a bold promontory jutting far into the lake, and indicating the position of the hamlet now standing where king Ottakar founded his Convent for Nuns, so long ago as the close of the 9th century. According to another authority the Margrave of Styria founded the convent, and built the church in the year 907, as a memorial of advantage gained over the Hungarians in a battle fought near Gmunden. From the Benedictine Nuns the Convent passed to the Company of Jesus, who rebuilt the church and added its handsome tower after the conflagration of 1632, which entirely

disfigured the former structure. The High Altar of Traunkirchen has indeed all the characteristics of those commonly found in churches belonging to the Jesuit fathers. The decorations are in better taste as well as more sumptuous than are usual in churches under other auspices, and the statues, of which there is a very large number on and about the altar, have considerable dignity.

The pulpit of this church is very peculiar, having the form of a boat, over which hangs the net loaded with the miraculous draught of fishes. The water streaming from the net is represented by a carving in wood, silvered over in such sort, as to look not unlike what it simulates. The boat and net are gilded, and the ends of the former are carried along the balustrade of the pulpit stairs, over which they hang in festoons exactly resembling those formed by the nets at this moment hanging to dry on the shores of the lake. The place of the preacher is in this boat, which he shares with two figures of the apostles Peter and another, who stand at each end; the effect is altogether a very singular one, but by no means absurd, nor in any way displeasing.

On leaving the church we stood for some

time observing a troop of children, the eldest certainly not more than seven years old, who had got into a boat in their play, and were pushing it from the shore as if with the purpose of crossing the bay wherein Traunkirchen lies. I was at first somewhat alarmed and looked about expecting to see half a dozen screaming mothers rush to the rescue, but no one of those within call disturbed herself, none seemed to think the thing remarkable, and it was indeed quickly obvious that these were no inexperienced boatmen, whatever their years might affirm to the contrary. He who had appointed himself captain of that bark sent forth his orders with a decision that was very edifying, and the contrast between his gravity of word and look, with the really infantine *trot* with which he ran from one end of his craft to the other, at certain critical moments, was infinitely comical. Not that the good seaman was ever taken *à depourvu*—by no means, he had even foreseen the case in every such instance, and an officer—first-lieutenant, it could not be less—had been stationed by him at the prow, where he held aloft a certain pole, which the skipper seized adroitly just at the right

moment ; with this he then proceeded to execute various manœuvres, whereof mine ignorance in matters nautical forbids me to speak in fitting terms.

Of the uniform worn by the two sea-faring dignitaries, it must be confessed that no great boast can be made: it was but slightly distinguished from the costume of their crew, indeed, except that the streamers depending from it—one would rather not say “rags”—waved and fluttered in a fashion proving considerable energy in the movements of the wearer, if but little devotion to the cares of the toilet.

So is it then that the future boatmen of the lake—my blessings on them, the bright pretty ragged creatures all! are formed without doubt, the boldness and facility acquired in that playing will turn to good account hereafter. When we had watched these hardy and courageous children for a few minutes, we comprehended why the mothers remained at their occupations and left them to the sport they had chosen, since the little ones seem to be really masters of their apparently unwieldly plaything.

Some good Austrian friends of ours in

Bohemia exhorted us some time since to make acquaintance with the Traunstein Schlucht whenever we should visit Gmunden. This is a most savage gorge which divides the monarch of the lake from his subject and neighbour the Sternberg. Some few days since then, we set off to do the bidding of those kind advisers, but will not recommend any one, the hardiest and strongest cragsmen excepted, to follow our example.

We chose a very fine day, as we were assured on all hands it was highly essential to do, and had indeed rarely seen the lake lying more tranquilly beneath the sunbeams. As we left the last of the dwellings that here come down to the water's edge, and in some places have their walls washed by the wave, we saw the Baroness—putting off from the opposite shore with her daughters in their boat, the latter her only rowers. A pleasant sight it was, but one which the capricious character of the lake does not often permit one to see; we remarked on that fact as they disappeared behind a wooded promontory, but said further, “this is just such a day as girls may venture out in.”

We gained and passed beneath the flank of

the giant Traunstein, beyond which further progress along the Lake is barred by the rocks advancing into it. We then found that what our directions called the Leinansteig, with the simple addition that it was "difficult, but not dangerous," was in fact the most formidable thing that we had yet attempted. We have often heard people speak of the Pass of the Gemmi as "an awful path," but it has never appeared such to us. Then those ladders of the Albinen, which one rarely fails to ascend while sojourning at the Baths of Leuk, are difficult, but they are not dangerous, while this Leinansteig is fearfully so, more especially on the descent, and when you have the blue void of the air, and that only, before you : for this is indeed a precipice to climb, "and no mistake." We sat down on the side of a boat that lay on the shore, partly to rest, for the sun was terribly hot, and the way had been long, but also in part to consider what was next to be done ; the attempt to go forward by those crazy wooden ladders, was certainly not advisable, but there was only the alternative of going back—back by the rough stoney path, which for the previous half-hour had been far from an agreeable

one, and without our errand too ! That is a hateful thing to endure ; to turn about utterly baffled ! it was a disgrace to which we had never yet been reduced, and so, but not without more than once saying we would do the contrary—which I tell you in defence of our prudence—we went forward. But I shudder to think of it, even now. First, and before we could enter on the frightful chamber that awaited us, there was a perpendicular mass of “ debris,” fallen from the mountain, to be scrambled over, a sort of moraine on a small scale ; but this, although troublesome and disagreeable, was nothing more ; then came a wall of rock, in which there were steps cut for the feet or foot rather, since the width did not always, or even often suffice for both feet to stand there at once. This was followed by a sort of ladder, not of steps, but of broad “ rungs ” merely, and it was beside not in the partially upright form proper to a ladder, but was laid nearly level, which greatly increased the discomfort of using it, and the rather as the broad interstice beneath each rail or “ rung,” permitted you to see that the frail looking structure you stood on was in fact all that intervened between yourself and the blue waters

glittering far, far, below. Over this we made our way on all-fours, it was indeed not possible for us to pass in any other manner, although those to the manner born may, and perhaps do, proceed in less undignified sort along that fearful way. These wooden stakes, driven into the rock, are in fact the sole bridge possible over a chasm where there was neither rock nor soil to serve as foundation. This passed, we found foot-hold on a slightly projecting ledge, but that comfort had soon to be exchanged for a series of ladders but little better than the sort of bridge previously alluded to; strong and firm they were, without doubt, but the steps were high, irregular, and giving but very shallow hold for the foot. There was a single rail on the outside, but it leaned so terribly towards the Lake that the using it tended rather to increase the peril, and it was placed so high that I could myself but just reach it; I therefore preferred to ascend each step holding by that above, as children do when they are first learning to walk.

Between every "rung," meanwhile, for "rungs" they were, not "steps," and close beside, on the right hand, was the yawning chasm and nothing

more, while on the left side, the rock leaned just sufficiently from us to secure that we should have no help from that.

Then again would come something better, inasmuch as that the path, though very steep, very narrow, and wholly undefended, was, in such parts, at least of the natural soil, eked out, where that soil did not give foot-hold enough, by a sort of ledge of wood to step on, but this was every now and then lost, and sharp angles of rock had to be weathered as they might. Still while the precipice was but a precipice, though a fearful one, we were content to go on, but when we found ourselves suspended in mid air, as was fairly the case on the higher stages of that hideous way, the matter ceased to be anything like a pleasure, and I began to regret my venture.

We now sat down, one above the other, for to place ourselves side by side was wholly impossible, but so awful a seat I hope never to take again. Nor had we anything to repay us ; better views of the Lake are attainable from other points, and we were not yet high enough to have complete command of the Schlucht, which as I said, is a deep gorge in the mountains, but so far as we could see, it is nothing more.

Looking up at my master, I perceived that he did not like my position, although I put as good a face on the matter as I could. "Stay where you are," said he, "and I'll go forward to see if things get better." So I staid where I was, and all the more obediently, as to make the slightest movement in any direction but sheer upward or down by the way we had come was impossible: to the sides, right or left, there was but the void. Yet not for long could I remain thus, when I beheld my companion clinging, apparently, to that horrible wall, with only the air about him, I was fain to creep after, and seeing that I had not continued to do his bidding, he paused to wait for me. Having gained the point immediately beneath the perch that he stood on, with no room but for his one self, I again sat me down on the morsel of earth forming my own most precarious foothold, where I held fast by a rotting stump of gorse rapidly crumbling to dust. Seeing well that I was turning craven, my liege then insisted that I should go no further; I did climb on two or three paces more, nevertheless, and had a glimpse of the first part of the "Schlucht" for my pains, but the sight of it scarcely consoled me

for the pain inflicted by dread of the descent, still to be accomplished. Nor can I yet think of it without horror.

It goes badly with us when we cease to wish for some of yourselves, people of our dearest home, but here we did not once begin to say, as we so continually do, "if only they were here to see." Nay I would not have any one take that path, unless indeed it be strong young men, and even they should be perfectly free from all liability to giddiness when standing amidst precipices. We are so ourselves, or should not be now telling the tale, seeing that the least tendency to giddiness, must be fatal here.

Once happily down, we returned thankfully to the good old brown boats; never hath your scribe assumed the place of honour in the daintiest sofa corner with so much satisfaction as she then felt while throwing herself along the weather-stained thwarts of those fishing boats. When I had regained my courage we got forward to where the rocks gave place to a narrow border of turf and we could find a tree to shelter us from the sun: it was but a small one and we were still wishing for better shade, when a change so sudden took

place, *so* sudden that we could scarcely believe the evidence of our eyes.

“This then is what they mean by the treachery of their Lake,” said we—who had previously thought that accusation, though often made, a groundless one—“but we shall surely have time to get in before the storm can arrive.” Scarcely had the words been spoken, when it was upon us!! Old mountain travellers as we are, we thought sudden storms were sufficiently familiar to us, but this! it surpassed all we had ever even heard of. Very little rain fell, wind and driving mist were the principal features of that strange commotion; a cloud of awful blackness had indeed got up in the west, but leaving that behind us, we drove on, together with the storm, and merrily enough too, the wondrous novelty of the thing making ample amends for the loss of bright weather, although I did myself more than once lose all controul of my steps, and was literally carried forward by the blast.

Our first thought had been for the young people boating, and of whom we had so shortly before been saying that the day was just fitted for the enterprise of young-lady boatmen. Hap-

pily they had got home, as we ascertained on our own arrival, while we were on the Leinansteig.

Gaining the more inhabited part of the Lake, we found the ground fairly covered with the fruit, which had been swept from the trees, and this became so remarkable as we approached the town, that my companion declared we could not have seen the worst of the storm, violent as the wind had been, even where we were. The truth of that opinion was confirmed when we reached home, where we found our good Hausfrau and her family in much tribulation concerning us. Cries for help had been heard from the Lake, and they had been in fear that it might be ourselves who were in danger.

The jubilation of these cordial Germans at seeing us arrive in safety, having been expressed in those shrill outcries which rend one's ears so cruelly, even while the kindness of the screamer warms one's heart; they told us that a storm of wind, unusually violent, had arisen with a suddenness to which they could remember no parallel, even here, where sudden storms are not of unfrequent occurrence. "It threatened to sweep us all into the Lake," the good woman said,

“And to carry the Lake itself with us over the mountains,” added her husband. Then, hearing cries of distress from a boat, of which they could but distinguish that there were ladies in it, the good people had begun to tremble lest “the gracious lady and the gracious gentleman might have taken the water.”

The husband of our hostess told us on the following day that she was not to be comforted until he had assured himself that the boat had got to land, although on the opposite side to that it was making for. Very partial in its influence the storm must have been, since we had no such excess of violence, as they described, where we had seen it, although the tempest, even with us, was such as I have briefly sought to depict it. The wind drove us before it merrily, as I said, and would have done so *nolens volens* perhaps, but since it followed and did not meet us, that was rather to my advantage than otherwise, since I thus came into port full sail, and with all the less expenditure of force. The sudden advent of this tempest has given us a lesson which we thought not needed, and in the mountain travelling which we yet promise ourselves before the

year has closed, we shall take care to profit by it.

Enquiring further what can be the utility of that fearful substitute for a path called the Leinansteig, and of whose terrors we have not been able to give any just idea, we find that the woodcutters use it once a week to gain a certain part of the forest wherein their work is situate and where they have huts to sleep in during the intervening nights. They then return by that dreadful way, thus saving themselves a round of many miles which must otherwise be made.

From such motives then, one can imagine men taking that dangerous path, but even so, only men, and they well used to it. If some sufficient cause compel one to incur a danger more or less grave, let it be done, but when you have only you terror for your pains, the adventure were better left alone, more especially by women, who really fear. Men do not fear, and are in so much the less peril. The dress of men too, is less unfavourable to such an effort than the long weeds our weaker limbs are burthened withal. Much is it to be desired that we had some convenient walking dress, as we have one for riding, and so we

might have had, perhaps, some day, but for that ridiculous absurdity of Bloomer-lecturing, which made half the women of our land—of that microscopic fraction rather, of our “women-folk,” as they say in Somersetshire, for it was happily not more, which was playing such fantastic tricks some years since—ashamed for the other half. Something rather less encumbering than our trailing robes is certainly much to be desired, by all who take “even-down” and earnest walks; you may fasten and tie up the long draperies as you will, but some point is sure to encounter the dust or mud, to the heavy affliction of the wearer. Whereof enough, nor would so much as that have been said, had not the sense of our misfortune, in the lack of a suitable walking-dress, been pressed urgently on our attention by our adventure on the Leinansteig.

And now, if after all this, any imprudent woman should attempt to ascend this Leinansteig, let her by no means do so with husband, father, brother, son or friend. Anxiety for any one of these will incapacitate her from taking all the care of *herself* which the position demands, and must divide the attention, which, in

this instance, where neither can possibly help the other, can be usefully given to self alone. For how keep cool enough to think only of your own steps, when each one taken by a companion who is, perhaps, much more than yourself, all your world in fact, may be his last, and you watch his progress with a mortal terror which supersedes every other feeling? how, indeed! wherefore commend me to pleasures less dangerous, or if people must risk their necks—for doing which mere amusement is not a sufficient reason—let them at least have only their own, and not one still more valuable to risk; and let any woman who will tempt her fate, take a practised guide as her sole attendant.

The Gates of our city are fallen from their once imposing majesty, but of a Postern beside one of them, the most intelligent of my dear Gmunden gossips, relates the following. A “ne’er-do-weell” of that sort rarely wanting in the most innocent abodes of man, was in the habit of creeping forth nightly by this postern, for the purpose of performing some prank, not minutely described, but the pastime, whatever it might be,

was forbidden by his confessor, whom he had promised no more to absent himself from his home, after the evening bell had sounded. Now it chanced that Satan, whom they here accuse of listening at doors and other mean tricks, heard that promise given, and thinking it would hardly be kept, hid himself ever after just without the gate, in the hope of catching our hero "in the manner," if indeed he—who is not a badly informed gentleman—did not say in the "manor" as was most fitting. Leaving this point undecided, as not sufficiently clear, what we know is that "Cloutie" did not conceal himself so effectually but that Hektor of Reichensperg—so was called our night-rider—constantly detected some intimation of his presence, and took care to be within the gate before the bell had ceased.

One night, however, it is to be supposed that there had been more last words to say than common, with a certain Fleta, a miller's daughter (who had something to do with the matter) since, with all the haste he could make, Hektor was still at a fearful distance from the gate when the bell began to sound; he beheld the fiery eyes of his enemy gleaming forth, as with a despairing effort

he pressed towards the postern, but the last swaying of the rope had been given by the sexton's hand, a glance of triumph shot from the fiendish eyes, and his hands were stretched to seize the prey.

At this moment, the name of our Lady burst from the lips of Hektor, she caused the bell to rebound, as it had never done before, three precious seconds were thus gained, a frantic leap carried the steed of Reichensperg across the barrier as the ultimate clang of its hammer pealed forth, and that incorrigible breaker of bounds, his master, was once again borne beyond the reach of his foe. But the violence of the effort made by Hektor's horse caused the good animal to cast his shoe with such terrible force into the face of disappointed Satan, that the nose of the enemy was beaten out of all comeliness, and he dared not venture, say the Gmundeners, within a mile of that postern of theirs for many a day thereafter.

CHAPTER XV.

THIS vast metropolis of ours has been unusually busy to day : our great cabbage harvest has come down from the Hill farms, and we have been “ throng,” as West Yorkshire says, shipping it off to those who make sour-kroust of that production.

The port—permit us that dignity—has been covered all day with large mounds of a delicate pale green, which, being approached, resolve themselves into the cabbages aforesaid. At this moment the last boat is putting forth into the Lake, its dainty-looking freight, piled high from prow to stern. A pleasant voyage to the stout maids and solid matrons, who are rowing her, and to him also, the one grave man who is the sole representative of the rougher sex in that crew.

The transmission of salt, which is the most important operation of our emporium, is carried on at some little distance from our quarters, and

in the centre of the town, but we have by far the most picturesque part of the movement as our share. The market-boats that is say, and the shipping of those neat utensils in wood, which are made here in very large quantities—churns, pails, and a thousand other pure and cleanly looking articles.

The small staves for making some of these vessels are brought, in part, from the opposite shores of the Lake, and yesterday an entire boat-load of them was landed beneath our windows. But the work was done wholly by men, whereas these smooth and delicately coloured morsels were just such things as their poor wives might fittingly have handled. I had half a mind to put mine own fingers among the fragrant stores, as Washington Irving tells us he longed to take the bellows, when other hands were blowing his fire.

Stronger than he, I did not yield to the temptation, but marvelled in my heart that the women did not say to their husbands, “go you to wheel those barrows of black mud, or to lead those horses and oxen over the rugged clods of the field under plough” (both which we yesterday saw women and girls employed in,) “and

let us carry in these agreeable burthens.” But so are matters not arranged in these countries, the women do not take the lighter work as in other lands, on the contrary the most unseemly offices are imposed on them, as if by common consent of the coarser and more able sex. This may partly be attributed perhaps to the large numbers of men yearly drawn off for military service, but not wholly, for why cannot the men who do remain, take at least their fair share of the less inviting labours incident to their position, and not lay all the most onerous burthens of the life they share in common on their womankind ?

Another custom displeases us greatly here ; we often meet men booted to the knee, for example, while their wives trot beside them barefoot. That is a monstrosity which enrages my companion to the utmost and is indeed scarcely to be credited ; it is true nevertheless. Half the useless leather in each boot would make a pair of shoes for the wife. And then the pipes these men smoke ! what, might not all the families of them not be comforted withal, if that incessant expenditure on tobacco were diverted to better uses ?

But enough grumbled, and the rather as there

is not the slightest hopes of amendment. A Germany that did not smoke! Could any one imagine such a Germany? Wherewithal did the goodman Deutscher fill his pipe before King James's abomination found its way to Europe? For none can suppose that there was ever a time when he did *not* hang that part of himself from his lips, at his plough, before his desk, on his coach-box, in the middle of his dinner, and as he lies on his pillow; nay, even while he is sleeping thereon. No! that you cannot intend us to do. The German has smoked and will smoke for ever, of that we may rest assured.

The frank and vigorous Autumn is rapidly casting his robe of gorgeous tints over all the woods, but up to the day of the storm before alluded to, and which had so nearly caught us on the terrible Leinansteig, they had lost none of their leaf, and the great beauty of their colouring—rich as they were in foliage—may therefore be easily imagined. Storms in the early days of autumn, are more to be regretted than at any other time by the mere lover of beauty, because they much diminish the great enjoyment which that beauty always provides for him. On that

occasion too, some mischief was doubtless done, but less than we had feared, and the woods are still a miracle of varied loveliness. As to the weather, it is a different matter. The tempest has so disturbed all, that no one day has been perfectly fine since it happened, and for the last five days we have had rain, which on the mountains has been snow. The Styrian Alps are quite white, as are those of Salzburg; the Traunstein has been delicately powdered for the last three days, and this morning even the woods of the Himmelreich are covered with snow, from the summit to the middle of their height; all below is veiled beneath a mist which is still vapourous and beautiful at that point, but in other parts of the Lake it has become heavy and impervious.

These things make us think of warmer climes, and, even apart from the sudden change of weather—from a heat too powerful for exercise without oppression, to almost winter cold—the time is fast approaching for our departure, since there is still a mountainous district of great extent as well as beauty to be visited, and we are anxious to take it before the bad weather has set in. We are assured on all hands that this menacing

state of things cannot last, and we believe that it will not, but must take the next fine days for our farewells to such points of the lovely neighbourhood as we mean to visit, and then be gone.

Among the many sites to which we have been paying farewell visits during the last week, is one called the “ Accursed Field ” to which we have gone, not for itself, but because it was on our way to one of more powerful attractions and less portentous recollections.

The cause of the repellant appellation here recorded, is a trait of manners highly characteristic of the period when the name was imposed, here it is :—

In the year 1657, a certain pig-driver of Altmünster, who had long been reprobated by his clergy for an obstinate determination to absent himself from the mass, had gathered together a large company from the neighbouring villages, and having prevailed on all to declare themselves the servants of Satan, was on the point of making each sign the compact with his blood, after the approved fashion in such cases made and provided, when the monks of the

neighbouring monastery, reinforced by a band of soldiers sent to their aid by the powerful Abbot of Veldsburg, fell suddenly upon these sorcerers, whose magic arts availed them nothing, they were all made prisoners. Such as were not beyond repentance, subsequently abjured their allegiance to Satan, before the altars of their several parish churches, but the remainder were mercilessly put to death, on the spot, called, from the rights they had solemnized there, "The Accursed Field,"—or as the old chronicler has it, "were most worthily justified, as all such fearful wizards should be, to the terror of those evil-doers, wheresoever they may be found."

Now a worshipful acquaintance of ours in these parts, even Placidus Kollenhammer, citizen and cordwainer, hath been on the point of forswearing our company, because we have ventured to suggest that heresy and not witchcraft was the crime of these "worthily justified" men, wherefore I take care not to hint such an opinion to yourselves, lest you should take part with Placidus Kollenhammer.

A less pitiable incident, when its close is considered, hath been related to your servant by

another of her gossips, Lactantia Frankenberger to wit, a lady enjoying—like that Crescentia before recorded, but whose acquaintance we do not enjoy—the dignity of Hebamme or Accoucheuse to a village, which has been one of our favourite haunts. She has forbidden us to cast doubt on a single syllable of the statement, seeing that if she did not herself officiate on the solemn occasion to be presently set forth, why her great great great grandmother or by whatever other name you please to call her ancestress of that remote period, may have done so—or if not she, then some other Hebamme equally capable.

Be that as it may, the truth and fact which principally concerns us is this.—At Castle Dalenberg, which is in the Zehenthal, there lived the good Knight Isenbart with his consort Irmentrude, and this lady being on the point of presenting her lord with an heir, walked forth from the castle gate on a fair spring morning with intent to take the air. She was met on her way by a beggar woman, around whose feet there sported three pairs of lovely twins, while the condition of the beggar made obvious to the eyes of

all, that a fourth pair was a blessing that did not need to be despaired of.

But the heart of the Lady Irmentrude was hard and cold, she neither hastened to congratulate the mother expectant on her fair hopes, nor descanted on the beauty of those treasures already her own, but reproached her rather, with contemptuous words, and bade her begone from her sight.

“That will I do proud lady,” replied the offended woman, “and may the Virgin save all honest mothers from beholding a face betokening so hard a heart as doth thine. But thou shalt think of this meeting when thine own hour shall come, for then not six boys only, but twelve goodly babes shalt lift their eyes and call thee mother.”

These words were pronounced in a low soft voice, yet were they as thunders to the ears of the lady, they sent the coldness of death through her whole being, and she returned to the shelter of her castle a sorrowful woman.

The time now dreaded as much as it had been proudly desired before that fatal morning drew near, and as each day dawned, the

wretched Irmentrude felt her terrors increase. At length came the hour, and as the beggar woman had predicted, so did it befall, twelve beautiful boys opened their eyes on the fair light, and each one as he did so, greeted the proud dame with that most delightful of sounds, the name of mother, turned by her own pride of heart from a blessing to a terror.

But long before the twelfth babe had fulfilled the menace of the affronted beggar, Irmentrude's horrified attendants had rushed from the chamber in dismay. One only, her foster-sister, Dietburga namely, remained to console and sustain her.

Incapable of repentance, the wicked lady now bade her handmaid bring the largest basket she could procure, and having laid the first-born of her infants in the cradle of the heir, she threw the remaining eleven into that basket, commanding Dietburga to convey all forth and cast them into the river, flowing calmly beneath the castle walls.

Dietburga did not dare refuse, but she obeyed with reluctance and was glad when she beheld the good Knight Isenbart, who had long been absent from his home, at that moment crossing

the drawbridge, whereupon she exclaimed to her lady, "There is not time for this murder, I shall be met by our lord as I go forth, and how shall I reply to his questions?"

"Tell him thou hast got puppies to drown," retorted the lady, and she drove the damsel from her presence. Then, whether it was that Dietburga could not or would not deceive her lord, hath not been recorded—but this much is known, Sir Isenbart gave no credence to her declaration, he opened the basket, beheld the babes, and after due questioning, elicited all the truth.

He then bade Dietburga proceed on her way, which she did, and having disposed of the infants according to the behest of her lord, rather than that of her lady, she returned to the presence of the latter.

Sir Isenbart also had repaired to his wife's chamber, he had received the expected heir from her hands, and permitting the wicked woman to believe her criminal purpose unknown, made such rejoicing over him as the father ever maketh over his first-born.

Years passed, but all were spent by Sir Isen-

bart in the wars—then so gloriously plentiful in every land—and the lady was left alone.

When her son had attained his tenth year, Sir Isenbart suddenly returned to his castle, and commanded that a feast should be made to commemorate the birth-day of his heir. The festive board was spread accordingly, and the lady in her pride sat sparkling at the head of it. But at the moment when she looked most fondly on her son, Sir Isenbart suddenly asked her what she thought would be the fitting meed of that mother who could destroy the life of her offspring. Very terrible was the doom then pronounced by the cruel Irmentrude against the supposed criminal, but as she spoke, the folding doors of the hall fell open and beyond them were seen the doomed eleven with the faithful Dietburga standing beside them.

A bolt of ice pierced the heart of the lady, but the pain brought no healing penitence, she returned a withering frown to the uplifted gaze of her children, and a sudden darkness filled the hall. Large wings of black were dimly seen to hover above the head of Irmentrude, and the most veritable of Chroniclers declares them to have

been those of Satan in presence. Then the cry of the children rose to heaven, radiant plumage sprang forth from the shoulders of each, and that angel band, advancing in combat against the Fiend, drove him howling from their presence, and their mother was saved.

Even the proud heart of Irmentrude was thereby vanquished. A tear fell slowly from either eye, she spent the remainder of her days in one ceaseless effort to atone for the past, and becoming even more remarkable for her sanctity than she had previously been for her wickedness, was made a saint, by what Pope mine informant doth not specify, but to the infinite edification of all who were cognisant of the fact.

Again the delicious Autumn is looking its brightest, and this day we have once more resumed our out-door life, which has been partially interrupted by the fitfulness of the weather. The loveliness of the morning was an especial subject of congratulation to day, because we had destined it to the Gmundenerberg, a mountain we have more than once proposed to ourselves as the occupation of the day, but which we have not yet

found time, in the abounding wealth of beauty around us, to do more than look at. Even this morning I did at one time half despair of attaining the summit, so long were we detained by my companion while he held a solemn weeping over the meritorious fields here so cruelly maltreated by those "ill-deedie" farmers; mine angry liege declaring that the landlords must needs be as careless and ignorant as the tenants. But many of these farms are doubtless suffering from the system which has so much deteriorated the agricultural interests in certain parts of France, and remembering that here we have the results of "every man his own farmer," he, complainant, ultimately settled that said farmers might all be flogged out of the country to the great advantage of the latter, while good able English cultivators might be seated in their place.

That reminded your servant of a couplet not inappropriate to the circumstance, but scarcely mournful enough for this occasion, so not thinking it quite civil to repeat my verses, while my companion stood grieving over those hapless fields, I e'en held my peace.

A poor creature was pretending to plough

with a miserable apology for the real instrument ; the tool he held did but scratch the soil, and at no great distance crept a great boy with what purported to be a harrow, which his team were trailing over a field of weeds, the vigour and abundance of that crop being something marvellous.

“ Scratch away,” cried the angry Englishman, but unhappily in his mother-tongue, so that little good could come of his exhortation, “ scratch away, but they’ll all be up again and laughing at you before you’ve shut the gate of the field.”

“ The place where the gate ought to be,” he then added in tones of equally marked displeasure, for that gate there was none is a fact too important to be concealed.

Over the rich dark brown furrows so well endowed by nature, yet poorly meriting the name, your scribe did meanwhile hang her head, in as much sorrow as was befitting, and made the longest face that so bright and sunny a day as this has been, would let one make, but when we had wrung our hands and torn our hair for as long a portion of time as seemed to be reasonable, this narrator was much comforted to find that

there were no more fields to be wept over, our road now leaving the cultivated grounds and rising upwards through the woods.

For we had this morning a piece of work in hand that was not to be lightly accomplished, and might not be loitered over; we had long been desiring to undertake it, as I have said, but other beauties had attracted us elsewhere, and to-day was the first that we had found for it.

The ascent of the Gmundurberg, as we were assured on all hands, was on no account to be omitted, and those who told us so have been perfectly right. The snow-covered mountains of Styria, and those of Salzburg, all newly arrayed in delicate robes of pure white, formed but one of the many fine objects in the view; this embraces the Lake and its bordering rocks on one side, with the more level lands stretching towards the Danube on the other; all these things making a prospect that it would be difficult to equal, and well-nigh impossible to surpass.

But even these, grand and beautiful as they are, did not strike us so much as did the truly marvellous loveliness of the secluded glens, deep wooded ravines. and soft emerald valleys, which

hide themselves behind that range of hills whereof the Gmundnerberg forms part. The very existence, indeed, of these wondrous glens, ravines and valleys, with their intervening slopes and bold breezy heights, remains unsuspected by all who cannot mount so high.

Autumn has now assumed its hold on the woods, and they are exhibiting colours to which no words can do justice, as all know, your memory and imagination may depict them for you, but the mere pen must renounce the attempt.

Walking along the whole chain of hills, after we had once gained the summit, we came upon place after place, any one of which would make the glory of many a region, even in our own well endowed England. The scene is, indeed, as a whole essentially English in the character of its beauty, but although we stood, in fact, on a wholly uncultivated range of hills, yet that beauty was such as we can find—and then but in a poor pale miniature—only in the best parts of our grandest and proudest parks. Think of a something nobler than the noble Dunkeld, and lovelier than the lovely Knole, more richly varied than well varied Chatsworth, wilder by far than wild Hard-

wicke, and more richly wooded than our royally wooded Windsor : think of these, and when you have recalled them all, with many another gem of our gloriously beautiful land, I say you will not produce one-tenth of the beauty that makes glad the heart of him whose happy fortune has brought him to the summit of this Gmundenberg. Trees beautifully grouped, or standing still more gracefully in solitary loveliness, imparts a singular elegance to the landscape : these are now glowing with every tint from clear red and deep purple brown, to the palest yellow ; the larches—here, of luxuriant growth, as well as most exquisite forms—lending the variety of their still fresh and vigorous green, while a sky of unclouded splendour, has all day thrown a gladdening radiance over all. No painter could venture to place on his canvass the scarlets, oranges, and ambers, to which that brilliant sunlight gave so vivid a glow, and we recalled the complaint of the American artists, who assure us, with a truth of which this day would have convinced us, had we previously doubted it, that when their forests are at their best they could not dare to represent them in picture.

The softly mellowing undulations of some among the many lovely nooks that we have sat rejoicing over through this delightful day, are in like manner incapable of being described or even imagined, they must be seen, one repeats the same phrases, to the heavy weariness of the listener, for one would fain give to the beloved ones who are absent, some share of the happiness received from scenes like these ; hence these many words, but they are labour lost.

Let us all be thankful that we are born into such a world, and let every one see what he may and can of its blessed loveliness, but to attempt the description of these things in words ! Oh vanity of vanities !

We had a good girl from a hamlet at the foot of the hill to go with us through the woods, where the paths were not easily to be distinguished, and we had not time to wander out of the true one : she told us two singular stories of localities passed, as we went, but I will not repeat them here, because some of the actors in them are still living, and we make it a rule to be very cautious respecting names, which the facts would here be

sufficient to indicate, even though we wrote them in blank. Yet these narratives were so strange, more particularly one of them, that we shall not be able to refrain altogether from telling them, more especially as we found on further inquiry that the girls relation was strictly true, but it must not be done here.

We had a talk, beside, with an old peasant, who was labouring in his field, with the usual results; but our Georgics are too lugubrious for frequent repetition, and having given all the tears that I had in mine eyes to the subject but a short time since, it shall henceforth rest in peace for me.

We looked all the more eagerly at every exquisite detail of the Paradise we have been exploring to-day, from the conviction we feel that beauty so perfect will never more bless our sight. My companion, who is occasionally pleased to assume the part of "Job's comforter," bade me lay my account with that, and said, "Aye, look! for we shall see nothing like it again." We compared the enjoyment derived from these Alps, skirting on those of the ancient Norica, with that to be obtained in Switzerland, and

though grateful admirers of the latter, could not but give the palm to this delicious land ; this and the few that resemble it, with more or less approach to its perfection.

In Switzerland you are amazed, here you are charmed. There you pay the tribute of a most willing admiration, but here you give affection as well. Now judge ye the whether.

And it is not to be supposed that you have not grandeur as well as beauty in these regions. You have an even awful grandeur, and this is secured by the fact that here you can frequently see the whole form of the magnificent mountain from its base to its summit, which you can rarely do in Switzerland. Thus, being told that here the Alps are but of so many thousand feet, and remembering that the Swiss Alps, are of so much greater altitude, you are amased to find how imposing these prove to be, forgetting that although the mountain of Switzerland is so many thousand feet above the level of the sea, yet it does not show itself to you in that awful height ; on the contrary, you must often ascend a merely sloping district for leagues, and thus attain to half its height, perhaps, before you see the mountain at

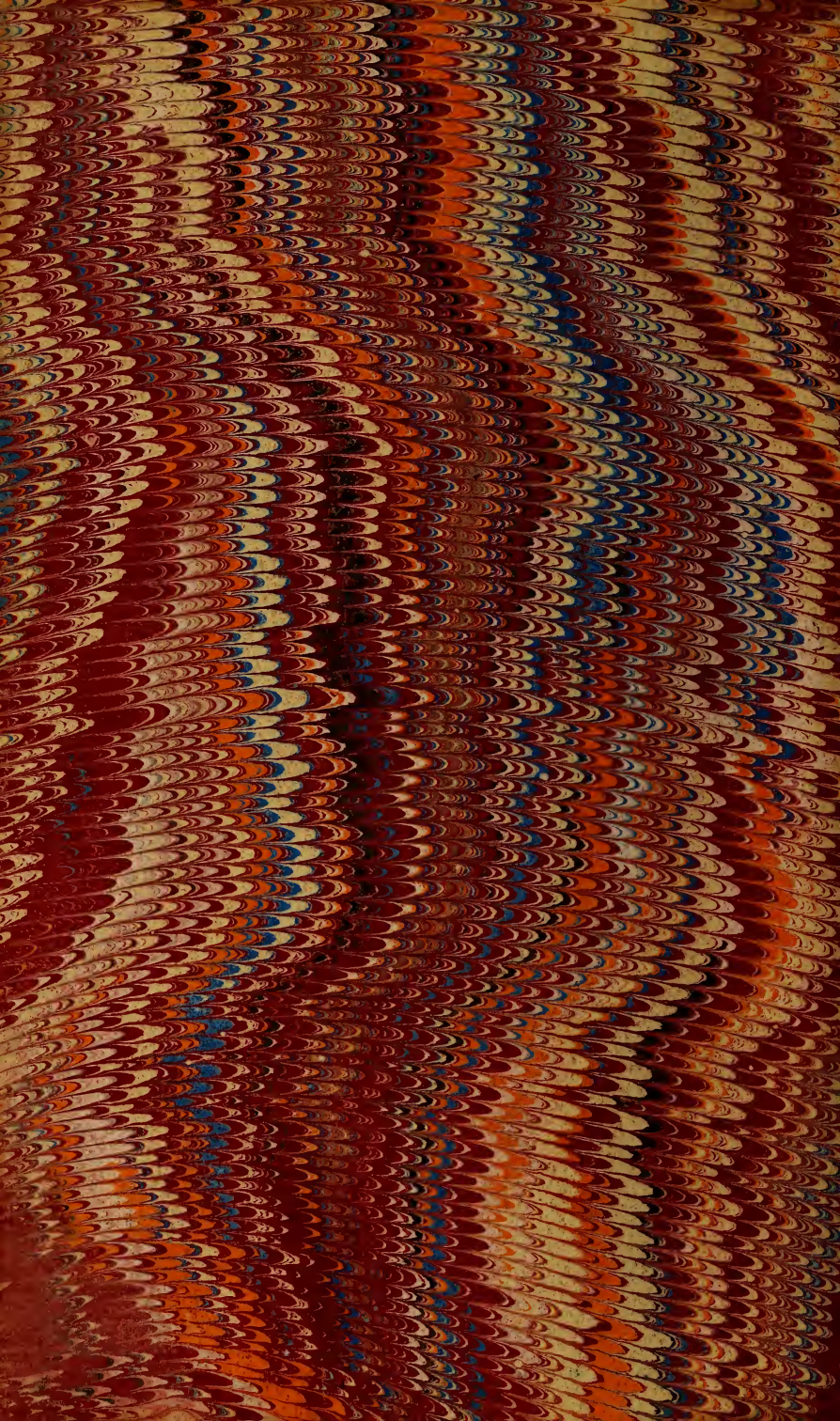
all. I do not hesitate to say that disappointment is often felt, although it may not be so frequently acknowledged, when travellers endowed with lively imagination visit Switzerland for the first time.

Here it is certain that the most imaginative will meet no disappointment, the mountains, losing none of their value, because of a gradual approach, present themselves, as they are; lofty, that is to say, to the very sublime of grandeur, while they are yet not in such masses that you cannot take them fully into the range of vision. And so of all, whether lake or river, wood or plain, rock or mountain; a quality which, as we think, constitutes the best and most thoroughly satisfying kind of beauty. What you have is fairly within your capacity for enjoying it, it does not escape you, whether by the difficulty of approach, or by the vastness of its features, and these features are, in this case, so lovely, that you end by being utterly enchanted with them.

And all this we are leaving, a mournful truth, which has rarely cost us so much regret, when felt at parting with country only, and not with people. I have been telling it to myself all day,

and have thereby given the only shadow to the brightness of that day. The coldness of the climate will not let us remain here all the winter, if it were only because the German stove is here the only mode of warmth, and open fires are to us indispensable. Those who cannot stay all the winter must be moving now and not later; thus towards Italy we must needs be journeying, but not even the fact that it is towards Italy can save us from very keen regrets. Beautiful and enjoyable country! beautiful and loveable, which is still better, we have a sort of hope that we may one day see your sweetest face again, but our fear that we shall not be so privileged is stronger than our hope, and we shall leave you mourning that the time has come when we must tear ourselves from your endearing loveliness.

THE END.





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